

Charlie's Ower The Haugh

© Brian Childs

(Chorus)



Char - lie's ow - er the haugh My Char - lie is ow - er the brae He's
up in his kilt and he's off With the lark at the break of the day There

(Verse)



nev - er was aye such an ar - my So Migh - ty at old Pres - ton - pans The
down to Car - lisle and ov - er Are gath - er - ing all of the Clans

Chorus Charlie's ower the haugh (hoff)
My Charlie is ower the brae (bray)
He's up in his kilt and he's off
With the larks at the break of the day

1 There never was aye such an army
So mighty at old Prestonpans
From Edinburgh, Carlisle and over
Are gathering all of the Clans

Chorus

2 Oh, for the promises fickle
And oh, for the timid and shy
We'll stand and we'll fight at Culloden
We'll stand and we'll fight - or we'll die

Chorus

3 But woe is come down at Culloden
The sky it did blacken to grey
And woe on the Flowers of the Forest
They all have been withered away

Chorus