

COLD FROSTY MORNING
by Robin Clark

Do you hear the call of the Princes clan?
Gather together every able man,
For Cumberland's troops are on our land,
In the cold and frosty morning.

Onward lads, march to the fore,
We'll face the Duke on Culloden Moor,
Let our cries of 'Freedom' roar,
In the cold and frosty morning.

*'Away, Away', goes up the cry,
Let blood and shot and broadswords fly,
On this field we'll fight and die,
In the cold and frosty morning.*

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The Jacobite charge fills all with dread,
But the bog on the moor made our boots like lead,
And the Loyalist muskets left us dead,
In the cold and frosty morning

'Give no quarter', Cumberland said,
All our wounded stabbed and bled,
And death awaited those who fled,
In the cold and frosty morning.

Chorus

So hush now wee one don't you cry,
As the flames of our crofts soar up so high,
The Young Pretender is safe on Skye,
In the cold and frosty morning.

For Charlie's cause we took a chance,
And met our fate at the end of a lance,
While our Bonnie Prince ran back to France,
In the cold and frosty morning.

Chorus