

Wild was the mountain dell, lonely unseen and drear,

Where Lewie Roy lay concealed sae obscurely;

Dear to his heart, was the cave of the chevalier,

Sweet the repast of his gallant Prince Charlie.

Naeither Throne, than the fog covered mossy stone,

Nae Royal Hall, where to bouze e'en and early,

Through dell and den, wood and glen, far frae the haunts of men,

Brave Lewie Roy aye attended Prince Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

When the bold clansmen were rank'd on the battle-field,

Many a hero fell, mangled and gory;

Bondless and bold were the sons of the bossy shield,

But Lewie Roy was aye foremost in glory,

Here on Culloden plain was his ain father slain,

O'er the old warrior lamented he sairly,

Not that he deem'd his life, lost by inglorious strife,

For Lewie Roy could have died for Prince Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But noo far awa frae his Ivy-clad Palace walls,

Charlie must flee, for the foeman's victorious;

Charlie mair flee frae his forefather's Royal Halls,

Flee frae the homes and the tombs of the glorious,

Proudly the victors ride, dashing their vengeance wide,

O'er a poor country, that's bleeding severely,

Brave Lewie Roy is chas'd, through a land wide and waste

Marked as a victim to die for Prince Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Haste! Lewie Roy, seek a shade in the mountain cloud,

Ruin shrieks wildly the hill and the vale in,

Over thy Highland home, ten thousand men of blood

Fill every cottage with sorrow and wailin'.

Brightly the castle high, flames to the azure sky,

Sheds of the shepherds are roofless and dreary:

Mothers and maidens mild weep o'er the houseless wild;

O! the unhappy adherents of Charlie.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But woe to the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland,

Wee to the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them,

Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plunder'd land,

Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them?

Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,

Their prey the devoted adherents of Charlie.

Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hack'd and slain,

Oh! his Neen Voich will mourn for him sairly.

Charlie, Charlie, &c.

#### "THE RECREATION FUND."

"Some men have got a fund of wit, and some of information;

And some have money in the funds—cause for congratulation.

There's a fund for relieving "Fan-quis," in a desolate situation;—

But the Fund that I shall sing about, is the "Fund for Recreation."