

The Spirits of Culloden

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*This is like a pilgrimage, a try tae come every year,
Gather at the cairn, meet old friends, wipe away a tear.
Standin on that moor, that once with blood was sodden,
Paying respects to those loyal men and wimen, the spirits of Culloden.*

*This is a tale of one such soul, a long time departed,
Who left his croft in the highlands and his family, broken hearted.
As for the facts, they cant be hidden, there is just no disguisin,
O whit happened durin the 45, the last Jacobite uprisin.*

*His name was Tearlach, raised tae the highland way o life,
Worked hard tae feed his bairns an his bonnie wife.
It got hard tae pay the landlords rent, just growin tatties an barley,
So he upped his sword an his gun an went tae fight fur Charlie.*

*He joined up at Prestonpans on the 21st o September,
Where they sent Johnny Cope on his way, a battle tae remember.
Then they marched south, took Carlisle, Manchester an Preston
And were in Derby by December, London next ? That was the question.*

*But many arguments took place when Charlie called his meetin,
Some in favour of on to London, while others for retreatin.
But wae the French no comin, an false information, sayin London was heavily
defended,
They retreated, If not for that, who knows, how this story would have ended.*

*So Carlisle fell back intae king Georges hands, losses they were many,
more at Falkirk, Fort William an again at Littleferry.
On eve of the final battle, there was a failed attempt in Nairn,
An now, here is the reason, why we awe gather, at that cairn.*

Tearlachs story...

*A was cold, wet an tired, had nothing tae eat,
After that march fae Nairn, a had cuts an blisters on ma feet.
A just wanted a wee lye doon oot o the wind an rain,
Wrapped up in ma plaid, some food, sleep an dream about ma hame.*

*But just as a was settlin and getting a wee bit rest,
There was a cry fae O'Sullivan, god, that man a did detest.
Git yourselves organised he cried, an do it in a hurry,
Oh a wish Charlie had listened tae Lord George Murray.*

*Noo that man kent how tae lead ye intae battle,
No like O'Sullivan, who a think was used tae heardin cattle.
But Charlie put his faith in him, much tae ma dismay,
And the things that soon would unfold, he would rue that day.*

*Our flags were flyin high, we were ready fur a charge,
Shoutin, lets fight those Redcoats, as our swords beat on our targe.
But no order came, as there big guns began tae pound,
An within minutes, many o ma clansmen, lay dead upon the ground.*

*The air was now choked, with the smoke from their burnt powder,
As our drums were beatin hard, aye, an the pipes played even louder.
But when was that order comin, fur us tae advance,
If they didnie come soon, we wouldnie stand a chance.*

*Finally it came, as their cannons went off yet again,
An more dropped around me, either dead, or in mortal pain.
We charged across that moor, through hails of red hot lead,
Fired from the guns, of Cumberland's men in red.*

*The goin was so hard in those wet an boggy conditions,
under so much fire, we just couldn't hold our positions.
And with their guns goin off, round, after round,
Our numbers were gettin lower, as many more, hit the ground.*

*We charged on tae the drum, as the pipes they blew,
Gettin closer an closer, their faces now in view.
And on them you couldn't help, but recognise their fears,
At the sight o chargin Jacobites, an the sound o the pipes, in their ears.*

*We set upon them, an oor claymores, they drew blood,
An many a redcoat, ended face doon in the mud.
But it was too late and with our numbers now depleted,
An within a short space o time, they had us Jacobites defeated.*

*Then by Cumberland's orders, no quarter it was given,
The lads that lay injured, intae them bayonets they were driven.
They shot even more down, as from the moor they tried tae flee
There was no question about it, he wanted us awe tae dee.*

*As for the ones who did managed tae escape,
They were hunted down, during murder, pillage and rape.
Taken prisoner, shot , or hung up by the throat,
While they murderous redcoats, gathered around tae gloat.*

*Aye, a got away fur a while, a hid up in ma glen,
But a was soon tracked doon, by a band o Cumberland's men.
They raped ma wife in front o me, then put her tae the sword,
Ma bairns, aye they got away, an fur that, a thank the lord.*

*They tied me up, an dragged me through the mire,
Threw me in a cart, as they set ma hoose on fire.
Took me tae Carlisle an without trial, a met a slow an painful death,
And this is what I said tae them, wae ma last dying breath.*

*I fought for ma prince, the rightful air tae the crown,
And like many a Jacobite, a laid ma life down.
And from this day forth, you will hear the Loyal men let out this cry.
The spirits of Culloden, will live on, an never die !!!*

so tae the spirits o Culloden

*"Here's tae the King Sir, Ye ken wha I mean Sir.
And tae every honest man, that would dare it again.
Here's tae the chieftains of awe' the Hieland clans
They dared mair than once, and will dare it again!
When ye hear the pipes sound "Tootie tattie" tae the drum.
Then up your sword and doon your gun, and tae the rouges again."*

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