

O'er the Water in France

*O'er the water in France, wi' your wine and your ladies
Do you think of our bonnets, and our tartan plaidies
Do you wonder at all, if you'd heeded bold Murray
You might hae your crown, bonny Charlie*

At Prestonpans we were the fiercest in battle
Our pipes made a din and our cannons did rattle
And Johnny Cope's redcoats were slaughtered like cattle
And we swore we would die for Prince Charlie

Chorus

Carlisle was ours, likewise Derbyshire
But our bold Highland laddies were weary and tired
And those that had promised us their aid proved liars
And the Butcher was coming for Charlie

Chorus

Gallant George Murray, with Charlie he pleaded
But his pleas went unheard and his words went unheeded
And on Culloden's field we were cruelly defeated
And there was no sign of Prince Charlie

Chorus

Nae pity was shown us when we ne'er denied him
Our houses were burned with our children inside them
They took our land, took our men, even our plaids
And we'd no' but our memory of Charlie

Chorus

Now the glens are deserted, the clansmen are scattered
Our men they lie butchered, our banners lie tattered
And those that remain wonder whether it mattered
At all to our ain royal Charlie

Chorus

Composed by: Alex Sturbaum

Appears on *River Run Wide*

This song was born out of a contradiction with which I have struggled for years: I love Jacobite songs, but Charles Stuart, aka Bonnie Prince Charlie, was a terrible leader who brought about the brutal destruction of the Highland culture and then fled to live his days in comfort. It has always seemed strange to me that there aren't more songs that are just a little bitter towards Charlie, and I thought there should be.