

Deanta, Culloden's Harvest

(Chorus:
Cold winds on the moors blow.
Warm the enemy's fires glow.
Like the harvest of Culloden,
Pain and fear and death grow.)

1. 'Twas love of our prince drove us all to Drumossie,
But in scarcely the time that it takes me to tell
The flower of our country lay scorched by an army
As ruthless and red as the embers of hell.

(Chorus)

2. Red Campbell the Fox did the work of the English.
McDonald in anger did no work at all.
With musket and cannon against honour and courage.
The invading men stood while our clansmen did fall.

(Chorus)

3. Nine mothers and children were left to their weeping,
With only the memory of father and son.
Turned out of their homes to make shelter for strangers,
The blackest of hours on this land has begun.

(Chorus)