

# Silly Wizard, The Secret Portrait / Wha'll Be King

Come through the heather, around him gather,  
Ye're a' the welcomer early  
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,  
For wha'll be King but Charlie?  
Come through the heather, around him gather,  
Come, Ronald, come Donald, come a' the gither  
And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King!  
For wha'll be King, but Charlie?

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,  
Will som gar mony ferlie,  
for ships o' war hae just come in.  
And landed Royal Charlie!

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
Frae John o'Groats to Airlie,  
Hae to a man declar'd to stand  
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie!

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The Lowlands a' baith great and sma'  
Wi' mony a lord and laird,  
Hae' declar'd for Scotland's king, and law,  
Spier ye what, but Charlie!  
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Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
An' be it complete an' early,  
His very name our heart's bluid warms,  
To arms for Royal Charlie!  
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