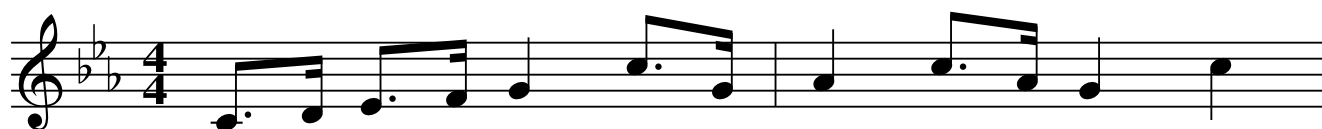
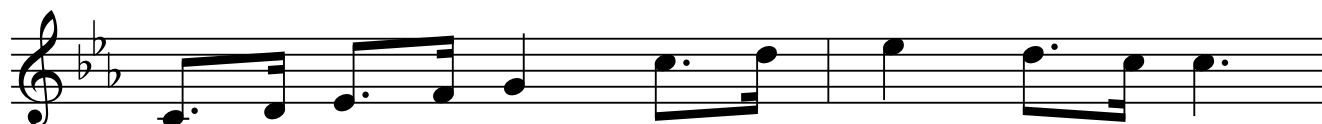


## Charlie is m' Darling



Char-lie is m' dar - ling, m' dar - ling, m' dar - - ling,



Char - lie is m' dar - - ling, the young Chev - a - lier.



'Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing right ear - ly in the year,



When Char-lie cam to our\_\_town the\_\_ young\_\_Chev-a-lier

Charlie is m' darling, m' darling, m' darling,

Charlie is m' darling, the young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning

Right early in the year,

When Charlie cam' to our town

The young Chevalier.

Charlie is m' darling, m' darling, m' darling,

Charlie is m' darling, the young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,

The pipes played loud and clear,

And a' the folks cam' running out

To meet the Chevalier.

Charlie is, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,

And cla'mores bright and clear,

Thet cam' to fight for Scotland's right

And the young Chevalier.

Charlie is, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier.  
Charlie is, etc