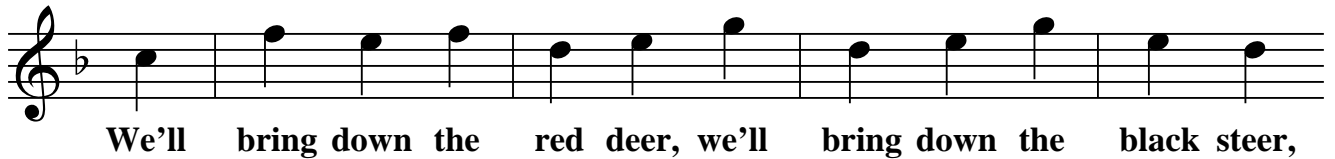


Come O'er the Stream Charlie



Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheerie,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the brecken and doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry and bring to our Charlie,
The cream of the bothy, the curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheerie,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glensheerly,
That stream in the starlight: where kings dinna ken
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.

Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheerie,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

It ought to invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall range on the heather, with bayonet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheerie,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.