

Prince Charlie Stuart

Steeleye Span

If you had seen my Charlie at the head of an army
He was a gallant sight to behold
With his fine tartan hose on his bonnie round leg
And his buckles all pure shining gold
The tartan my love wore was the finest Stuart Kilt
With his soft skin all under it as white as any milk
It's no wonder that seven hundred highlanders were killed
In restoring my Charlie to me

My love was six foot two without stocking or shoe
In proportion my true love was built
Like I told you before upon Culloden Moor
Where the brave highland army was killed
Prince Charlie Stuart was my true love's name
He was the flower of England and a pride to his name
Ah but now they have banished him over to Spain
And so dear was my Charlie to me

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