

Fields of Culloden

Waiting, waiting for my heart's true love
Grass beneath and stars above,
On the fields of Culloden

Watching, watching as he marched away
Banners flying, to the fray
On the fields of Culloden

Praying, praying for his safe return
Gazing where my heart does yearn
Towards the fields of Culloden

Silent, silent as they bore him home
Weep ye now, for he has died
On the fields of Culloden

Dreaming, dreaming of that day gone by
When hand in hand my love and I
Walked the fields of Culloden
Walked the fields of Culloden.