

Bobby Campbell

C **Bb**
The cry of the raven rang over the moor,
C **Bb**
The pipes were calling the clans to war,
Bb **C** **Bb** **C**
A lad, Bobby Campbell, he wept for the dead,
Bb **C**
And he remembered the words that his father had said.

Remember, my son, who you are,
Never dishonor the clan,
For your fathers before you, have died in the field,
They have died for our green pasture land.

They rolled out the cannons and assembled the men,
The women were prayin' that they'd come home again,
Goodby to my Mary, I'm going to war,
To fight for the honor of the son that you bore.

Now the pipes they are still and the victory's at hand,
But now for his Mary, no peace in the land,
And young Bobby Campbell lies dead in the field,
His gun still clutched in his hand.