

# The White Cockade - song lyrics

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## THE WHITE COCKADE

Irish Jacobite Song-By J. J. Callartan.

Prince Charles he is King James's son  
And from a royal line he sprung;  
Then up with shout, and out with blade,  
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.  
O! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,  
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;  
Then up with shout, and out with blade-  
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;  
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;  
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,  
Since our rightful prince went far away.  
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;  
The royal bird far off is flown;  
But up with shout, and out with blade-  
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the Spring,  
The woods no more with staunch hounds ring;  
The song from the glen so sweet before  
Is bush'd since Charles has left our shore.  
The Prince is gone, but he soon will come,  
With trumpet-sound and with beat of drum;  
Then up with the shout, and out with the blade  
Huzza for the right and the white cockade.