

WHAT CAN WE DO NOW IT'S OVER? WHERE CAN WE TURN?
 FOR NO ONE CAN BE SURE WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING
 THE WOMEN ARE STRICKEN WITH SORROW FOR THE MEN THAT ARE GONE
 AND WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE TO TURN
 WHERE TO TURN NOW?

THE GAWDY HORDES OF HIELAN' MEN WI' GRUESOME LOOKS AND HEATHEN TONGUE
 ADVANCED ON ILKA LOWLAND TOON WI' SAVAGE SWORDS AND PLAIDS ilka=every

AND LED BY YON ITALIAN LOON, THE DANDY THAT WID SEIZE THE THRONE loon=scoundrel
 THE REBEL WHA WID FOIST UPON US DREADED STUART KINGS
 WE COULDNAE THOLE thole=suffer

THEY LEFT THEM TO FLEE AND TO SCATTER, THE BATTLEFIELD RED
 THE SMELL OF THE WOUNDED AND DEAD
 AND THE HOWLS OF OUR MEN IN THE SLAUGHTER INVADING OUR DREAMS NIGHT AND DAY
 AND WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE TO TURN
 WHERE TO TURN NOW

WE TRACKED THEIR ARMY DAY AND NIGHT AND EACH DESERTING JACOBITE
 WAS ONE LESS MAN WE HAD TO FIGHT AS BATTLE DAY DREW NEAR

AND WHEN THEY CHARGED AGAINST OUR GUNS WE FIRED AT THEM AND CUT THEM DOWN
 AND SOON WE HAD THEM ON THE RUN ACROSS DRUMMOSSIE MOOR
 THE LOWLANDS CHEERED

OUR SOLDIERS ARE HUNTED LIKE VERMIN
 LIKE BIRDS ON THE WING
 OUR LEADERS HAVE FLOWN AND ARE GONE WITH THE WIND
 THEY PROMISED THAT THEY'D BE RETURNING BUT WE ARE ALONE
 AND WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE TO TURN
 WHERE TO TURN NOW

OUR VICTORY WAS SWIFT AND JUST, THE YOUNG PRETENDER'S CAUSE IS LOST
 AND IN DISGRACE HE'S FLED TAE FRANCE, HIS TAIL ATWEEN HIS LEGS

THE PLOUGH IS LIFTED UP AT AGAIN, THE BEASTS ARE FED, THE HOUSE IS WARM
 AND EVERY WOMAN GLAD HER MAN IS SAFELY HAME IN BED
 AND SLEEPEIN' SOUND

THE SOUND OF THE DRUM IN THE MORNING RESOUNDS IN THE HILLS
 DISTURBING THE PEACE AND THE STILL
 THE WORLD AND ITS SOLDIERS ARE COMING
 WHEN THEY ENTER THE GLEN
 THE LIFE THAT WE KNOW WILL HAVE COME TO AN END
 AND WHERE WILL WE TURN?
 WHERE WILL WE TURN?
 WHERE WILL WE TURN NOW IT'S OVER?