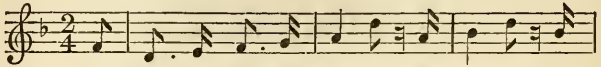
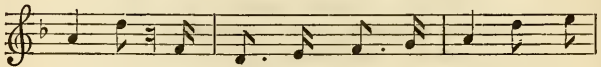


CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

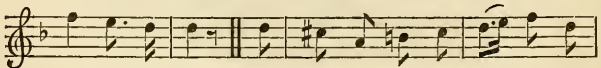
Chorus.



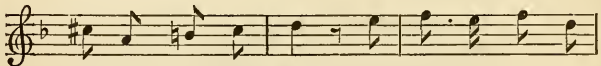
And Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my



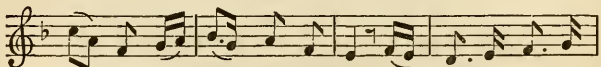
dar - ling, And Char - lie is my dar - ling, The



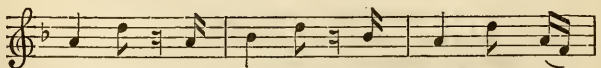
Young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day morning, Right



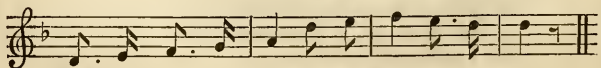
ear - ly in the year, That Char - lie cam to



our town, The Young Che - va - lier. And Char - lie is my



dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, And



Char - lie is my dar - ling, The Young Che - va - lier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie cam to our town,
The Young Chevalier.
And Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie is my darling,
The Young Chevalier.

As he cam walking up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear ;
And young and auld cam out to greet
The Young Chevalier.

O up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

This song, in a somewhat different version, was first published in Johnson's *Museum*, and it is probably of not much older date.