
CLAN DONALD, U.S.A.



SONGBOOK

First Edition

CLAN DONALD USA SONGBOOK

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*Clan Donald Songs

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true.
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of Auld Lang Syne?

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand of thine,
And 2e'll tak a right gude willy waught
For Auld Lang Syne.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

BONNIE DUNDEE

A song which celebrates
John Graham of Claverhouse
(Bonnie Dundee) who led the
Jacobites out of the 1689
Convention and raised the
standard for James II.

To the Lords of Convention,
'twas Claverhouse spoke,
Ere the King's crown go down
there are crowns to be broke,
So each Cavalier that loves
honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets
o' Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup
and fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses
and call up my men,
Unhook the westport and
let us gae free,
For it's up with the
bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted,
he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward,
the drums they are beat,
But the provost said,
'Just e'en let it be,
For the tou is weel rid
of that deil o' Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup . . .

There are hills beyond Pentland,
and lands beyond forth,
If there's lords in the south,
there are chiefs in the north,
There are brave Duinnewassals
three thousand times three,
Will cry 'Hey for the bonnets
o' Bonnie Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup . . .

'Then awa' to the hills,
to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper,
I'll crouch with the fox,
And tremble false Whigs
in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o'
my bonnets and me.'
Come fill up my cup . . .



BONNIE WEE JEANNIE McCOLL

A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass,
 is bonnie wee Jeannie McColl,
 I gave her my mother's engagement
 ring and a bonnie wee tartan shawl.
 I met her at a wedding in the
 Cooperative Hall,
 I was the best man and she was the
 belle of the Ball!

The very first night I met her,
 she was awfy, awfy shy,
 The rain came pouring down,
 but she was happy, so was I,
 We ran like mad for shelter,
 and we landed up a stair,
 The rain came pouring oot my
 breeks, but ock I didna care!
 For she's . . .

Noo I've wad my Jeannie and
 bairnies we have three,
 Two dochters and a braw wee lad
 that sits upon my knee.
 They're richt wee holy terrors,
 and they're never still for lang
 But they sit and listen every nicht
 while I sing to them this sang:
 For she's . . .

CAM' YE BY ATHOL?

Cam' ye by Athol,
 o lad with the philabeg,
 Down by the tummel
 or the banks of the Garry?
 And saw ye the lads with their
 bonnets and white cockades
 Leaving their mountains to
 follow Prince Charlie?

Follow ye, follow ye;
 Wha wadna follow ye?
 Lang hast thou lo'ed us
 And treated us fairly,
 Charlie, Charlie,
 Wha wadna follow ye?
 King of the highland heart,
 Bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son,
 my gallant son Donald,
 But if I had ten, they
 should follow Glengarry.
 Health to McDonald, and
 gallant Clanranald,
 For these are the men that
 will die for their Charlie.
 Follow ye . . .

Down thro' the Lowlands,
 down thro' the Whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down
 wi' them rarely!
 Ranald and Donald, drive on
 wi' the braid claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes
 of Prince Charlie!
 Follow ye . . .



FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

This song was written about
the brave men who fought at
Bannockburn.

Oh Flower of Scotland,
When we will see your like again?
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against them, proud
Edward's army
And sent them homeward, tae think
again.

The hills are bare now,
And autumn leaves lie thick and
still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
And stood against them . . .

Those days are past now,
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against them . . .



DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROOSERS?

I've just come down from the Isle
of Skye,
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy,
And the lassies shout when I go by,
'Donald, where's your troosers?'

Let the wind blow high,
Let the wind blow low,
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
And all the lassies say, 'Hello
Donald, where's your troosers?'

A lassie took me to a ball,
And it was slippery in the hall,
And I was feart that I would fall,
Fur I hadnae on ma' troosers.
Let the wind . . .

I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the underground
The ladies turned their heads around,
saying,
'Donald, where are your troosers?'
Let the wind . . .

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isna wrong, I know it's right,
The Islanders would get a fright,
If they saw me in the troosers.
Let the wind . . .

They'd like to wed me everywan,
Just let them catch me if they can,
You cannae tak' the breeks aff a
Hielan' man,
And I don't wear the troosers.
Let the wind . . .



HAIL TO CLANRANALD

Heart of Fire-Love, Son of Allan,
Heart of Fire-Love to the Isle-Folk.

Robhano, Hiriririo, Obhan,
Hiririri eile, Robhano, Hiriririo
Hiririri eile, Robhano, Hiriririo.

Croon of croons reborn at dawn light,
Thou'rt my dreaming, thou my waking.
Robhano . . .

Of the swan flock, guiding swan thou,
Sailing by the Isles of Cala.
Robhano . . .

I BELONG TO GLASGOW

I've been wi' a few of ma cronies,
One or two pals o' ma ain.
We went in a hotel,
 where we did very well,
And then we came out once again.
Then we went into another,
And that is the reason I'm fou.
We had six deoch and dorises,
 then sang a chorus,
Just listen, I'll sing it to you.

I belong to Glasgow, dear old
Glasgow town.
But there's something the matter
 with Glasgow,
For it's going round and round.
I'm only a common old working
 chap, as anyone here can see,
But when I get a couple of
 drinks on a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me!

JUST A WEE DEOCH AND DORIS

There's a good old Scottish custom
That has stood the test of time.
It's a custom that's been
 carried out
In every land and clime.
Where brother Scots forgather
It's aye the usual thing,
For just before they say 'good nicht'
They fill their cups and sing:

Just a wee Deoch and Doris
Just a wee drap, that's a'
Just a wee Deoch and Doris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin
In a wee butanben,
If ye can say it's a braw,
 briht, moonlight nicht,
Ye're a' richt, ye ken!

I like a man that is a man,
A man that's straight and fair.
A sort of man that will and can
 in all things do his share.
I like a man, a jolly man,
The sort of man ye know
The chap that slaps your back
And says, 'Mon Jock' before we go.
 Just a wee Deoch . . .



LEEZIE LINDSAY

Will ye gang to the Hielands
 Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands
 with me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands
 Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be.

To gang to the Hielands with
 you sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na' the land that ye
 live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.
 Will ye gang . . .

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken
 little
If sae be that ye dinna ken me,
My name is Lord Ronald
 MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.
 Will ye gang . . .

She has kilted her coats o'
 green satin,
She has kilted them up to
 her knee,
And she' aff wi' Lord Ronald
 MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.
 Will ye gang . . .

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by
yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright
on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love
Were ever' wunt to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
of Loch Lomond.

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road
And I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland
afore ye,
But me and my true love
Will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted
in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of
Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue
The Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out
in the gloamin'.
Oh, ye'll tak' . . .

The wee birdies sing and the
wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters
are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens
nae second spring,
Tho' the waeftu' may cease
frae their greetin'.
Oh, ye'll tak' . . .



MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

Cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe,
And covers the grave of Donald,
Cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe,
And murdered the House of MacDonald.

They came in the blizzard, we
offered them peace,
A roof o'er their heads, dry
shoes for their feet.
We wined them and dined them,
we gave of our meat,
They slept in the House of MacDonald.
Cruel is the snow . . .

They came from Fort William wif
murder in mind,
The Campbell had orders King
William had signed.
'Put all to the sword', these
words underlined,
'Leave none alive o' MacDonald'.
Cruel is the snow . . .

They came in the night when the
men were asleep,
This band of Argylls, with snow
soft and deep,
Like murdering foxes among
helpless sheep,
They slaughtered the House of
MacDonald.
Cruel is the snow . . .

Some died in their beds at the hand of
the foe,
Some fled in the night and were lost
in the snow,
Some lived to accuse him who struck
the first blow,
But gone was the House of MacDonald.
Cruel is the snow . . .



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS OF OLD ABERDEEN

When I was a lass,
a tiny wee lass,
My mother said to me,
'Come see the Northern
Lights my girl,
They're bright as they
can be'.
She called them the
heavenly dancers,
Dancing across the sky.
I'll never forget that
wonderful sight,
They made the heavens bright.

The Northern Lights of
Old Aberdeen
Mean home sweet home to me.
The Northern Lights of
Aberdeen
Are what I long to see.
I've been a wanderer all
of my life
And many a sight I've seen.
But God speed the day
when I'm on my way
To my home in Aberdeen!

I've wandered in many
far off lands
And travelled many a mile.
I've missed the folk I've
cherished most,
The joy of a friendly smile.
It warms up the heart of
the wanderer,
The clasp of a welcoming hand
To greet me when I return,
Home of my native land.
The Northern Lights . . .

ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is pulling me away
As take I wi' my cromak to the road
The far Coolins are puttin' love
on me
As step I for the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and
Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in
their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart
braggart's in my step,
You've never smelt the tangle of
The Isles.
Oh the far Coolins are puttin' love
on me,
As step I with my cromak to the Isles.

It's by Sheil water the track is to
the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.
The cool cresses I am thinkin'
o' for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.
Sure by Tummel . . .

It's the blue Islands are pulling me
away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon
the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skerries
to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each
name.

Sure by Tummel . . .





ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

I've seen lots of bonnie lassies
travelling far and wide,
But my heart is centered noo' on
bonnie Kate McBryde.
And altho' I'm no a chap that throws
a word away,
I'm surprised myself sometimes at
all I've got to say!

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the
bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin', wae my
lassie by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best.
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the
gloamin'!

One nicht in the gloamin' we were
trippin' side by side,
I kissed her twice and asked her
once if she would be my bride.
She was shy, so was I, we were
baith the same,
But I got brave and braver on the
journey comin' home.
Roamin' in the gloamin' . . .

Last nicht after strollin' we got
hame at half-past nine.
Sittin' at the kitchen fire I asked
her to be mine.
When she promised, I got up and
danced the Hieland fling.
I've just been at the jeweler's
and I picked a nice wee ring.
Roamin' in the gloamin' . . .

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Hark, when the night is falling,
Hear, hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down through the glen.
There, where the hills are sleeping,
Now, feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the auld
Hieland men.

Chorus:

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud standards
gloriously wave.
Land of my high endeavor,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart forever,
Scotland the brave.

High in the misty Highlands,
Out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat
beneath Scottish skies.
Wild are the winds to meet you,
Staunch are the friends that greet you,
Kind as the love that shines from fair
maidens' eyes.

Far off in sunlit places,
Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet
Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for the
Homeland again.



A SCOTTISH SOLDIER

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier,
Who wandered far away and soldiered far
away,
There was none bolder, with good broad
shoulder,
He's fought in many a fray and fought
and won!
He's seen the glory and told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious,
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying,
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

Because these green hills are not
Highland hills,
They're not island hills, they're
not my land's hills,
And fair as these green, foreign hills
may be,
They are not the hills of home.

And now this soldier, this Scottish
soldier,
Who wandered far away and soldiered
far away,
Sees leaves are falling and death
is calling,
And he will fade away, in that far land.
He called his piper, his trusty piper,
And bade him sound a lay, a pibroch sad
to play,
Upon a hillside, but Scottish hillside,
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.
Because these green hills . . .

And so this soldier, this Scottish
soldier,
Will wander far no more and soldier
far no more.
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside,
You'll see a piper play his soldier
home.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his
story,
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious.
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now,
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.
Because these green hills . . .

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Words by Robert Burns . . . sung
to the tune used by Robert the
Bruce for the march at
Bannockburn.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle hour,
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and slaverye.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or dee!

THESE ARE MY MOUNTAINS

For these are my mountains and this is my glen,
The braes of my childhood will know me again.
No land's ever claimed me, tho' far I did roam,
For these are my mountains and I'm going home.

For fame and for fortune I wander'd the earth,
And now I've come back to this land of my birth,
I've brought back my treasures, but only to find,
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind.
For these are my mountains . . .

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in,
And how they will greet me, my ain kith and kin,
This night round the ingle, old songs will be sung,
At last I'll be hearing my ain mother tongue.
For these are my mountains . . .

SKYE BOAT SONG

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on
the wing,
Onward the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that is born to
be King,
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl,
Loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air.
Baffled out foes stand on the
shore,
Follow they will not dare.
Speed bonnie boat . . .

Though the waves leap,
Soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep,
Flora will keep watch by your
weary head.
Speed bonnie boat . . .

Many's the lad fought on that
day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, sliently
lay
Dead on Culloden's field.
Speed bonnie boat . . .

Burned are our homes,
Exile and death scatter the
loyal men,
Yet, e're the sword cool in
the sheath,
Charlie will come again.
Speed bonnie boat . . .



WE'RE NO AWA' TO BIDE AWA'

För we're no awa' to bide awa'
We're no awa' to leave ye
We're no awa' to bide awa'
We'll aye come back and see ye.



WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh the summer time is comin'
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie go?

And we'll all go together,
to pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain,
Will ye go, lassie go?
And we'll all go...

If my true love she won't come,
Then I'll surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie go?
And we'll all go...

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Bonnie Charlie's now awa'
Safely o'er the friendly main,
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne're come back again.

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted yon dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.
Will ye no come back...

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be,
Siller canna buy the heart,
They aye beats warm for thine
and thee.

Will ye no come back...

We watched thee in the gloamin'
hour,
We watched thee in the morning
grey,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds
they gi'e,
Oh there is nane that wad
betray!

Will ye no come back...

Sweet the lav' rock's note and
lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen,
But aye to me sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back...