

Sax flaughts o a claymore

A song of the Gathering composed by John. Ford
an' hillybender

3
As pipes quid in death's mood
Sat down their breath to draw man
For this they met a salute sweet,
To raise to Scotia, man,
The strains they wate their hearts to speak
United, an' and a man,
To keep in tune the antient cheer
O' Cabedonie, man,

3
The tumbling wind they con the strain
O' minstrel is the hap man
I haw' spears o' shells as Ossian tells
True receipt till the dawn man,
The heather hills wi' rapture fill
The patriots in haem crew, man,
His pride they claim a Scotman's name
And Scotland mither co's man,

4
Wild as he with the music thrill
The bear the mind awa' man,
I feilds o' strife, wi' glory ripe,
I haw' claymores, bladed, man,
I haw' heilond trade was truly blade,
That waf'ed war others saw, man,
I haw' duple storge was receipt long
To help himself to a' man,

4
Oh wha can't el wi' Scotman's hal
At tale o' foray bonn man,
I haw' banners blew o'er borders flew
And southrons havy a' man,
Oh wha can see wi' Scotman's ee
I haw' ward the Lions Bar man,
I haw' warriors true, their whistles drew
For Liberty they claim man,

5
The right good will a bumper fell
To us it uns are a' man,
And drink us grace the Gatherings' social
O' happy be their fa' man,

A Song of The "Cathartes"

Composed by John Baird Long, Esq. at the convivial
meeting held 2^d June 1823 the anniversary of the battle of Brandywine

Over the strains remained in story
Of peacefull hall or deadly comb
Should you call to wild or pray
Ullt to love or voice to glory
Sound our mountain melody

When the gale of love is blowing
Whate'er bless peace's testimony
When the cup of joy is flowing
Eyes are bright & hearts are glowing
Pursue the bagpipes whistling low

Who can hear its notes of woe
For friend deceived or fallen foe
And see the mourners as they go
To its wild notes sad and slow

And melt not at its melody

And in the day of doubt & dread
When bursts the battle o'er their head
How strong the arm and firm the tread
Of Albion's sons or pilots of the dead
When cheer'd by its wild stentorlike cry

O'er the strains remained in story
Of halls of joy or deadly comb
Should you call to field or ferry
Ullt to love or voice to glory
Sound our mountain melody

May each heart seat us things meet
When met on sic a ca' moun
The members ere and glory be
The charter well to know, man!

And ilka drone that members own
Be sweeter eyes to blaw man
The men, merrit met, and lither greet
Till the "Gathering" that's near
Lang may their bags like whisky cags
Be stented till they flow, man,
And lang the dew that Scotsmen brew
Be welcomed to their moun, moun!

The Kings Birth Day 1824

Tune "Caldor Fair"

Sung at the Gathering Hall 23 April 1824

Here's for their stink in ilka street
And squib an' rickits rain fire,
And ilka dudsie beat ye meet
Ye hude to mind his banefire
The mind the banefire, o' the mind
Royal Caroline's banefire
"at" ^{my} ^{own} your H. o' our want
The Hail that - at your ain fire!

The war has far among southness loons
Hers seen the days, & mind them
And should he stir his stumps aged
Ye'll welcome hind him
We'll clear our accies frae stow o' care
The loyal gills we'll synd them
With small our musics jocks like hills
And mouch sequel behind him!

Let walthie merchants this night din
In Simonses costly Tamish
And fill their kyles wi' foreign wine,
And, carried thro' the bay & straits,
Still should guide you on to what we had,
The family be the caterers!
And lang may mirth & merriment
Flow thro' the "Gathering"

