

Master Roll.

Landing of King Henry the fourth

at Litch 15<sup>th</sup> August 1399

Little wat ye whas comin'  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Now the King himself comin'

Theres craches coming, stambards bluming  
Sargets coming, shuffles, rammings  
Borr sheet & Lochabers coming,  
Whi pipes to make a braut bluming  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Now & Harry & as comin'.

Wicardallens bechles, homes are comin'  
Paisles crawing, hivers are comin',  
Wicks are comin', Peardles comin'  
Provost, barres crach is comin'  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Now the King himself comin'

Cintis & his crach comin'  
Glorious & his aids comin'  
Duke & Duncannon with comin',  
And weathir o' gansoy baillies comin'  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Now the King himself comin'.

Theres pluids enow, & maunds comin',  
Dorrey border lads comin'  
Borr yill stane, ye jade, woman  
Tosel their beut cockades comin'  
Little wat ye whas comin'  
Young Buccleuch, & as comin'

Sartans comin', Mustins comin',  
Greguocochs comin', Guenochs comin'  
Theris the Hallybaclis o' Drummond,  
An theres a lill that's hot & summan  
Little how ye was comin'  
Cet & Chumney is comin'.

The great Macbethum, Mpor, comin'  
The Tharu & the Maathmore, comin'  
A body comin' more woman  
The Tharu Pebrach, squeling, bluming,  
Little wat ye whas comin'

Child Redies turned craft woman  
Theris craze in every craft woman  
And both its a lill more comin'  
Now the King himself comin'

Little how ye whas comin'  
King & Wills & as comin'

Si d'illan TRODA air LAY BAIN a' d'air a' b'ias a' g'ad a' d'achad  
shainta noic a' shio' d'air a' sine a' d' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

Remembrance to John Baine  
sung the night we suffered him  
Wednesd'ay 16 July 1724

And  
1. San Baine - hie' hie' hie' hie'  
sha' clavin' nam' hie' ann' maladach,  
ha' chu' sil' me' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

A translation of the foregoing psalm of the land  
man is he have, for of their mother tongue I  
cannot appreciate the beauties of the original - it  
being however to be remembered that, as a protestant  
both in its lamenting scolding character, is always  
better in Gaelic than any other language.

2. ha' p'arab'is ann' gach' saoin' gach' suit,  
sha' mairnach' ann' air' d'air a' d'air  
sha' n' air' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

odd's flesh! John Baine's, make haste, make haste!  
The bagpipe men are quitting sad,  
bawdrip' an' glum' their mind they waste,  
If ye come na' to the meeting land.

3. Ughu' hie'! I'n Baine - sin' zillia' hie'!  
sha' nam' p'lic' air' d'air a' d'air  
I' d'air a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

Feebles overhaunts! pau' now and is  
the snottis' soft aw' slitting down!  
In hie' an' hie' there is na' glie'  
If ye come na' to the meeting John

4. Eirich, a' h'ndair Baine, d'air a' d'air  
d'air a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

My hiey! there's a merry way  
to your headpiece try shouther on!  
Ready the joke - and glad the gab  
Cruel seated, mearg' the "Gatherin"

5. Ch' h'ndair - hie' hie' hie' hie'!  
Ma' n' air' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' n' air' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
I' cha' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

Easy, lay, hie, and stop your stomps  
And pau' female - Gatherin'  
And are our strains - we're all i' the d'air  
If ye come na' to the "Gatherin"

Verse translation

1. San Baine - hie' hie' hie' hie'  
sha' clavin' nam' hie' ann' maladach,  
ha' chu' sil' me' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

John Baine - John Baine, come st - come fast  
Cruel tree low at meeting leaves -  
O' the wind pipe hie' the farewell blast -  
And hie' hie' hie' hie' the meeting leaves!

2. ha' p'arab'is ann' gach' saoin' gach' suit,  
sha' mairnach' ann' air' d'air a' d'air  
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Ma' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

5. Ch' h'ndair - hie' hie' hie' hie'!  
Ma' n' air' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
Ma' n' air' d'air a' d'air a' d'air  
I' cha' hie' a' d'air a' d'air a' d'air

# Songs for the King, Turcolino

1  
The eagle screams upon Bannockburn,  
He could see Britain on either side,  
Lift boldly, King, on Albion shore,  
One of her songs she sings the sea,  
No voice there has been silent song,  
Wishes to harp in her path,  
Once more she weaves the ancient song,  
Once more tis High in Brath.

2  
From red sun & white mist,  
That, fast, from great banner side,  
Cham, gleam, more radiant than the rest,  
Near emblem of old Albion's pride,  
Gon,uddy lion, as of yore  
I was the worst in fields of wrath,  
In <sup>bright</sup> ~~white~~ mist, the handline dear,  
Of banners, High in Brath.

3  
Beam, beam, as when our hero,  
Dashed the number of despair,  
And to meet their enemies from our side,  
The cloud of glory to share,  
We - as from old traditions, toward  
The stranger saw the blazon shine,  
When Wallace sleep'd the folds in  
And flung them from the pine.

4  
High - King! when the evening galleys  
Of Bruce displayed thee on the pine,  
(And an indignant hill & valley,  
Waved Carrick Spear & Arvanbert,  
Beam, now - or as when calm & stern,  
He laid thee on your sacred stone,  
Wishing the trace for Bannockburn,  
And had the trump be blown,

5  
No sacred symbol, fast as fate,  
(Which be thy majestic glance,  
But gentle as the splendor be,  
No terror King, the cognizance,  
Became so thy star of chivalry,  
As when proud Windsor's hill came,  
To show on Scottish tower & tree,  
The welcome of thy flame.

6  
As beam, but for each warrior man,  
As when the killed took down night,  
Cloud, courteous knight & stalwart woman,  
Doubt me - now how - methinks eye,  
The feudal tower, the great stream,  
That quench'd the day of that fair moon,  
Did quench'd together in the tomb  
Of our last King, soon!

Another name, France's name,  
 but this, for princely quieting, soon  
 he will have in thunder come  
 For once, then went the sign of war,  
 Yet then - went then - there was no shame  
 No stain's the stain of tears & blood  
 And generous memory, mourn not blame  
 The error of the good.

The crown that circled Bruce's helm,  
 Once more the Douglas helmet shall raise  
 The sword that circled Bruce's realm  
 Be guarded by the De la Beays.  
 The children of the heath, and yet  
 Some harnessed down from Glenfrith  
 Plant o'er their crests the white of blue  
 And swell the "Right Gu Brath"

That fairly, from the Celtic's brow,  
 Removal, honour of his Father -  
 Nor tear nor blood shall stain the nor  
 is shown around the Baron gather,  
 From Saxon furs and furs Gael,  
 From moor & moor, from all shall  
 One voice - one heart - go forth, to hail  
 The King - the lie of all.

The with the Scottish stream be met  
 The blood of Kings that were not mine  
 The D. Este and Plantagenet  
 Were blended with the Bruce's line,  
 The spirit of departed sire  
 Be in the song, that swells thy path  
 And lifts once more in all the chime  
 The shout of "Right Gu Brath"

From the Bagpipe untuned triple, horrors may yell,  
He but gaffs it less close in his long lally-a-coll,  
Of this patchy moulder I see not an end,  
Till the plank in the work you give order to mend,

It's some morning at six, when my cledy, in his bed,  
Wild dreamt & thylol whisky tormenting his head,  
Send a cursing, his wiper, with gaffer at's belt  
And green pation coat, at his house door to pelt;  
Set his thunder your mandate till bed curtain shiver  
And he rises in's night shirt the way to deliver!  
Then with a bit of two inches, & hammer & plane,  
And with stave flashing nails, & with might & with main,  
Let that mole be sheet down in his capless retreat  
Till he finishes - or work out his way to the street,  
Then lick of St. Andrew's street, that's of skill,  
With a lick of grey plaster, & joinings merry-fell,  
And Paterson (shove) may lend me for love  
A bush of brown ochre like the ochre above!

MacKinnon! MacKinnon! if you can't be bothered  
With arrangements for getting this his own mitch method,  
Peter Wood is at leisure from four until six  
And for ordering such things beats all others to sticks,  
Depend on't, no useless expence is inavind,  
We'll manage it frugally - & speak but the word  
Of dicumt & good workman's high, both we'll tak tent,  
And we'll settle the cost, when we settle the rent,

MacKinnon! MacKinnon! what more shall I say?  
A crum or six shillings, will surely not weigh  
Against the peace of a Paper, & sheet hung on the beam,  
Tho' the house is in pirement but trifling may't seem.

MacRummen! MacRummen! a pipus thy self?  
Canst thou play on the pipe? Canst thou count o'er thy self?  
Canst thou sleep in thy bed? or thy beddy bed drain  
And the shade of Saint Peter besuck thee in pain?  
By the shade of saint! by the name that's sweet!  
By the strains that thou lovest! by the music thou lovest dearest!  
Forgive thee - obtest thee - must guard in love thee,  
In thine weal of the subject thy name brought before thee!  
To my help needs which thee each year more & more,  
And allow advance when you're any in store!

152. 151. 152. the address of my dear

Two hoc subitior

Shade of MacRummen

his mouth

Deud attector

Mark Campbell  
Clerk

The above is copy of a letter sent to Mr. D. McCrummen, Merchant, with  
from upon the "Gathering" had the room in which the meeting was held  
The consequence was that Mr. McC. would not accept of any rent for it -

The Echoes are mute that awake at the scream  
& the Ward Pipe in Gathering Hall  
The Pipe-men are dead like a hidden dream  
The "Weirds" split, and part of the "Wood" it would seem  
Is gone, that is most of it all,

The music is still

The heart stirring strains are over  
That awakened the echoes in Hall & in hill  
And kept up the joys of the evening untill  
Far past the dawning of the day

Then farewell, fair chamber where oft we have met  
Midst the glories of Pipe & of song  
These scenes & their pleasures I shall not forget  
Till the star of existence for ever has set  
And my heart's laid the dead man among