

Piobaircacha Dhonnail Duibh

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Piob agus bratach

Air falchí h-uileloch

1
Brook of Donnail Duibh
Brook of Donnail
Wake thy wild-voice anew
In summer clear consent
Come away, come away
Heark to the summons
Come in your war array
Gentle & generous

2
Come from the deep Glen
From mountain & dale
The war pipe and pibroch
As at h-uileloch
Come with lute & pibroch and
The heart that wears on
Come every stal blade and
Along land that wears on

3
Leave unattended the herd
The flock without shelter
Leave the corpse uninterred
The bride at the altar
Leave the deer, leave the steer
Leave, no to change
Come with your fighting gear
Broadsword & target

4
Come as the winds come, when
Forests are tender
Come as the waves come, when
The waves are strouded
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster
Chief, vassal, page, & groom
Armed and maddened

5
But they come, fast they come
Let them their gathering
Hide from the eagle's glance
Blinded with their
Come you plow draw your blades
For every man's part
Pibroch of Donnail Duibh
Shall for the onset

See that...

Cha till mi Tuille
We return no more

Cha till, cha till, cha till, sin tuille
Cha till, cha till, cha till, sin tuille
Cha till, cha till, cha till, sin tuille
Gid tillie, MacLeod, cha till MacLennan

MacLeod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies
The towers are sealed, & in mist are the gullies
Gleam moony and broad sword, long target & quiver
As MacLennan sings farewell to Dingy for ever

Forward to rock cliffs in which breakers are foaming
Forward each dark glen in which red deer are roaming
Forward late to the late mountain, & river
MacLeod may return, but MacLennan shall never

Forward the bright chuds that on Duillan, our slatours
Forward the bright eyes in the Den that are winking
To each spiritual illusion farewell — and for ever —
MacLennan departs to return to you never

The Dome has niddance sings the death dirge before me,
The gallies the dead for a month the lungs o'er me,
But my heart shall not flow, my nerves shall not quiver
The devoted will go to return to you never

So it shall, the rules of MacLennan's beltrailing
Be heard to now the Gael on their exile and sailing
Dear bonds to the shores whence mauling we sever
Return — return — return — shall we never

Cha till

MacLennan

The Dirge of Wallace

She lighted a taper at the dead of night
And chaunted their dearest hymn
But her brow and her locks were ^{all night} ~~long with~~
Tears as usual she shed and dim:
And the Lady of Eldon's light for her lord
When a death stroke beat in her lonely room,
It was her curtain-pole shook of its own accord,
As the Heaven had flapp'd at her window ^{board}
To tell of her true doom:

... the death-song and loud's peal
For the soul of my knight's dear,
And call me a widow true unbroken day
Since the warriors of God is here,
For ne'er more will on my strangled neck
The hat of my lord is doom'd to lie,
His valiant name they have surrounded, dearest,
And the God will fear shall his country reap
For William & Wallace!

Yet know not his country that ominous hour
Ere the loud music left ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{ear} ~~ear~~
That a subject of death on an English tower
Had the sign of her champion's name,
When his sunbeam light looked dim & red
On the high born blood of a martyr's head,
No anthem was sung at his holy death bed,
No wreath of flowers was worn his bosom's bed,
And his heart was rent in twain.

... it was not then when his ear ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{ear} ~~ear~~
Was true to that knight's form,
And hosts of a thousand were scattered, like deer
At the blast of the trumpet's horn!
When he stood on the walls of his well fought ^{city}
With the yellow hair'd chiefs of his nation's land,
For his lance was not shiver'd or helmet or shield
And the sword that seem'd fit for an angel's hand
Was bent in his terrible hand!

Yet standing round for the Wallace's right
For his lone loved country lie,
The bugle never sang to a braver knight,
Than William & Wallace!
But the days his glory shall never depart
His head, emblem'd & shall with love be kept
From the least of his nation's afflictions shall start
For the love he has led on his multitudinous part
A noble man never combats!

Clans of Scotland

Name	Badges & Distinction		
Buchanan	Buck	McLeod	Red Hawthorn
Cameron	Can	McKab	Rose huck berries
Campbell	Mistle	McNeil	Sea Trave
Chisholm	Alder	McPherson	Variegated Birchwood
Colquhoun	Hazel	McQuarrie	Blackthorn
Cunningham	Common fallow	McRae	Fir Club Moss
Dunn	Holly	Murray	Eagle feathers
Ferguson	Purple hazel	Murray	Ash
Fraser	Poplar	Murray	Juniper
Gordon	Broom	Robbie	Blackthorn
Graham	Yew	Colquhoun	The Great Maple
Grant	Fox	Robertson	Fern or Bruchins
Gunn	Larch	Ross	Prior Rose
Laird	Cranberry heath	Ross	Bear Berries
MacAlister	Rowan	Sinclair	Clover - (There are what some think a near & Helen's cornet) - 176
MacDonald	Cedar tree	Stewart	Thistle
MacDonell	Fuchsia & heath	Sutherland	Cattail grass
MacDonald	Bell heath		
MacDonnell	Mountain heath		
MacDonnell	Cypress		
MacFarlane	Cloud berry bush		
MacGregor	Risk		
MacIntosh	Boxwood		
MacKay	Bush		
MacKenzie	Peat grass		
MacKinnon	Peat moss		
MacLachlan	Mountain ash		
MacLean	Blackberry		

The Lament for the Tree of Heribredos

A handwritten musical score consisting of 18 staves. The notation is dense and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and clefs. The score is written in a cursive style. A large horizontal line is drawn across the first two staves. The word "Lamentation" is written in cursive across the middle of the score, spanning several staves. At the bottom right, the text "Doubting after the 100" is written in cursive.

Doubting after the 100