

TULLOCHGORUM.—Continued.

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, "Wae's me, for him."
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Moderato.

1. Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi broch of Don-uil, Wake thy wild voice a-new,



Summon Clan Con-uil. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark, to the summons!



Come in your war ar-ray, Gentles and com-mons! Come a-way, come a-way,



Hark to the summons! Come in your war ar-ray! Gentles and com-mons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountains so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy;
Come ev'ry hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come ev'ry steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!
Come ev'ry hill-plaid, &c.

Leave untended the herd
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes!
Leave the deer, &c.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!
Faster come, &c.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Cast your plaids, &c.