

Crimmon, the hereditary piper, seems to have had a premonition that he should fall in the war, and accompanied his chief reluctantly. On the eve of his departure he is said to have composed the piobaireachd known as "MacCrimmon's Lament," and the Gaelic words which have been paraphrased by Sir Walter Scott, viz:—

CUMHA MHC-CRÍOMTHAIN.

Bratach bhuadhail Mhic-Leòid o'n tùr mhòr a' lasadh,
'S luchd lomradh nan rannh greasadh bhàrc thar a ghlas-chuan;
Bogha, sgiath, 's claidheamh mòr, 's tuagh gu leòn, airm nam fleasgach,
'S Mac-Críomthain cluch cuairt, "Soraidh bhuan do Dhun Bheagain."

Slàn leis gach creig àrd ris 'bheil gairich ard-thonnan,
Slàn leis gach gleann fàs 's dean cràc-dhaimh an langan;
Eilean Sgiathanaich aigh! slàn le d'bheanntaibh 's guirm' srìch,
Tìllich, dh' fheutadh, MacLeòid, ach cha bheò do Mhac-Críomthain.

Soraidh bhuan do'n gheal-cheò, a tha comhdachadh Chullinn,
Slàn leis gach blà-shùil, 'th'air an Dùn, 's iad a' tuireadh!
Soraidh bhuan do'n luchd-clùil, 's tric 'chuir sunnd orm is tioma—
Sheòl Mac-Críomthain thar sàil, is gu brath cha till tuilleadh.

Nuallan allt' na pìob-mhoir a cluich marbh-rann an fhìllich,
Agus dearbh bhrat a bhàis mar fhalluing aig' ulme;
Ach cha mheataich mo chridh' is cha ragaich mo chuislean,
Ged dh' fhalbham le m' dheòin, 's fìos nach till mi chaoidh tuilleadh.

'S tric a chluinnear fuaim bhinn caoi thiom-chridh' Mhic-Críomthain,
'N uair 'bhios Gaidheil a' falbh thar an fhairste 'g an Iomain—
O! chaomh thir ar gairdh, o do thraigh 's rag ar n-imeachd;
Och! cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuilleadh.

Translated by Sir Walter Scott:—

MacLeod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys,
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver,
As MacCrimmon plays, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!"

"Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
MacLeod may return, but MacCrimmon shall never!"

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Coolin are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the fort that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell; and for ever—
MacCrimmon departs, to return to you never!"

"The Banshee's wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
And the pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerve shall not quiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never!"