

## Dunvegan

“Cha till MacCrimmon”

I sigh for the boislin that sails to Dunvegan  
Beneath the bright sky and above the blue sea.  
I hear thy pipe calling, MacCrimmon, MacCrimmon,  
Then why should I tarry is going to be?

Now the halls of Dunvegan our pipe lists and lonely,  
for there is no Boreraig where it used to be;  
but still thou art sacred, Dunvegan, Dunvegan,  
And fondly thy memories returneth to me.

Thy battlements tower to the skies, O Dunvegan!  
But, alas! They are silent, moss-grown, and grey;  
No more shall MacCrimmon so stately adorn thee,  
No more shall he pipe the returning of day.

I can hear the Western breezes bemoaning,  
While the waves of the sea are sobbing below,  
Because of the stillness of pipe list Dunvegan;  
MacCrimmon no more round thy turrets shall go.

In the Isle of the mist I see thee, Dunvegan,  
Where thy chieftains of old stood dauntless and free;  
But now thou art sleeping, MacCrimmon, MacCrimmon,  
And the halls of Dunvegan are calling for thee.

Sleep on, great MacCrimmon; thy music shall flourish.  
Thy piobaireachd is sounding the wide world o'er;  
Still thy name and the halls of Dunvegan are wedded,  
Though thou to thy birthplace returneth no more.

John Grant

Edinburgh,

3<sup>rd</sup> May 1932 [From *A Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd* - begun 1902]