

The Massacre of Glencoe

Deep down within my heart there dwells
A "Pibroch" sad and slow;
It tells me of the massacre,
That reddened fair Glencoe.

For when I play these doleful notes,
And all my skill bestow;
I pipe a "Cumha" with its tale -
A massacred Glencoe.

I hear the evening zephyrs moan,
When falls the spotless snow;
but blacker than the gates of Hell,
Remains the dark Glencoe.

MacDonald's heart was leal and true,
And his intents were so;
More loyal clan has never lived,
Than that of brave Glencoe.

Oh! Hallowed glen, wild and serene,
While through thy "Pass" I'll go;
I'll bend my head with reverence,
And mourn the dead "Glencoe."

While memory lasts, and ages run,
The fount of tears shall flow;
For they shall lave thy narrow bed,
Oh! massacred "Glencoe!"

John Grant

Edinburgh,
30th March 1932