

# *behind* the tunes

developed by  
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## Second Edition

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## 10<sup>th</sup> Battalion Highland Light Infantry Crossing the Rhine



The **Highland Light Infantry** later the **Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow Regiment)** was a regiment of the British Army. It was formed as part of Childers reforms on 1 July 1881 by the amalgamation of the 71st (Highland) Light Infantry and the 74th (Highlanders) Regiment of Foot, becoming the city regiment of Glasgow its name being expanded to reflect this in 1923. Its exact status was a somewhat ambiguous one - although the regiment insisted on being classified as a non-kilted Highland regiment, it recruited mainly from Glasgow in Lowland Scotland.

The **HLI** (as it was always known) continued in service, actively taking part in the First and Second World Wars, until it was amalgamated with the Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1959 to form the Royal Highland Fusiliers (Princess Margaret's Own Glasgow and Ayrshire Regiment).

The HLI was the only Highland regiment to wear trews, until 1947 when kilts were authorized. An earlier exception was the Glasgow Highlanders who wore kilts and were a territorial battalion within the HLI.

### 10th Bn HLI Crossing The Rhine

March

P/M Donald Shaw Ramsay



## 12<sup>th</sup> Battalion Royal Scots



The Royal Scots, the oldest Infantry Regiment of the Line in the British Army, was formed in 1633 when Sir John Hepburn under a Royal Warrant granted by King Charles I, raised a body of men in Scotland for service in France.

The 11th, 12th and 13th battalions were raised in August 1914 in Edinburgh, with the 11th and 12th allocated to 9th (Scottish) Division (Lothian Regiment) and the 13th to 15th (Scottish) Division, and moved to France in mid-1915. The 9th (Scottish) Division, was one of the Kitchener's Army divisions.

They first saw action at the Battle of Loos, where the 11th was almost wiped out, and spent the remainder of the war on the Western Front. The 11th and 12th moved into to Germany after the armistice; the 12th was reduced to a cadre in April 1919 and disbanded in the UK in June, whilst the 11th was reduced to a cadre and disbanded at Cologne in November. The 13th remained in Belgium, being reduced to a cadre in March 1919 and disbanded in the UK in June.

### 12th Battalion Royal Scots

### March

W. Cowie



## 15<sup>th</sup> Scottish Division



The **15th (Scottish) Division** was a British Army division in both the First and Second World Wars. The division was a New Army unit formed in September 1914 as part of the K2 Army Group. The division moved to France in July 1915 and spent the duration of the First World War in action on the Western Front. The Early days were somewhat chaotic, the new volunteers having very few trained officers and NCOs to command them, no organized billets or equipment.

The Division was inspected by HM King George V on 26th September 1914 - it was the first occasion on which the Division paraded as a formed unit and with the exception of the Staff, plain clothes were worn. By 22nd January 1915, the Division was in uniform for an inspection by Kitchener. BY the early summer of 1915, the Division was considered to be ready for France, and embarkation orders were received on 3rd July 1915.

During World War I, the 15th saw action at the Battles of Loos, Somme, Pozieres and the Third Battle of Ypres. In WWII, the division was a second line Territorial Army Division, the duplicate of the British 52nd (Lowland) Division and served in the Second World War, where, among other actions, it was part of VIII Corps under Lieutenant-General Sir Richard O'Connor in Normandy where it fought in Operation Epsom, Operation Goodwood and Operation Bluecoat. It was considered one of the finest units in the British 2nd Army, and it ended the war on the Elbe River.

### 15th Scottish Division

### Retreat March

Angus Graham



## A Man's a Man For a' That

A Man's a Man For a' That is the prisoner call for all regiments except for the Scots Guards where it's banned.

*March*

### A Man's a Man For a' That

*Traditional*



### Lyrics – by Robert Burns

Is there for honest poverty  
That hings his heed and a' that  
The coward slave we pass him by  
We dare be poor for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
Our toils obscure and a' that  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The mands the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hoddin-gray and a' that  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine  
A mands a man for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
Their tinsel show and a' that  
The honest man tho' e'er sae poor  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts and stares and a' that  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that

For a' that and a' that  
His riband, star and a' that  
The man o' independent mind  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight  
A marquis, duke and a' that  
But an honest mands aboon his might  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that  
For a' that and a' that.

Their dignities and a' that  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than a' that  
Then let us pray that come it may  
As come it will and a' that.

That sense and worth o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree and a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

## Abide With Me

**Abide With Me** is a well-known Christian hymn composed by Henry Francis Lyte in 1847, though the lyrics are usually sung to William Henry Monk's melody Eventide rather than Lyte's original music. It is popular across many denominations, and was said to be a favorite of King George V and Mahatma Gandhi. It was sung at both the wedding of King George VI and that of his daughter, who would go on to become Queen Elizabeth II. Since 1927 it has been sung before the kick-off at the FA Cup Final and Challenge Cup Final. It is also often sung at Christian funerals.

Lyte was born in West Mains (a farm) near Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland, which was then known as "the Cottage", in the year 1793. His father was a naval officer, which is curious partly because the farm was not so near the sea. His family came from Somerset in South West England. In 1804, the family went to Ireland and he was educated at Portora Royal School in Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He took Anglican holy orders in 1815, and for some time held a curacy near Wexford. In 1817 he was a curate in Cornwall married to Anne who came from Monaghan in Ireland. Owing to bad health he came to England, and after several changes settled, in 1823, in the parish of Lower Brixham, a fishing village in Devon where he helped educate Lord Salisbury, who would become British prime minister no less than three times.

In poor health throughout his life, he had consumption, probably due to the damp climate of northern Europe. He visited Continental Europe often, but kept writing, mainly religious poetry and hymns. In 1844 his health finally gave way. After his last service, he penned his most famous hymn *Abide With Me*. He died just two weeks later in 1847 in Nice in southern France, at age 54, and was buried there.

### Abide with Me

Slow Air

Henry F. Lyte



Lyrics on the reverse



## ***Lyrics***

Abide With Me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

## All the Bluebonnets are Over the Border



A **tam o'shanter** is a Scottish bonnet worn by men which was named after the character Tam o' Shanter in the poem of that name by Robert Burns. The bonnet is made of wool with a *toorie* (pompon) in the centre, and the crown is about twice the diameter of the head. Originally they were only made in blue because of the lack of chemical dyes, and were called Bluebonnets.

### *Lyrics – by Sir Walter Scott*

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
Many a banner spread  
Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story.  
Mount and make ready then,  
Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
Trumpets are sounding,  
War-steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;  
England shall many a day  
Tell of the bloody fray,  
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

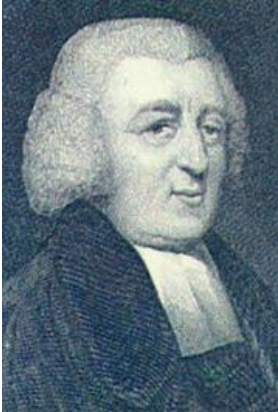
Music on the reverse

All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border 6/8 March

Trad.



## Amazing Grace



"Amazing Grace" is a well-known Christian hymn. The words were written c. 1772 by John Newton. Newton was born in Wapping, London, the son of John Newton, a shipmaster in the Mediterranean service. His father had planned to send him to take up a position at a sugar plantation in Jamaica but, on his way in 1743, he was pressed into naval service, and became a midshipman aboard the HMS *Harwich*. Having attempted to desert, Newton was recaptured, put in irons and reduced to the rank of a common seaman, and was destined for a long voyage to the East Indies when, as his ship was getting supplies for the journey at Madeira, he was exchanged and transferred to a merchant ship engaged in the African slave trade and

It was six months later that he sought to stay on the coast of Guinea, with the intention of making his fortune as a trader in the islands close to Sierra Leone but, instead, became a servant and found himself brutally used by his master, suffering starvation, illness and exposure.

It was this period that Newton later remembered as the time he was a "once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa." Eventually, his fortunes improved and he was found by a ship's captain who had been asked by Newton's father to look out for him on his next voyage.

### Amazing Grace

### Hymn

### Trad.



Lyrics on the reverse

### **Lyrics – by John Newton**

Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I'm found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fear relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
We have already come.  
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,  
And grace will lead us home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun.  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

***The last verse (above) in the popular version of the song was in fact not written by Newton but was added some years later by an unknown author. But here are two lesser-known verses by Newton:***

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures.  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

And when this heart and flesh shall fail  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of health and peace.

## Anchors Aweigh



**Anchors Aweigh** is the song of the United States Navy, composed in 1906 by Charles A. Zimmerman with lyrics by Alfred Hart Miles. Zimmerman was at the time a Lieutenant, and had been bandmaster of the United States Naval Academy Band since 1887. Miles was a Midshipman First Class at the Academy, in the class of 1907, and asked Zimmerman to assist him in composing a song for that class, to be used as a football march. The song was first played during the Army-Navy football game on December 1, 1906, at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. Before a crowd in excess of 30,000 Navy won the game 10-0; their first win in the match up since 1900.

The song was gradually adopted as the song of the U.S. Navy; although there is a pending proposal to make it the official song, and to incorporate protocol into Navy regulations for its performance, its status remains unofficial as of 2006. Its lyrics were considered too specific to the Academy and not representative of the Navy at large, and so were rewritten by George D. Lottman. Its melody was also slightly rewritten by Domenico Salvino.

### Anchors Aweigh

March

arr. PM David Paladino



### Lyrics

Stand, Navy, out to sea, Fight our battle cry;  
We'll never change our course, So vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y.  
Roll out the TNT (boom), Anchors Aweigh. Sail on to victory  
And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh.  
Farewell to foreign shores, We sail at break of day, of day.  
Through our last night on shore, Drink to the foam,  
Until we meet once more. Here's wishing you a happy voyage home!

## Atholl Highlanders



The Atholl Highlanders is a Scottish regiment. However, they are not part of the British Army. Instead, the regiment is in the private employ of the Duke of Atholl, making it the UK's, and indeed Europe's, only legal private army.

The name *Atholl Highlanders* dates to the formation of the 77th Regiment of Foot by the 4th Duke in 1777. The regiment was formed as a relief for other regiments serving in North America, and spent most of its existence in Ireland. The terms upon which the regiment was raised stated that the men were to be employed for either three years or the duration of the war in America.

In 1781, the original three year term ended, and the men expected the regiment to be disbanded. However, the regiment was transported to England and marched to Portsmouth to be embarked for service in the East Indies. Upon learning of this, the men mutinied, and the embarkation orders were countermanded. The regiment was marched to Berwick, where it disbanded in 1783.

Nearly 50 years later, in 1839, the 6th Duke, as Lord Glenlyon, resurrected the regiment as a bodyguard that he took to a tournament in Ayrshire. Three years later, in 1842, the regiment escorted Queen Victoria during her tour of Perthshire. In 1844, when the Queen stayed as a guest of the Duke at Blair Castle, the regiment mounted the guard for the entire duration of her stay. In recognition of the service that the regiment provided during her two visits, the Queen announced that she would present the Atholl Highlanders with colors, thus giving the regiment official status. The regiment's first stand of colors was presented by Lady Glenlyon on behalf of the Queen in 1845. It received new colors in 1979 from Mrs. David Butler, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Perth and Kinross. A third stand of colors was presented in 2006 by the Duchess of Atholl.

Under the 7th Duke, the regiment regularly provided guards for royal visitors to Blair Castle (which was a convenient stopping point on the journey to Balmoral). The regiment also attended the Braemar Gathering, while an annual gathering was held in the first week in September in which the regiment paraded then participated in various trials of strength and stamina. Following the First World War, parades of the regiment became fewer, although it did provide guards when the Crown Prince of Japan and King Faisal of Iraq visited Blair Castle in 1921 and 1933 respectively. After 1933, there was little activity, and it seemed the regiment would disappear into obscurity until, in 1966, it was reformed by the 10th Duke, who made the decision to revive the regiment's annual parade. It was feared that the regiment would be disbanded following his death in 1996, until his successor, the present Duke, wrote to the estate trustees insisting that he would continue his traditional role.

Although the regiment has never seen action, many of its number served with The Scottish Horse, the yeomanry regiment of Perthshire in the First and Second World Wars.

Today, the Atholl Highlanders is a purely ceremonial regiment, of approximately 100 men, including pipes and drums. This regiment has no connection, except the name, with the

77th Foot of 1777. The regiment wears the tartan of the Clan Murray of Atholl and has as its cap badge the clan arms approved by the Duke, which it wears along with a sprig of juniper, which is the clan's plant, and is presented by the Duke on his annual inspection. The regiment is responsible for the defense of Blair Castle, the surrounding estate and its inhabitants, but in practice usually only parades twice a year at the regiment's annual inspection when the present Duke comes from his home in South Africa to inspect his men, and the **Atholl Gathering** Highland Games, which is hosted by the Duke, on the last weekend in May. However, there are certain other occasions when the Duke permits the regiment to parade, such as royal visits to Blair Castle (when the regiment would serve as the guard), or on tours overseas. The regiment is usually stood down between January and May of each year, depending on whether new recruits are invited to join. Normally, the regiment's training starts at the beginning of May, in preparation for the Atholl Gathering at the end of the month; however, if new recruits join, they must gain a standard of foot and arms drill before being permitted to parade with the rest of the regiment, which they practice between January and March.

### Atholl Highlanders

### March





## Back to Donegal



**Donegal** (Irish: *Dún na nGall*) is a town in County Donegal, Ireland. Donegal is not the county town (capital) of County Donegal, despite being its namesake. Rather, the county town is Lifford, and Letterkenny is the county's largest town. Donegal town is situated at the mouth of Donegal Bay and is overshadowed by the Bluestack Mountains.

The Irish name translates into English as *Fort of the Foreigners (Vikings)*. There is evidence for settlements around the town dating back to prehistoric times including the remains of round forts and other earth works. There is a record of an early Danish fortress being destroyed by Muirchertach MacLochlainn, High King of Ireland in 1159. This Viking settlement is possibly the origin of the town's name.

Donegal Town itself is famous for being the former home to the O'Donnell clan, who played a pivotal role in Irish history. From the 15th to the 17th century, they provided the main opposition to the colonization of Ireland by England. The town itself contains Donegal castle (shown above) and the remains of a Franciscan abbey which dates back to the 15th century. The Annals of the Four Masters are traditionally thought to have been started in the abbey in the early 17th century. The story of Red Hugh O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnel, was the inspiration behind many books and films, not least, Disney's *The Fighting Prince of Donegal* (1966).

After the Flight of the Earls in 1607, the castle and its lands were given to an English captain, Basil Brooke, as part of the Plantation of Ulster. Brooke carried out major reconstruction work and added a wing to the castle in the Jacobean style. The current plan of the town was also laid out including an attractive town square or *Diamond*. From the late seventeenth until the early twentieth centuries, Donegal Town formed part of the vast estates of the Gore family (from 1762 Earls of Arran) and it while in their ownership that the town took on its present appearance. Donegal returned two members to the Irish Parliament until the Act of Union (1800). Evidence of the Irish Famine still exists including a workhouse, whose buildings are now part of the local hospital, and a famine grave.

Traditionally the largest employer in the town has been Magee of Donegal. They are internationally known for their fine tweed garments, some of which can be seen being woven by hand on small looms in the company's department store.

Tune on the reverse

# BACK TO DONEGAL

March

Traditional



## Balmoral



The **Balmoral** is a traditional Scottish cap that can be worn with Scottish Highland Dress. It is named after Balmoral Castle, a Royal residence in Scotland. Its original form was a sort of brimless cap with a high-walled rim and a soft floppy crown. It later changed to have a lower rim and a larger, floppier crown making it resemble a sailor's tally cap. It has tapes in the rim to secure it tightly and they are worn at the back of the cap.

A black bow (originally a field sign symbolizing the wearer's loyalty to the House of Hanover) or a regimental or clan badge is worn on the off side of the rim. It traditionally was blue or navy blue in color with a colored *toorie* (pompom) set in the middle of the crown and with or without a diced border (usually red-and-white check) around the rim. It was worn by Scottish troops in the place of the Shako from the late 18th to the mid-19th century, but was replaced in service by the Glengarry.

### Balmoral

### March

### Traditional



## Battle of the Somme



The **Battle of the Somme**, fought in the summer and autumn of 1916, was one of the largest battles of the First World War. With more than one million casualties, it was also one of the bloodiest battles in human history. The Allied forces attempted to break through the German lines along a 25-mile (40 km) front north and south of the River Somme in northern France. One purpose of the battle was to draw German forces away from the Battle of Verdun; however, by its end the losses on the Somme had exceeded those at Verdun.

While Verdun would bite deep in the national consciousness of France for generations, the Somme would have the same effect on generations of Britons. The battle is best remembered for its first day, 1 July 1916, on which the British suffered 57,470 casualties, including 19,240 dead — to this day the bloodiest day in the history of the British Army. As terrible as the battle was for the British Empire troops who suffered there, it naturally affected the other nationalities as well. One German officer famously described it as "the muddy grave of the German field army." By the end of the battle, the British had learnt many lessons in modern warfare, while the Germans had suffered irreplaceable losses. British historian Sir James Edmonds stated, "It is not too much to claim that the foundations of the final victory on the Western Front were laid by the Somme offensive of 1916.

### Battle of the Somme

9/8 March



H.F.R.S. P+D

## Battle of Waterloo



The **Battle of Waterloo**, fought on 18 June 1815, was Napoleon Bonaparte's last battle. His defeat put a final end to his rule as Emperor of France. The Battle of Waterloo also marked the end of the period known as the Hundred Days, which began in March 1815 after Napoleon's return from Elba, where he had been exiled after his defeats at the battle of Leipzig in 1813 and the campaigns of 1814 in France.

After Napoleon returned to power, many countries which had previously resisted his rule began to assemble armies to oppose him. The principal armies of Napoleon's opponents were commanded by the United Kingdom's Duke of Wellington, and Prussia's Gebhard von Blücher. These armies were close to France's north east frontier, and Napoleon chose to attack them rather than wait for them to cross into France.

While the campaign hung in the balance for most of its duration, the decisive battle became the Battle of Waterloo. Allied forces, under Wellington, withstood a final French attack, and counter-attacked while the Prussians, arriving in force, broke through on Napoleon's right flank.

### Battle of Waterloo

March

Arr. Hamish Moore





## Bloody Fields of Flanders



**Flanders Fields** is the generic name of the World War I battlefields in the medieval County of Flanders. At the time of World War I, the county no longer existed but corresponded geographically to the Belgian Flemish Region and the French Nord-Pas-de-Calais region. The name is particularly associated with the battles of Ypres, Passchendaele, and the Somme. For much of the war, the front line ran continuously from south of Zeebrugge in Belgium, to the Swiss border with France.

"**In Flanders Fields**" is one of the most famous poems about World War I, and has been called "The most popular poem" produced by the war. It is written in the form of a French rondeau. It was written by Canadian physician and Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae on May 3, 1915, after he witnessed the gruesome death of his friend, Lieutenant Alexis Helmer, the day before. The poem was first published on December 7, that year in *Punch* magazine.

The poppies referred to in the poem grew in profusion in Flanders (Belgium) where war casualties had been buried and thus became a symbol of Remembrance Day. The poem is part of Remembrance Day solemnities in Allied countries which contributed troops to WWI, particularly in countries of the British Empire which did so:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

—By John McCrae

Music on the reverse

# Bloody Fields of Flanders

## Retreat

John MacLellan



## Bluebells of Scotland



Bluebells of Scotland is a flower that looks like girls in bonnets with their heads bowed in prayer. Bluebells are slender plants, with many large, violet blue, bell-shaped, nodding flowers. Bluebells is a traditional Scottish folksong about a Highland laddie gone to war.

### Blue Bells of Scotland

### March

### Traditional Scottish



### Lyrics

Oh where, tell me where, is your highland laddie gone?  
Oh where, tell me where, is your highland laddie gone?  
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done  
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, tell me where, did your highland laddie dwell?  
Oh where, tell me where, did your highland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland where bloom the sweet bluebells  
And it's oh! in my heart I rue my laddie well.

Oh what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?  
Oh what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?  
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid  
And it's oh, in my heart I lo'ed my Highland lad

Oh what, tell me what, if your highland lad be slain?  
Oh what, tell me what, if your highland lad be slain?  
Oh no, true love will be his guide and bring him safe again  
For it's oh! my heart would break if my highland lad were slain.



## Bonnie Dundee



**Bonnie Dundee**, better known as John Graham, Viscount Dundee, who died fighting for the Jacobite cause at the Battle of Killiecrankie is immortalized in this song. John Graham of Claverhouse, 1st Viscount Dundee (c.1648 - July 27, 1689) was a Scottish soldier and nobleman. Claverhouse is remembered by history in two distinct characters. Unfavourable records of his supposed persecution of the Covenanters, when he was responsible for policing south-west Scotland during and after the religious unrest and rebellion of the 1670s and 80s, led to Presbyterian historians dubbing him "Bluidy Clavers". Later, as a general in the Scottish army, Claverhouse remained loyal to King James VII after the so-called Glorious Revolution of 1688. He rallied the loyal Highland clans and, although he lost his life in the battle, led them to victory at Killiecrankie. This first Jacobite rising was unsuccessful, but Claverhouse became a Jacobite hero, acquiring his second soubriquet "Bonnie Dundee".

The song is based on a poem by Sir Walter Scott. The Battle of Killiecrankie was fought on July 27, 1689 chiefly between highland Scottish clans supporting James II and VII and government troops supporting William of Orange during the Glorious Revolution. About one-third of the highlander force was killed. Dundee was fatally wounded at the very beginning of the battle. Although it was a stunning victory for the Jacobites, it had little overall effect on the outcome of the war and with their leader dead, their forces were scattered at the Battle of Dunkeld the next month.

### Bonnie Dundee

March

Trad.



Lyrics on the reverse

## **Lyrics**

To the Lords o' Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke  
E'er the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke  
So each cavalier who loves honor and me  
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

### **Chorus:**

**Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can  
Come saddle my horses and call out my men  
Unhook the West Port and let us gae free  
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee**

Dundee he is mounted and rides up the street  
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat  
But the provost douce man says just let it be  
For the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

### **Chorus**

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth  
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north  
There are brave downie wassles three thousand times three  
Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

### **Chorus**

And awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks  
Ere I own a userper I'll couch with the fox  
So tremble false whigs in the mid'st o' yer glee  
For ye've no seen the last o' my bonnets and me

### **Chorus**

## Bonnie Lass O'Fyvie



Fyvie is a small village in the region of Buchan, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. It lies alongside the River Ythan. Fyvie is host to Fyvie Castle reputed to be home to some of the ancient Scottish kings.

The earliest parts of Fyvie Castle date from the 13th century - some sources claim it was built in 1211 by William the Lion. Fyvie was the site of an open-air court held by Robert the Bruce, and Charles I lived there as a child. Following the Battle of Otterburn in 1390, it ceased to be a royal stronghold and instead fell into the possession of five successive families - *Preston, Meldrum, Seton, Gordon* and *Leith* - each of whom added a new tower to the castle.

The castle (like many Scottish castles) is said to be haunted. A story is told that in 1920 during renovation work the skeleton of a woman was discovered behind a bedroom wall. On the day the remains were laid to rest in Fyvie cemetery, the castle residents started to be plagued by strange noises and unexplained happenings. Fearing he had offended the dead woman, the Laird of the castle had the skeleton exhumed and replaced behind the bedroom wall, at which the haunting ceased.

### Bonnie Lass O'Fyvie

### March

### Traditional



Lyrics on the reverse

## Lyrics

There was a troop of Irish Dragoons,  
Cam' marchin' in doon thro' Fyvie Oh,  
An' their Captain's fa'n in love wi' a very bonnie lass,  
An' her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy Oh!

Noo there's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o' Auchterless,  
There's mony a bonnie lass in the Garioch,  
Oh! there's mony a bonnie Jean in the toon o' Aberdeen,  
But the floo'er o' them a' is in Fyvie Oh!

Oh! it's "Come doon the stair, pretty Peggy, my dear,  
Oh! come doon the stair, pretty Peggy Oh!  
Oh! come doon the stair, kame back your yellow hair,  
Tak' a last fareweel o' your daddy Oh!"

"Oh! I ha'e got ribbons for your bonnie gowden hair,  
I'll gi'e ye a necklace o' amber Oh!  
I'll gi'e ye silken petticoats wi' flounces tae the knee,  
If ye'll convoy me doon tae my chaumer Oh!"

"Oh! I ha'e got ribbons for my bonnie gowden hair,  
An' I ha'e got a necklace o' amber Oh!  
An' I ha'e got petticoats befitting my degree,  
An' I'd scorn tae be seen in your chaumer Oh!"

"What would your mammy think if she heard the Guineas clink,  
An' the hautboys a-playin' afore you Oh?  
What would your mammy think when she heard the Guineas clink,  
An' kent you had married a sodger Oh?"

"Oh! a sodger's wife I never shall be,  
A sodger shall never enjoy me Oh!  
For I never do intend to go to a foreign land,  
So I never shall marry a sodger Oh!"

"A sodger's wife ye never shall be,  
For ye'll be the Captain's Lady Oh!  
An' the regiment shall stand wi' their hats intae their hands,  
An' they'll bow in the presence o' my Peggy Oh!"

"It's braw, aye, its braw, a Captain's Lady tae be,  
It's braw tae be a Captain's Lady Oh!  
It's braw tae rant an' rove an' tae follow at his word,  
An' tae march when your Captain he is ready Oh!"

But the Colonel he cries, "Now mount, boys, mount!"  
The Captain he cries, "Oh tarry Oh!  
Oh! gang nae awa' for anither day or twa,  
Till we see if this bonnie lass will marry Oh!"

It was early next morning that we rode awa'  
An' Oh! but oor Captain was sorry Oh!  
The drums they did beat owre the bonnie braes o' Gight,  
An' the band played "The Lowlands o' Fyvie" Oh!

Lang ere we wan intae auld Meldrum toon,  
It's we had oor Captain tae carry Oh!  
An' lang ere we wan intae bonnie Aberdeen,  
It's we had oor Captain tae bury Oh!

Green grow the birks upon bonnie Ythanside,  
An' law lies the lawlands o' Fyvie Oh!  
The Captain's name was "Ned" an' he died for a maid.  
He died for the bonnie lass o' Fyvie Oh!

## Bonnie MacAlpine



**Cináed mac Ailpín** (after 800 – 13 February 858) (Anglicized **Kenneth MacAlpin**) was king of the Picts and, according to national myth, first king of Scots. Cináed's undisputed legacy was to produce a dynasty of rulers who claimed descent from him. Even though he cannot be regarded as the father of Scotland, he was the founder of the dynasty which ruled that country for much of the medieval period.

Cináed's origins are uncertain, as are his ties, if any, to previous kings of the Picts or Dál Riata. Among the genealogies contained in the Middle Irish Rawlinson B.502 manuscript, dating from around 1130, is the supposed descent of Máel Coluim mac Cináeda. Medieval genealogies are unreliable sources, but some historians accept Cináed's descent from the Cenél nGabrain of Dál Riata.

### Bonnie MacAlpine

#### March



## Brian Boru



**Brian Bóruma mac Cennétig** (926 or 941–23 April 1014) (known as **Brian Boru** in English) was High King of Ireland from 1002 to 1014. Although the exact details of his birth are unknown, he was born in the mid tenth century near Killaloe (Kincora) (in modern County Clare). His father was Cennétig mac Lorcáin, King of Thomond and his mother was Bé Binn ingen Murchada, daughter of the King of West Connacht. He subsequently united the warring Irish Tribes to expel Danish Vikings at the battle of Clontarf.

Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom is said to descend from Boru through her mother Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

### Brian Boru

March

arr. P. Heineman.



# Brown-Haired Maiden

## Brown-Haired Maiden

## March



## Lyrics

Horo, my nut brown maiden  
Hiri, my nut brown maiden  
Horo, ro maiden  
For she's the maid for me.

### Chorus:

**Her eye so mildly beaming  
Her look so frank and free  
In waking and in dreaming  
Is evermore with me.**

Oh Mary, mild-eyed Mary  
By land or on the sea  
Though time and tide may vary  
My heart beats true to thee.

### Chorus

With thy fair face before me  
How sweetly flew the hour  
When all thy beauty o'er me  
Came streaming in its power.

### Chorus

The face with kindness glowing  
The face that hides no guile  
The light grace of thy going  
The witchcraft of thy smile.

### Chorus

And when with blossoms laden  
Bright summer comes again  
I'll fetch my nut brown maiden  
Down from the bonny glen.

### Chorus

## Cabar Feidh



Cabar Feidh or Cabarfeidh (pronounced cab-ar-fay) meaning deer antler is one of the symbols of Clan Mackenzie.

### Cabar Feidh

March





## Campbell's Farewell to Redcastle



A small village in Easter Ross, **Redcastle** lies on the north shore of the Beaully Firth, 4 miles east of Muir of Ord. The ruined 16th-century Redcastle, a former stronghold of the Mackenzies, stands on a mound at the head of the Beaully Firth on a site where the original castle of Edradour is thought to have been built by William the Lion in the 12th century. There is a fine range of late 18th-century stables in parkland near the castle and the gothic Redcastle Church by the firth was rebuilt from 1800.

From the period when this Castle was erected, the tide of prosperity which had hitherto attended the Mackenzies of Redcastle began to ebb. During the Civil War the Clan Kerr supported the Parlimentary Covenantor army of General David Leslie. In 1649 a rebellion took place in the north by the Covenantors of the Clan MacKenzie who were opposed to Leslie's parliamentary forces. As a result Leslie's forces under Colonel Kerr took the MacKenzie's Redcastle, demolished it and hanged the garrison.

The last of the family of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, Miss Mary or Molly, died at a very advanced old age a few years ago, at Lettoch, in a house which she had occupied there for many years.

### Campbell's Farewell To Redcastle March



## Captain Horne

While not confirmed, the title of this tune may be in reference to Sir George Horne, captain of the HMS *Defiance*. *Defiance* was a 74-gun third rate ship of the line of the Royal Navy, built in 1783. Her crew mutinied three times, in October 1795 under the command of Captain Horne. HMS *Calcutta*, Captain William Bligh commanding, was ordered to embark 200 troops and take them alongside in order for the troops to board *Defiance* and regain control. The threat of the soldiers ended the mutiny. *Defiance* also mutinied in 1797 during the Spithead mutiny, and again in 1798 during the rising of the United Irishmen.

**Captain Horne**

Strathspey

Traditional



## Captain Lachlan MacPhail of Tiree

**Tiree** (Scottish Gaelic:Thiriodh) is an island in the Scottish Inner Hebrides southwest of Coll. The main village on Tiree is Scarinish, from which ferries sail to Arinagour on Coll and to Oban on the mainland. Its name derives from *Tir Iodh*, 'land of the corn', from the days of the 6th-century Celtic missionary and Abbot St Columba (d. 597). Tiree provided the monastic community on the island of Iona, south-east of the island, with grain. A number of early Christian monasteries once existed on Tiree itself, and several sites have stone cross-slabs from this period.

### Captain Lachlan MacPhail of Tiree Reel

Peter MacFarquhar, Skye



## Carlingford Lough

**Carlingford Lough** (*Loch Cairlinn* in Irish) (*Cairlinn* being shortened form of "Cathair Linn" literally translated as "City of the Pool") is a sea loch that forms part of the international border between Northern Ireland to the north and the Republic of Ireland to the south. At its extreme interior angle (the northwest corner) it is fed by the Newry River and the Newry Canal, which link it to the nearby city of Newry (the Canal continues on towards the River Bann and Lough Neagh; the river, under the name River Clanrye, loops around County Down).

On the northern side, in County Down, are the coastal towns of Warrenpoint and Rostrevor, backed by the Mountains of Mourne, and on the southern side are Omeath, Carlingford and Greenore, all on the Cooley Peninsula in County Louth.

On 3 November 1916 two steamers, the *SS Connemara* and the *SS Retriever*, collided and sank in the loch with the loss of 94 lives.

It is believed a ghost ship can be seen on Carlingford Lough on the night before a disaster. It was apparently seen the night before the the crash between the *Connemara* and the *Retriever*.

### Carlingford Lough (Loch Cairlinn)

arr. P. Heineman



## Carradale Bay



On the east coast of Kintyre, opposite the Isle of Arran, lies the little fishing village of Carradale. Accessible via a spur off the B842 thirteen miles north of Campbeltown, Carradale is the only place of any size en-route to Tarbert in the north.

In the 17th and 18th centuries there were small communities of crofters and fishermen working in and around Carradale. The introduction of steam ships transformed Kintyre and from the 1830s until the Second World War daily steamers went from Campbeltown to Glasgow, calling at Carradale.

With the herring industry thriving, Carradale's first pier was built in 1858, developing and encouraging the holiday trade. This situation persisted until the Second World War, with hotels developing and a tradition of families returning year after year. Now this situation is reversing again. Carradale still has a fishing fleet, - largely dealing in shellfish. Since the 1950s, forestry has also played an important part in the village with large scale afforestation taking place.

Music on the reverse

# Carradale Bay

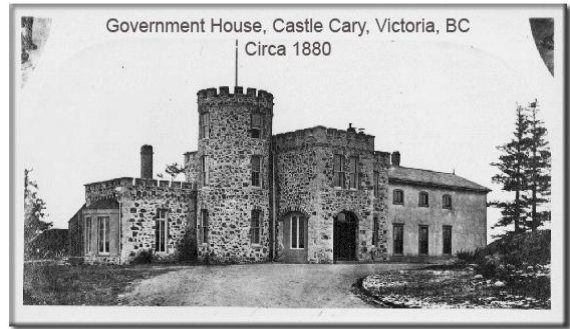
2/4 March

T. Muirhead



## Castle Cary Pipes and Drums

Named after Victoria's original Government House, Castle Cary Pipes and Drums was formed as an independent band in 1989. Wearing the red Fraser tartan, the band competes at the grade three level in highland games throughout the Pacific Northwest. Members also compete individually from grades four through one. Every year the band performs in many community events throughout the Victoria area and takes pride in its ability to serve the community.



### CASTLE CARY PIPES & DRUMS March

Bob Quigg



## Cliffs of Doneen

Cliffs of Doneen

Slow Air

Irish Trad.



### Lyrics

You may travel far far from your own native land  
Far away o'er the mountains, far away o'er the foam  
But of all the fine places that I've ever been  
Sure there's none can compare with the cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there  
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare  
Oh the town of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen  
From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day  
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay  
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen  
Making homes for their young round the cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while  
And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind  
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been  
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.



## Cockney Jocks

A true cockney is someone who was born within the sound of the church bells of Bow, the famous Bow Bells in the East End of London. The dictionary defines cockney as: a) a native of the East End of London; or b) pertaining to the pronunciation or dialect of cockneys. The word is of Middle English origin meaning "foolish person," literally, "cock's egg" (i.e., malformed egg). Nowadays the term cockney seems to apply to anyone from old Smokey (that's what London was known by years ago when coal fires were the only form of heating) and is a generic term for a Londoner. The cockneys were considered a lower class novelty by the rest of London; working class people with the worst English grammar in the English speaking world. "Jock" is the slang word for Scot, so a Cockney Jock is a London-born Scot. The term was first used for the London Scottish Society. The tune was written for the disbandment of the London Scottish Regiment. The tune was taken on tour in Europe where a dance by the same name was choreographed and was well received, especially in France. Gordon Speirs brought the tune to the United States and Colin Robertson taught the dance, first in Omaha.

### Cockney Jocks

### March



## Come by the Hills

Come By The Hills

Slow Air

Trad



### Lyrics

Come by the hills to a land where fancy is free  
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the lochs reach the sea  
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun  
And the cares of tomorrow must wait 'til this day is done.

Come by the hills to the land where life is a song  
And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long  
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind sings in tune  
And the cares of tomorrow can wait 'til this day is done.

Come by the hills to a land where legend remains  
Where stories of old stir the heart and may yet come again  
Where our past has been lost and the future has still to be won  
And the cares of tomorrow must wait 'til this day is done.

## Corkhill

**Cork** (Irish: *Corcaigh*) is the second city of the Republic of Ireland and Ireland's third most populous city after Dublin and Belfast. It is the principal city and administrative center of County Cork and the largest city of the province of Munster.

The city's name is derived from an Irish word *corcach* meaning "marshy place", referring to its situation on the River Lee. Cork has a reputation for rebelliousness dating back to the town's support of the English pretender Perkin Warbeck in 1491 during the Wars of the Roses. This has given Cork the nickname of "the Rebel County". It is not unusual for Corkonians to refer to Cork as the "true capital of Ireland" or to feel they have a distinct identity from the rest of Ireland.

### Corkhill

### Jig



## Crossing the Minch

**The Minch** (Scottish Gaelic **An Cuan Sgìth/Cuan na Hearadh**), also called **The North Minch**, is a strait in north-west Scotland, separating the north-west Highlands from Lewis and Harris in the Outer Hebrides. The Lower Minch (an Cuan Canach) is to the south and separates Skye from the lower Outer Hebrides: North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, Barra etc. It opens into the Sea of the Hebrides. The combination of the Minch, the Sea of the Hebrides, and a stretch reaching Ireland constitutes the Inner also known as the Inner Scottish Sea.

### Crossing the Minch

Hornpipe

P.M. Donald MacLeod



## Cullen Bay



Cullen, located on the Moray Firth Coast in the North East of Scotland, is a town originally built around the mouth of the Burn of Deskford. The town is in two parts. Sandwiched between the sea wall on one side, and the curve of the main road on the other is the fishing village, Seatown. The "inland" side of Cullen stretches up an imposing main street that continues from Seatown under the most easterly of the three railway viaducts.

Cullen has a long history. It was established by 1189 and a church was built in 1236. Its wealth in the 1700s was built on textiles, and thread making in particular. However the main period of growth came with the herring boom in the 1800s. Seatown was built in the 1820s, close to the pier built by Thomas Telford in 1819. This fishing heritage lies behind Cullen's main claim to fame: a form of smoked haddock, potato and onion soup named after the town: *Cullen Skink*. The slightly odd name comes from the Gaelic word for "essence".

Cullen became a royal burgh as early as 1455, when it was known as Inverculan, a settlement near to the sea. Old Cullen was moved to higher ground sometime in the middle ages and in 1811 the Earl of Seafield commissioned a new plan for the town. The first house was built in 1820 and gradually the whole of Cullen was removed to the new site, Cullen as we know it today.

The Old Kirk of Cullen is said to have the heart of Robert the Bruce buried there and folklore states that Bonnie Prince Charlie sought shelter in the Kirk with his horses.

Music on the reverse

# Cullen Bay

## March

Ian Duncan - Shotts



## Cutting Bracken

**Brackens** (*Pteridium*) are a genus of about ten species of large, coarse ferns. Bracken may be considered to be one of the most successful ferns. It is a prolific and abundant plant in the highlands of British Isles. The word bracken is of Old Norse origin, related to the Swedish word *bräken*, meaning fern.

Bracken fiddleheads (the immature, tightly curled emerging fronds) have been considered edible by many cultures throughout history, and are still commonly used today as a foodstuff. Bracken fiddleheads are either consumed fresh (and cooked) or preserved by salting, pickling, or sun drying. Both fronds and rhizomes have been used to brew beer, and the rhizome starch has been used as a substitute for arrowroot. Bread can be made out of dried and powered rhizomes alone or with other flour.

### Cutting Bracken

### Jig



## Donald Maclean's Farewell to Oban

**Oban** (*An t-Oban* in Gaelic meaning *Little Bay*) is a resort town in Argyll and Bute, Scotland. Despite its small size, it is the largest town between Helensburgh and Fort William.

Donald Maclean was outspoken in his political beliefs and didn't mind sharing them. His beliefs were not always popular, especially with some of the organizers of the Oban piping competition. Times being what they were, the judges were offered a little incentive to ensure Donald did not win. Although all spectators and pipers at the competition said Donald MacClean had won hands down, he wasn't on the prize list. Donald said that was the last time he would be found here. Archibald MacNeill, a contemporary of Donald, and asked him if he could name a tune he had composed after Donald – Donald Macleans Farewell to Oban. Donald immigrated to New Zealand and married an Indonesian woman who didn't like the pipes. She badgered Donald about the fact that he wrote tunes and named them after everybody but still hadn't written a tune dedicated to her. So, Donald dedicated his next tune to her and called it Mrs. Donald MacClean. That quieted her down and she never realized that Donald still hadn't named a tune after her.

### Donald MacLean's Farewell to Oban March

Archibald MacNeill





## Donald MacLeod

The tune, Donald MacLeod may refer to Sir **(Donald) Kenneth McLeod** (1885–1958) an officer in the British Army who achieved a rank of Lieutenant General. He joined the army in 1903 and by 1904 he was with the British Indian Army. Through his career he saw action in the Norwest Front in India, WWI and WWII, Kurdistan, and after retiring was head of the British Red Cross in Southern Europe.



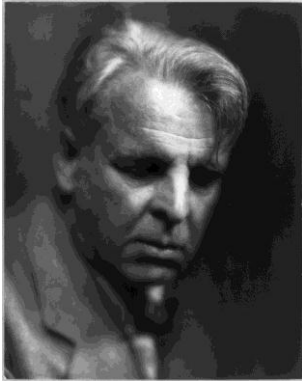
Donald MacLeod

Hornpipe

J.A. Barrie



## Down by the Sally Gardens



**Down by the Sally Gardens** is an Irish folk song. The lyrics were written by W.B. Yeats in 1889. William Butler Yeats (13 June 1865 – 28 January 1939) was an Irish poet, dramatist, mystic and public figure, brother of the artist Jack Butler Yeats and son of John Butler Yeats. He signed his works W. B. Yeats. Yeats, though born to an Anglo-Irish mother and father, was perhaps the primary driving force behind the Irish Literary Revival and was co-founder of the Abbey Theatre. Yeats also served as an Irish Senator. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1923 for what the Nobel Committee described as "his always inspired poetry, which in a highly artistic form gives expression to

The air is that of "The Maidens of the Mountain Shore", and this song is also known as "An Traigh Mughdhorna", "The Maids of Mourne Shore" and "The Mourne Shore".

### Down by the Sally Garden

Slow Air

arr. Kent Hiestand



### Lyrics

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.  
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.  
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

## Earl of Erroll

The title **Earl of Erroll** is an ancient one in the Peerage of Scotland. It was created in 1453 for Sir William Hay. The subsidiary titles held by the Earl of Erroll are *Lord Hay* (created 1449) and *Lord Slains* (1452), both in the Peerage of Scotland. The Earls of Erroll also hold the hereditary office of Lord High Constable of Scotland. The office was once associated with great power. The Earl of Erroll is one of four peers entitled to appoint a private pursuivant, with the title "Slains".

*The Earl of Errol* is a Child ballad that appears to be based on incidents in the life of the 11th Earl Gilbert Hay, and the bride, Catherine Carnegie, second daughter of James, 2nd Earl of Southesk. They married in January 7, 1658, but were childless. A court case was brought about their marriage -- if it went unconsummated, the dowry was not due -- but the details have been lost. *Earl of Erroll* is also the name of a Scottish National Dance, danced today at Highland Games around the world.

### March

### Earl of Erroll

Trad.



## Farewell to Nigg

Nigg is a small village on the northeast coast of Scotland on Nig Bay. The Hill of Nigg was one of the hunting grounds of the Fions who used to leap across the Cromarty Firth on their hunting spears and whose race became extinct after their women and children were all killed in a fire in Glen Garry.

The Kings Path is said to take its name from the shipwreck of a king of Denmark. His three sons drowned and their bodies were washed up on the shore after a great storm after trying to rescue their sister from Balnagown Castle. One was buried at Nigg, one at Shandwick and the third at Hillton of Cadboll. Sculptured stones were placed at each grave.

### Farewell to Nigg

March

Duncan Johnstone



## Faugh-a-Ballagh

**Faugh-a-Ballagh** was an Irish thoroughbred race horse. A brother to Birdcatcher, Faugh-a-Ballagh was sold to E.J. Erwin in 1842. He ran once as a two-year-old at the Doncaster's Champagne Stakes, finishing third to The Cure and Sorella. He then began his three-year-old season as the first Irish-bred horse to win the St. Leger Stakes, then beat Coranna in a match race. He won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, then the Cesarewitch, and came second to Evenus at the Cambridgeshire. As a four-year-old, he finished second to The Emperor in the Emperor of Russia's Plate.



In 1855, Faugh-a-Ballagh was imported to France. There he sired Fille de l'air, the English and French Oaks winner. He also sired the great stallion Leamington who sired the American racehorse and leading sire Longfellow.

### Faugh-A-Ballagh

Quick March

Traditional  
Arr: PPL



## Fingal's Weeping

**Fingal** (**Fine Gall** in Irish, meaning "foreign tribe", i.e. Norsemen) is a county in the Republic of Ireland. It was formed from part of the former county Dublin. The Vikings referred to the area as *Dyflinarskiri*, the hinterland of Dublin. The original name however derived from the old Gaelic *Fionn Gall* meaning fair strangers, denoting the Norse, whereas south county Dublin was called *Dubh Gall*, denoting the occupying Danes. Early Anglo-Norman versions of the name include the similar Fiehengall, Fynnegal, Fyngal, and Finegal, which led to the mis-identification with Fine Gall. Fingalian is an extinct language, a hybrid of Old English and Old Norse, with Gaelic influences, which was spoken by the people of Fingal until the mid-1800s.

### Fingal's Weeping

### March

### Traditional



## Flett from Flotta

**Flotta** (Norse for *flat*) is a small island in Orkney, Scotland, lying in Scapa Flow. The island is known for its large oil terminal and is linked by Orkney Ferries to Houton on the Orkney Mainland and Lyness and Longhope on Hoy. At the turn of the 20th century, the island was a quiet rural community like many other small islands of Orkney, but its sheltered location led to three major upheavals in the island in the century.

During the First World War, the island was home to a naval base. The dreadnought HMS *Vanguard* sank nearby in 1917, reputedly the worst maritime disaster in UK waters. In WW2, the island was again used as a military base.

### Flett from Flotta

### March

P/M Donald MacLeod



## Flower of Scotland

**Flower of Scotland** (*Flùir na h-Alba* in Gaelic) is an unofficial national anthem of Scotland, a role for which it competes against the older *Scotland the Brave*. In common with England among the Home Nations, Scotland has no official national anthem. *Flower of Scotland* was written by Roy Williamson of the folk group The Corries and presented in 1967. The song refers to the victory of the Scots, led by King Robert the Bruce over the English King Edward II, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

The introduction of *Flower of Scotland* was partly due to hostility amongst rugby and football fans toward the British national anthem *God Save the Queen* being used to represent Scotland, there being no other suitable anthem at the time. The song was popular amongst rugby supporters and was finally brought in as an unofficial anthem in response to *God Save the Queen* being continually drowned out by the ferocious booing and whistling of some of the Scotland supporters.

A public petition was presented to the Scottish Parliament in 2004 calling for another song to be selected instead. Donnie Munro, the former lead singer of Scottish rock band *Runrig*, has refused to sing the third verse when leading the audience on a rendition of *Flower of Scotland*, due to his British unionist views. This led to the third verse being dropped in favor of the second verse. Controversial at the time, it was reinstated later when Ronnie Browne of The Corries led the audience, as he had done many times prior to that.

A more practical snag is that *Flower of Scotland* is difficult to play on the bagpipes. The third last note is a flattened seventh, which is not considered to be part of the standard pipe scale. In order to hit the correct note, a 'forked fingering' must be used which less experienced players are unlikely to be familiar with. The tune was originally composed on the Northumbrian smallpipes, which play in F and have the benefit of keys on the chanter to achieve a greater range of notes.

Music and lyrics on the reverse



## Flower of Scotland

Slow March



### Lyrics

O Flower of Scotland,  
When will we see  
Your like again,  
That fought and died for,  
Your wee bit Hill and Glen,  
And stood against him,  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward,  
Tae think again.

The Hills are bare now,  
And Autumn leaves  
lie thick and still,  
O'er land that is lost now,  
Which those so dearly held,  
That stood against him,  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward,  
Tae think again.

Those days are past now,  
And in the past  
they must remain,  
But we can still rise now,  
And be the nation again,  
That stood against him,  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward,  
Tae think again.

O Flower of Scotland,  
When will we see  
your like again,  
That fought and died for,  
Your wee bit Hill and Glen,  
And stood against him,  
Proud Edward's Army,  
And sent him homeward,  
Tae think again.

## Flowers of the Forest

Flowers of the Forest is an ancient Scottish folk tune. Although the original words are unknown, the melody was recorded in c. 1615-25 in the John Skene of Halyards Manuscript as "Flowres of the Forrest," though it may have been composed earlier. Several versions of words have been added to the tune, notably Jean Elliot's lyrics in 1756. Many renditions are played on the Great Highland Bagpipe; due to the content of the lyrics and the reverence for the tune, it is one of the few tunes that many pipers will only perform at funerals or memorial services, and only practiced in private or to instruct other pipers.



"Flowers of the Forrest" as transcribed in the Skene Manuscript, c. 1615-25

Jean Elliot (b. 1727), aided in part by popular poetry selections, framed the tune in 1756 as a lament to the deaths of James IV, many of his nobles, and over 10,000 men - the titular "Flowers of the Forest" - at the Battle of Flodden Field in northern England in 1513, a significant event in the history of Scotland. She published it anonymously and it was at the time thought to be an ancient surviving ballad. However, Burns suspected it was an imitation, and together with Ramsay and Sir Walter Scott eventually discovered its author. The song, written in Scots, is also known as *The Floo'ers o' the Forest* (are a' wede away) and describes the grief of women and children at the loss of their young men.

### Lyrics

I've heard the lilting, at the yowe-milking,  
Lassies a-lilting before dawn o' day;  
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;  
"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away".  
Dool and wae for the order sent oor lads tae the Border!  
The English for ance, by guile wan the day,  
The Flooers o' the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
The pride o' oor land lie cauld in the clay.  
I've heard the lilting, at the yowe-milking,  
Lassies a-lilting before dawn o' day;  
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;  
"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The Flowers of the Forest

Lament

The musical score for 'The Flowers of the Forest' Lament is presented in six staves. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, bar lines, repeat signs, and ornaments. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and a key signature change to G major. The second staff includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The third staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff ends with a repeat sign. The fifth staff begins with a repeat sign. The sixth staff includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The music is written in a single melodic line.

## Garryowen

**Garryowen**, also known as **Garyowen**, **Garry Owen** and **Gary Owens**, is an Irish dance tune of the 1800s which became the marching tune for the 69th Infantry Regiment, New York Militia, (the famed "Fighting 69th" ) in the mid-1800s. The "Fighting 69th" adopted Garry Owen before the Civil War and recently brought it back to combat in Operation Iraqi Freedom.

It later became the marching tune for the US 7th Cavalry Regiment during the late 1800s. The tune was a favorite of General George Armstrong Custer and became the official air of the Regiment in 1867. According to legend it was the last tune played before the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

The name of the tune has become a part of the regiment, the words *Garry Owen* are part of the regimental crest, and there is a Camp Garry Owen, north of Seoul, Korea, which houses part of the 4th Squadron of the regiment. The Seventh Cavalry regiment became a part of the US 1st Cavalry Division in 1921, and "Garryowen" became the official tune of the division in 1981.

The tune has also been associated with a number of British military units, and is the authorized regimental march of The Irish Regiment of Canada. It was the regimental march of the Liverpool Irish Regiment, England. The Gary Owen March is also the official corps song of Pioneer Drum and Bugle Corps from Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The word *garryowen* is derived from Irish, the proper name *Oein* and the word for garden *garrai* - thus "Owen's Garden".

### Garryowen

### March



Lyrics on the reverse

### ***Lyrics***

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed  
But join with me, each jovial blade  
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid  
To help me with the chorus:

#### **Chorus:**

**Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale  
And pay the reckoning on the nail;  
No man for debt shall go to jail  
From Garryowen in glory.**

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,  
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run  
We are the boys no man dares dun  
If he regards a whole skin.

#### **Chorus**

Our hearts so stout have got no fame  
For soon 'tis known from whence we came  
Where'er we go they fear the name  
Of Garryowen in glory.

#### **Chorus**

## God Save Ireland



**God Save Ireland** was the unofficial national anthem of the Irish Republic and the Irish Free State from 1919 to 1926, when it was displaced by the official *Amhrán na bhFiann*.

The song was written by Timothy Daniel Sullivan in 1867, and first published December 7th 1867, inspired by Edmund O'Meager Condon's speech on the Manchester Docks. When the three Manchester Martyrs (Michael Larkin, William Phillip Allen, and Michael O'Brien) were executed, the song was adopted as the Fenian movement's anthem.

John McCormack, an Irish tenor residing in the United States, had a big hit with the number, making the first of his popular phonograph records of it in 1906. For some years he was not welcome in Great Britain because of this.

Workers during the Dublin Lockout of 1913 adapted the lyrics to "God Save Jim Larkin", after the union leader. It was, perhaps, most famously recorded by the Go Lucky Four on their 1966 album, *Irish Capers*. Later the song was sung at soccer matches by fans of the Republic of Ireland team, and by those of Glasgow Celtic. The latter inspired *Ally's Tartan Army*, the unofficial anthem of Scotland in the 1978 World Cup; this song was itself reworked as *Put 'Em Under Pressure*, an unofficial anthem of the Irish team at the 1990 tournament.

God Save Ireland

March

Traditional



Lyrics on the reverse

## **Lyrics**

High upon the gallows tree  
Swung the noble-hearted Three.  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;  
But they met him face to face,  
With the courage of their race,  
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

### **Chorus:**

**"God save Ireland!" said the heroes;  
"God save Ireland" said they all.  
"Whether on the scaffold high  
Or the battlefield we die,  
O, what matter when  
For Erin dear we fall!"**

Girt around with cruel foes,  
Still their courage proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;  
Of the millions true and brave  
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,  
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

### **Chorus**

Climbed they up the rugged stair,  
Rang their voices out in prayer,  
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,  
Close beside the gallows tree  
Kissed like brothers lovingly,  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

### **Chorus**

Never till the latest day  
Shall the memory pass away,  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;  
But on the cause must go,  
Amidst joy and weal and woe,  
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand.

### **Chorus**

## Greenwood Side

The Greenwood Side (The Cruel Mother) is a murder ballad. In essence, a woman gives birth to one or two illegitimate children in the woods, kills them, and buries them. She, going home, sees a child, or children, playing, and says that if they were hers, she would dress them in various fine garments and otherwise take care of them. The children tell her that when they were hers, she did not dress them so but murdered them.

### Greenwood Side

### March



### Lyrics

#### VERSE 1

There was a maid, who had two babes  
All alone and lone  
She killed those babes and buried 'em under a stone  
An' prayed to th Lord, it would never be known  
All down by th greenwood side

#### VERSE 2

This maid was passing by one day  
All alone and lone  
She saw those babes, both out for play  
All down by th greenwood side

#### VERSE 3

O babes, O babes, if you were mine  
All alone and lone  
I'd dress you up in silk, so fine  
All down by th greenwood side

#### VERSE 4

O Mother, dear Mother, we once't were yours  
All alone and lone  
You neither gave us course nor fine  
You killed and buried us under a stone  
An' prayed to th Lord, it would never be known  
All down by th greenwood side

#### VERSE 5

For seven long years, you shall hear a bell  
All alone and lone  
And at the end of seven years, you shall land in hell  
All down by th greenwood side



## High Road to Gairloch



**Gairloch** ( *Geàrrloch* in Gaelic ) is a small village on the shores of Loch Gairloch on the northwest coast of Scotland. See Gairloch and you've seen the Highlands. Gairloch's history dates back at least as far as the Iron Age dun or fort on a headland near the golf club. A thousand years later the loch was used as a haven by Vikings. Very little remains of them except place names and folklore. Norwegian rule of Scotland's western seaboard ended after the Battle of Largs and King Håkon IV's retreat to Orkney in 1263, and for the following two centuries two clans, the MacLeods and Mackenzies fought for dominance of the area.

In 1494 King James IV granted the lands to the Mackenzies, who managed their estates from Flowerdale House, a little inland from Charlestown. And they still do: much of the area remains in the ownership of the family.

Every first Saturday in the month of July, the community and visitors come together to meet old friends and new at the Gairloch Highland Gathering, which is organized and run by members of the local community.

### High Road To Gairloch

### March



## Highland Laddie



**Highland Laddie**, also known as **Hielan' Laddie**, is the name of an ancient Scottish popular folk tune. Although the origin of the tune is long lost, it is known that Highland Regiments throughout the British Army have adopted this tune as their Regimental March in 1881.

While some of these regiments have adopted different tunes as their Regimental March throughout the centuries, Highland Laddie continues to be the Regimental March of a number of

As a tune with martial affiliations Highland Laddie is still widely played currently by the regimental bands and/or pipes and drums of the Scottish regiments. As a traditional Scottish tune Highland Laddie is also commonly played on the bagpipes for Scottish Dances. One particular Highland Dance is actually named "Highland Laddie." Typically categorized as a "Quick March," Highland Laddie is normally written in the 2/4 time.

### Highland Laddie

### March



### Lyrics

Where ha' ye been a' the day?  
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie  
Saw ye him that' far awa'  
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie

On his head a bonnet blue  
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie  
Tartan plaid and Hielan' trews  
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie

When he drew his gude braid-sword  
Then he gave his royal word.  
Frae the field he ne'er wad flee  
Wi' his friends wad live or dee.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair  
But I think he'll no bide there.  
Charlie yet shall mount the throne  
Weel ye ken it is his own.

## I Love a Lassie

**"I Love a Lassie"** words by Harry Lauder & Gerald Grafton music by Harry Lauder. Sir Harry Lauder (4 August 1870 - 26 February 1950) was a notable Scottish entertainer, described by Sir Winston Churchill as "Scotland's greatest ever ambassador!"

There can be no doubt whatever of Harry Lauder's tremendous popularity as an entertainer, music-hall and vaudeville artist. He toured the world for forty years including 22 times to the U.S.A., and several times to Australia where he often stayed with his brother John, who had emigrated there. Harry and his wife and son were in Melbourne, Victoria, when the British Empire mobilized for World War I. Harry was the first British entertainer to sell a million records and was a favorite of King Edward VII and an intimate



A robust patriot, Harry raised huge sums of money for war charities during the Great War (1914-1918) - The Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund - and entertained troops in the trenches in France, where he came under enemy fire. He also organized a tour of music halls in 1915 for recruitment purposes. These would not necessarily be very subtle "Ten pounds for the first man here who joins the army" was the style. The rightness of the war went without question for Harry Lauder. He was subsequently knighted in January 1919 by King George V. Although his "final retirement" was announced in 1935, he again entertained troops, and broadcast over the wireless with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra during World War II, despite his advancing years. Even towards the end of that conflict and just afterwards Sir Harry appeared at the docks when American food ships came into Glasgow to publicly thank the crews for coming to Britain's assistance in her hour of need.

### I Love a Lassie

### March

Harry Lauder



Lyrics on the reverse

## ***Lyrics***

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
If you saw her you would fancy her as well:  
I met her in September, popped the question in November,  
So I'll soon be havin' her a' to ma-sel'.  
Her faither has consented, so I'm feelin' quite contented,  
'Cause I've been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss.  
I sit and weary weary, when I think aboot ma deary,  
An' you'll always hear me singing this...

### *Chorus*

I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as a lily in the dell,  
She's sweet as the heather, the bonnie bloomin' heather,  
Mary, my Scots bluebell.

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
She can warble like like a blackbird in the dell.  
She's an angel ev'ry Sunday, but a jolly lass on Monday:  
She's as modest as her namesake the bluebell.  
She's nice, she's neat, she's tidy and I meet her ev'ry Friday:  
That's a special nicht, you bet, I never miss.  
I'm enchanted, I'm enraptured, since ma heart the darlin' captur'd,  
She's intoxicated me with bliss...

### *Chorus*

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,  
I could sit an' let her tease me for a week:  
For the way she keeps behavin' well, I never pay for shavin',  
'Cause she rubs ma whiskers clean off with her cheek.  
And underneath ma bonnet, where the hair was, there's none on it,  
For the way she pats ma head has made me bald.  
I know she means no harm, for she'll keep me nice and warm,  
On the frosty nichts sae very cauld...

### *Chorus*

## I'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Toon

**I'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Toon** (I'll Go No More to Your Town) appears earliest in Robert Bremner's 1757 *Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances*. 'I'll gae nae mair to yon town' has been a fruitful source of variants which circulated under various titles. Miss Lucy Johnston of Hilton was a charming and accomplished beauty at the close of the 18th century; a musician and frequenter of concerts and the dance assembly until she married one Richard Oswald of Auchencruive in 1793. Robert Burns wrote extra verses for the song "I'll gang nae mair to yon toon" in honor of her arrival at her husband's family seat, near where he lived. She died of tuberculosis four years later, after the birth of two daughters, despite Oswald's efforts to contain the disease by taking her to Portugal.

### ***Lyrics – by Robert Burns***

Chorus-I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
And by yon garden-green again;  
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
And see my bonie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane can guess  
What brings me back the gate again,  
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,  
And stownlins we sall meet again.  
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
When trystin time draws near again;  
And when her lovely form I see,  
O haith! she's doubly dear again.  
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

Music on the Reverse

# I'll Gang Nae Mair Tae Yon Toon March



1.0 Omaha Pipes and Drums

## I Will Go Home to Kintail



**Kintail** (Scottish Gaelic: *Cinn Tàile*) is an area of mountains in the Northwest Highlands of Scotland. It consists of the mountains to the north of Glen Shiel and the road between the heads of Loch Duich and Loch Cluanie; its boundaries, other than Glen Shiel, are generally taken to be the valleys of Strath Croe and Gleann Gaorsaic to the north and An Caorann Mòr to the east. Most of Kintail is owned by the National Trust for Scotland.

### I Will Go Home to Kintail

Slow Air

Traditional



## Jenny's Bawbee

A **bawbee** was a Scottish halfpenny. The word means, properly, a debased copper coin, equal in value to a half-penny, issued in the reign of James V of Scotland. The word "bawbee" is derived from the laird of Sillebawby, a mint-master. That there was such a laird is quite certain from the Treasurer's account, September 7th, 1541, "*In argento receptis a Jacobo Atzinsone, et Alexandro Orok de Sillebawby respective.*"

It was metaphorically used for a fortune by Sir Alexander Boswell, the son of the more famous James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. It occurs in the song of *Jennie's Bawbee*

Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty dazzles baith my e'en",  
But deil a beauty had he seen  
But Jennie's bawbee

Sir Alexander took the hint of his song from a much older one:-

A' that e'er my Jeanie had,  
My Jeanie had, my Jeanie had,  
A' that e'er my Jeanie had  
Was ae bawbie  
There's your plack, and my plack,  
And your plack, and my plack,  
And Jeanie's bawbie.

Brewer's lists "Jenny's Bawbee" as meaning a "marriage portion". The term "bawbee" was still being used in Lowland Scots in the 20th Century, and may still be in minor use somewhere.

Music on the reverse



# Jenny's Bawbee

## March



## Leaving Arisaig



**Arisaig** is the name of the peninsula in the south-west corner of the Morar area as well as the name of the village in that corner of Morar. It lies on the Road to the Isles which leads to Mallaig to the north and Fort William to the east. The village itself is a nice collection of largely white-painted buildings scattered between the harbor and the line of the new road to Morar, across the hillside just below Arisaig's railway station.

Looking out over tranquil Loch nan Ceall today, it is difficult to believe it saw a naval battle in 1746 when two French ships sent to help the Jacobites after the Battle of Culloden were caught by the Royal Navy in the loch. The French escaped, after landing their gold. This was subsequently carried inland to Loch Arkaig, where it was allegedly hidden and subsequently lost.

### Leaving Arisaig



## Lochanside

**Lochanside** was composed by Pipe Major John McLellan DCM (a title he earned during a battle of Magersfontein where he rallied troops by playing even after being wounded in the ankle and would later write a retreat march inspired by this event). It is said that the inspiration for this tune may have come from McLellan's time spent along the secluded shores of Loch Loskin, located on Dunloskin Farm -- just a short walk's north-west of Dunoon's town center and the *Cowan Game's Park*. McLellan also penned a tune called Dunloskin and both tunes were originally published in the now out of print Cowal Collection.

McLellan wrote many tunes during his lifetime, many contained lyrics and he had a knack for creating catchy memorable melodies. This particular tune is a favorite amongst pipers and is apart of the repertoire of just about anyone who has ever endeavored to study the Great Highland Bagpipe as it's commonly performed in solo competitions and is a common tune used as part of the standard repertoire for many massed band gatherings. I also learned that this tune is often played by pipe bands that perform before some of the football (soccer) matches in and around Scotland as well.

### Lochanside

Retreat March

PM John McClellan, DCM



## Lord Lovat's Lament



**Lord Lovat** is a title in the Peerage of Scotland. It was created in 1458 for Hugh Fraser. The title descended in a direct line until the death of his great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson, the ninth Lord, in 1696. He was succeeded by his great-uncle, the tenth Lord.

In 1697 the latter's son, Simon Fraser, known as Simon "the Fox", kidnapped and forcefully married the late ninth Lord's widow, the former Lady Amelia Murray, only daughter of the John Murray, 1st Marquess of Atholl. However, Lady Lovat's powerful family, the Murrays were angered, and prosecuted Fraser, who fled the country. Fraser was convicted *in absentia*, attainted, and sentenced to death. In 1715, however, Fraser supported the Government against the Jacobite uprising and was rewarded by being pardoned for his crimes. In 1730, he won litigation seeking to confirm his title of Lord Lovat. In 1745, however, Lord Lovat participated in The '45 against the Crown and was therefore sentenced to death. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in London, becoming the last man to die in this manner. His titles, furthermore, were forfeit.

His eldest and namesake Simon Fraser became a General in the British Army. He obtained a full pardon but was not restored to the title. His younger brother Archibald Campbell Fraser was a Colonel in the Army and would have succeeded but for the attainder. On his death in 1815 the title was claimed by his kinsman Thomas Fraser, a descendant of Thomas Fraser, second son of the fourth Lord. In 1837 he was created Baron Lovat, of Lovat in the County of Inverness, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. However, it was not until 1854 that the attainder of the eleventh Lord was reversed, and Thomas Fraser became the twelfth Lord Lovat. He was succeeded by his son, the thirteenth Lord, who served as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness. His eldest son, the fourteenth Baron, was a soldier and politician and notably held office as Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs from 1926 to 1927. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the fifteenth Baron. He was a prominent soldier and distinguished himself during the Second World War. As of 2007 the titles are held by his grandson, the sixteenth Lord, who succeeded in 1994.

Music on the reverse

# Lord Lovat's Lament

## March



## Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes

The melody is also known as "*Lord Moira's Welcome to Scotland*." The lyrics were composed by Robert Tannahill, 1807 in honor of the Earl Moira, later the Marquis of Hastings. The title **Marques of Hastings** was created in the Peerage of the United Kingdom in 1817 for the 2nd Earl of Moira. It became extinct on the death of the 4th Marques in 1868.

### Loudoun's Bonny Woods and Braes      Strathspey



### Lyrics

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes.  
I maun lea' them a', lassie;  
Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
Would gi'e Britons law, lassie?  
Wha would shun the field of danger?  
Wha frae fame would live a stranger?  
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,  
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?  
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes  
Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,  
And gentle Hope shall soothe thy waes  
When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,  
But the dolefu' bugle brings  
Wae fu' thoughts to me, laddie.  
Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
Still the weary moments countin,  
Far frae love, and thee, laddie.  
O'er the gory fields of war,  
When Vengeance drives his crimson car,  
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,  
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile!  
O suppress thy fears, lassie!  
Glorious honour crowns the toil  
That the soldier shares, lassie;  
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,  
'Till the vengeful strife is over,  
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
'Till the day we die, lassie;  
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,  
As blithe's you lightsome lamb that plays  
On Loudoun's flow'ry lea, lassie.

## Mairi's Wedding

Johnny Bannerman wrote **Mairi's Wedding** (aka "Marie's Wedding" and the "Lewis Bridal Song") using a traditional Scots tune, and it was first played for her at the Old Highlanders Institute in Glasgow's Elmbank Street. Sir Hugh S. Robertson translated the Scottish Gaelic language into English a year later in 1935. It was specifically written for the wedding of Miss McNiven to Skye-born sea captain John Campbell, although the ceremony didn't take place for another 6 years! The bride lived into her nineties and is reported as being amazed by the song's popularity.

This tune is also referred to as "Mairi Bhan."

**Mairi's Wedding**

March

Traditional



Lyrics on the reverse

## ***Lyrics***

### **Chorus:**

**Step we gaily, on we go,  
Heel for heel and toe for toe,  
Arm and arm and row on row,  
All for Mairi's wedding.**

Over hillways up and down,  
Myrtle green and bracken brown,  
Past the sheiling, thro' the town,  
All for sake of Mairi.

### **Chorus**

Red her cheeks as rowans are,  
Brighter far than any star,  
Fairest of them all by far,  
Is our darling Mairi.

### **Chorus**

Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
Plenty peat to fill her creel,  
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,  
That's the toast for Mairi

### **Chorus**



## Muir of Ord

Traditionally, overland travel north of Inverness was, at best, difficult. Two particular obstructions were the River Beauly where it flows into the Beauly Firth near Beauly, and the River Conon, where it flows into Cromarty Firth. The two rivers were only crossed, by the Lovat Bridge and the Conon Bridge, both built by Thomas Telford in 1814. This brought increasing traffic to the main coastal route north that ran between them, and led to the growth of a village called Tarradale, which lay at the junction of that road and the main road into the Black Isle. The result was that from about 1820 huge *trysts* or cattle markets began to occur on land a little north of Beauly, then later on a better site a little further north, just south of Tarradale. The trysts became known by the name of the site, at Muir of Ord.

In 1862 the Inverness and Ross-shire Railway was built with a station at Tarradale. However, the railway company called their station Muir of Ord, after the site of the cattle trysts still taking place a mile to the south. And within a relatively short time "Tarradale" was but a fading memory, and the settlement that gradually filled in the gaps between the distillery, the railway station and the site of the trysts, became known as Muir of Ord.

### Muir Of Ord

### March



## My Love She's But a Lassie Yet

My Love She's But A Lassie Yet      March



### Lyrics – by Robert Burns

My love she's but a lassie yet  
Oh My love she's but a lassie yet  
We'll let her stand a year or twa  
She'll no be half sae saucy yet

I rue the day I sought her O  
I rue the day I sought her O  
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd  
But he may say he's bought her O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will  
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're all dry wi' drinkin o't  
We're all dry wi' drinkin o't  
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife  
He could na preach for thinkin o't

## O'er the Bows to Ballindalloch



**Ballindalloch Castle** (also known as *The Pearl of the North*) is a castle between Dufftown and Grantown-on-Spey, in the Moray region of Scotland. The first tower of the castle was built in 1546. After it was plundered and burned by James Graham, the first Marquess of Montrose, it was restored in 1645.

Extensions were added in 1770 by General James Grant of the American Wars of Independence (whose ghost is said to haunt the castle) and in 1850 by the architect Thomas MacKenzie. Further extensions carried out in 1878 were mostly demolished during and modernizations enacted in 1965. It has been continuously occupied by the Russell and Macpherson-Grant families throughout its existence. The castle houses an important collection of 17th century Spanish paintings. The dining room of Ballindalloch is said to be haunted by a ghost known as *The Green Lady*. Today, the castle is still occupied. It is open to tourists during the summer months and a number of workshops on its grounds are in active use.

## O'ER THE BOWS TO BALLINDALLOCH

Strathspey

Traditional



## Pipe Major Donald MacLean of Lewis

**Lewis** (*Leòdhas* in Scottish Gaelic) or **The Isle of Lewis** (*Eilean Leòdhais*) is the northern part of the largest island of the Western Isles of Scotland or Outer Hebrides (*Na h-Eileanan Siar*). The southern part of the island is called Harris (*Na Hearadh*). The two names however refer to the two parts of the same island despite the use of the terms 'Isle of Lewis' and 'Isle of Harris'. Lewis is, in general, the lower lying part of this island, with Harris being more mountainous. Lewis' main settlement, the only burgh on the Outer Hebrides, is Stornoway (*Steòrnabhagh*), from which ferries sail to Ullapool on the Scottish mainland

The story of the Isle of Lewis is steeped in both history and mystery. Man has inhabited Leodhas, meaning marshy, for probably 5000 years. The Standing Stones and Stone Circles bear witness to this early occupation, as do the Iron Age forts and archaeological sites scattered around the Island.

### Pipe Major Donald MacLean Of Lewis

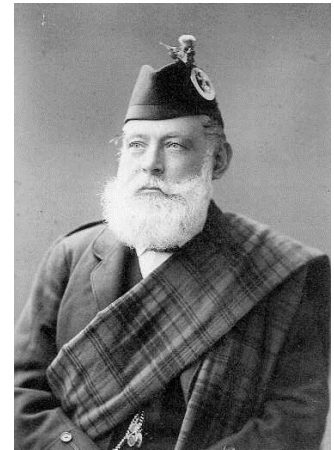
PM Donald MacLeod, QOH



## Pipe Major William Ross' Farewell to the Scots Guard

The **Scots Guards** are a regiment of the British Army, part of the Guards Division, and have a long and proud history stretching back hundreds of years.

The Scots Guards is ranked as the third regiment of Foot Guards; as such, Scots Guardsmen can be recognized by having the buttons on their tunics spaced in threes. The regiment consists of a single operational battalion, which is currently (2006) based in Germany in the armored infantry role as part of British Forces Germany (due to move to Catterick by 2009). However, since 1993, the regiment has also maintained an independent company permanently based in London on public duties. F Company is the custodian of the colors and traditions of the 2nd Battalion, which was placed in permanent suspended animation in 1993.



William Ross was one of Queen Victoria's pipers. He was Pipe Major of the 42nd Regiment before joining the Queen's household and between 1883 and 1891 held the post of Head Piper. He was paid £80 per annum as Piper, £50 as Groom of the State Chamber and received £5 per annum for the upkeep of his pipe. William Ross was born March 27, 1823 in the parish of Knockbain on the Black Isle in Rosshire, Scotland on the property of Sir Ewan Mackenzie of Kilcoy. William's father was Andrew Ross, a farmer. Andrew's first wife was Margaret Young who died in 1830. William, their only son, was seven at the time. Andrew remarried and in 1832 he emigrated to Upper Canada where he was still living near Coburg in 1870. William remained in Scotland under the charge of his grandmother until he enlisted in the 42nd Regiment Royal Highlanders in 1839. In 1852 he married Mary Davidson. On May 10th, 1854 he became Queen Victoria's piper. His wife died in 1861. It is known that they had one son. William Ross died in 1891.

### P/M William Ross's Farewell to the Scots Guards



## Raasay House



**Raasay** (Scottish Gaelic: Ratharsair) is an island between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Scotland. It is separated from Skye by the Sound of Raasay and from Applecross by the Inner Sound. It is most famous for being the birthplace of the poet Sorley MacLean, often seen as being part of the Scottish Renaissance. "Raasay" means Isle of the Roe (or Red) Deer. It is sometimes written "Ratharsaigh" in Gaelic, but this is really a Gaelicization of the English; the proper Gaelic is "Ratharsair."

Raasay was ruled by the MacLeods from 1518; their initial stronghold being Brochel Castle. Although Protestant, they supported Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745. After the defeat at Culloden, the original **Raasay House** and many dwellings were burnt down by government troops. In 1843 the last laird, John Macleod, was deep in debt and chose to immigrate to Australia. Subsequently the island was bought by private individuals for sporting purposes until acquired in 1912 by Baird & Co. who opened the mine. Since 1922 much of the island has been owned by the government with plans to rebuild Raasay House.

Music on the reverse

# Raasay House

## March



## Robin Adair

Charles Coffey (died 1745) was an Irish playwright and composer. His best music includes *The Devil to Pay, or The Wives Metamorphosed* (1731), from a play by Thomas Jevon, and *Ellen A Roon* (1729), now sung to new words and known as **Robin Adair**.

### Robin Adair

### March



### Lyrics – by Lady Caroline Keppel

What's this dull town to me?  
Robin's not near;  
What was't I wished to see?  
What wish'd to hear?  
Where's all the joy and mirth,  
Made this town heav'n on earth?  
Oh! they're all fled with thee,  
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?  
Robin Adair;  
What made the ball so fine?  
Robin was there.  
And when the play was o'er  
What made my heart so sore?  
Oh! it was parting with  
Robin Adair.

But now thou art far from me,  
Robin Adair;  
But now I never see  
Robin Adair;  
Yet him I loved so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell;  
O, I can ne'er forget  
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,  
Robin Adair!  
Welcome once more again,  
Robin Adair!  
I feel thy trembling hand;  
Tears in thy eyelids stand,  
To greet thy native land,  
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,  
Robin Adair;  
Still I prayed for thee, love,  
Robin Adair;  
When thou wert far at sea,  
Many made love to me,  
But still I thought on thee,  
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,  
Robin Adair;  
Never to part again,  
Robin Adair;  
And if thou still art true,  
I will be constant too,  
And will wed none but you,  
Robin Adair



## Schiehallion



**Schiehallion** is a prominent mountain in Perth and Kinross, Scotland. It is popular with walkers due to its accessibility, ease of ascent and spectacular views; in 2000 it was estimated that between 17,500 and 20,000 walkers a year made the ascent. Since 1999 the eastern side of the mountain has been owned by the John Muir Trust. The name *Schiehallion* is an anglicized form of the Gaelic *Sìdh Chailleann*, which is usually translated as 'Fairy Hill of the Caledonians'.

Schiehallion is sometimes described as the centre of Scotland. The justification is that the line of latitude midway between the most northerly and southerly points on the Scottish mainland, and the line of longitude midway between the most easterly and westerly points, intersect very near the summit of Schiehallion - "To the back of Schiehallion", meaning Scotland.

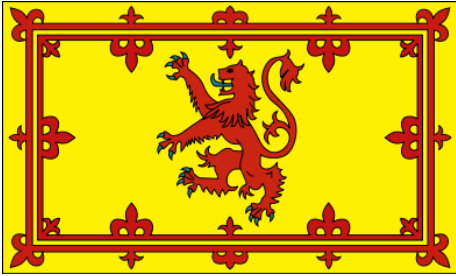
### Schiehallion

Retreat March

P/M Donald Shaw Ramsay, B.E.M.



## Scotland the Brave



A constituent nation of the United Kingdom, Scotland lacks an official, legislated "national song"; in fact there are several songs in use as "national songs" of Scotland. The one most often considered as the unofficial national anthem (and most often presented as Scotland's anthem at sporting matches) is "Flower of Scotland", written by Roy Williamson for the popular folk group The Corries. This anthem, however, has not been adopted in any official basis as the Scottish anthem.

Other popular "national songs" of Scotland (and sometimes used as "unofficial national anthems") are "Scotland the Brave" (a traditional melody with lyrics by Cliff Hanley) and "Scots Wha' Hae" (another traditional melody with words by the national poet Robert Burns).

However, another "national song" was used at the opening of the Scottish Parliament in 1997, one which usually isn't presented as an unofficial national anthem, the Robert Burns poem "A Man's A Man for A' That", set to a traditional melody. The choice of this song may have been to duck the controversy of choosing one of the previously mentioned "national songs" as an official regional anthem, or by using "God Save the Queen" (the anthem of the United Kingdom).

It is used as the Scottish national anthem at the Commonwealth Games. It is also the authorized pipe band march of The British Columbia Dragoons of the Canadian Forces and is played during the Pass in Review at Friday parades at The Citadel. In 2006, it was adopted as the regimental quick march of the Royal Regiment of Scotland.

The piping tune dates back several centuries, and is considered a traditional Scottish folk-tune. However the lyrics were written comparatively recently by the Scottish journalist Cliff Hanley in or around the 1950s.

Music and lyrics on the reverse

## Scotland The Brave

March

Traditional



### Lyrics

Hark, when the night is falling  
Hear, hear the pipes are calling  
Loudly and proudly calling  
Down through the Glen.  
There where the hills are sleeping  
Now feel the blood a-leaping  
High as the spirits  
Of the old highland men.

#### Chorus:

**Towering in gallant fame  
Scotland my mountain hame  
High may your proud standards  
Gloriously wave!  
Land of my high endeavor  
Land of the shining river  
Land of my heart forever  
Scotland the brave!**

High in the misty highlands  
Out by the purple islands  
Brave are the hearts that beat  
Beneath Scottish skies  
Wild are the winds to meet you  
Staunch are the friends that greet you  
Kind as the light that shines  
From fair maiden's eyes.

#### Chorus

Far off in sunlit places  
Sad are the Scottish faces  
Yearning to feel the kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming  
for the homeland again.

#### Chorus

## Scots Wha Hae

**Scots Wha Hae** (a calque on the English Scots Who Have; the traditional Scots idiom would be Scots That Haes) is a patriotic song of Scotland which served for a long time as an unofficial national anthem of the country, but has lately been largely supplanted by *Scotland the Brave* and *Flower of Scotland*.

The lyrics were written by Robert Burns in 1793, in the form of a speech given by Robert the Bruce before the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, where Scotland maintained its independence from England. Although the lyrics are by Burns, he wrote them to the traditional Scottish tune *Hey Tuttie Tatie* which, according to tradition, was played by Bruce's army at the Battle of Bannockburn. The tune tends to be played as a slow dirge, but can sound much better given a more sprightly arrangement, as in the Scottish Fantasy by Max Bruch.

The song was sent by Burns to his publisher George Thomson, at the end of August 1793, with the title Robert Bruce's March To Bannockburn, and a postscript saying that he had been inspired by Bruce's 'glorious struggle for Freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient.' This is seen as a covert reference to the Radical movement, and particularly to the trial of the Glasgow lawyer Thomas Muir of Huntershill, whose trial began on 30 August 1793 as part of a British government crackdown, after the French Revolutionary Wars led to France declaring war on the Kingdom of Great Britain on 1 February 1793. Muir was accused of sedition for allegedly inciting the Scottish people to oppose the government during the December 1792 convention of the Scottish 'Friends of the People' society, and was eventually sentenced to fourteen years transportation to the convict settlement at Botany Bay, Australia. Burns was aware that if he declared his Republican and Radical sympathies openly he could suffer the same fate. It is notable that when Burns agreed to let the *Morning Chronicle*, of 8 May 1794, publish the song, it was on the basis of 'let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me.'

The song was included in the 1799 edition of *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice*, edited by George Thomson, but Thomson preferred the tune "*Lewie Gordon*" and had Burns add to the fourth line of each stanza, to suit. In the 1802 edition, the original words and tune were restored.

"Scots Wha Hae" is the party song of the Scottish National Party. It is sung at the close of their annual national conference each year.

Music and lyrics on the reverse

## Scots Wha Hae

## March



### Lyrics – by Robert Burns

#### *Original lyrics in Scots*

'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome tae your gory bed,  
Or tae Victorie!

'Now's the day, and now's the hour:  
See the front o' battle lour,  
See approach proud Edward's power -  
Chains and Slaverie!

'Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha will fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

'Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',  
Let him on wi' me!

'By Oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

'Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow! -  
Let us do or dee!

#### *English lyrics*

'Scots, who have with Wallace bled,  
Scots, whom Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed  
Or to victory!

'Now is the day, and now is the hour:  
See the front of battle lower (threaten),  
See approach proud Edward's power -  
Chains and slavery!

'Who will be a traitor knave?  
Who will fill a coward's grave?  
Who's so base as be a slave? -  
Let him turn, and flee!

'Who for Scotland's King and Law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fall,  
Let him follow me!

'By oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins  
But they shall be free!

'Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty is in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

## Semper Paratus



**Semper Paratus** (Latin for "Always prepared") is the official slogan of the United States Coast Guard. A march by that name is also the official march of the Coast Guard. The origin of the phrase is obscure; however, the Coast Guard Historian's Office notes the first use was by the New Orleans Bee newspaper in the 1830s, referring to the actions of the Revenue Cutter Service.

The original music and lyrics (and the version here) were written by Captain Francis Saltus Van Boskerck in 1927. The current verse, as well as a second chorus, were written by Homer Smith, 3rd Naval District Coast Guard quartet, Chief Cole, Walton Butterfield in 1943. In 1969 the first line of each verse was changed.

### Semper Paratus



Lyrics on the reverse

## Lyrics

### Verse 1

From Aztec Shore to Arctic Zone,  
To Europe and Far East,  
The Flag is carried by our ships  
In times of war and peace;  
And never have we struck it yet,  
In spite of foemen's might,  
Who cheered our crews and cheered again  
For showing how to fight.

### Chorus

We're always ready for the call,  
We place our trust in Thee.  
Through surf and storm and howling gale,  
High shall our purpose be,  
"Semper Paratus" is our guide,  
Our fame, our glory, too.  
To fight to save or fight and die!  
Aye! Coast Guard, we are for you.

### Verse 2

"Surveyor" and "Narcissus,"  
The "Eagle" and "Dispatch,"  
The "Hudson" and the "Tampa,"  
These names are hard to match;  
From Barrow's shores to Paraguay,  
Great Lakes' or Ocean's wave,  
The Coast Guard fights through  
storms and winds  
To punish or to save.

### Verse 3

Aye! We've been "Always Ready"  
To do, to fight, or die!  
Write glory to the shield we wear  
In letters to the sky.  
To sink the foe or save the maimed  
Our mission and our pride.  
We'll carry on 'til Kingdom Come  
Ideals for which we've died.

## Stornoway Bay



**Stornoway** (*Steòrnabhagh* in Scottish Gaelic) is a burgh on Lewis (*Leòdhas*), in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. Stornoway was originally a Viking settlement and developed around its well sheltered natural harbor. Reflecting this, the name Stornoway itself is derived from 'Sjornavagr', an Old Norse word for 'steering bay'. Medieval development of the town was spurred by the construction of the original castle in the High Middle Ages by the Nicolson (or MacNicol) family, themselves of Viking descent. Infighting between rival clans continued throughout the Late Middle Ages and resisted an attempt by the then King of Scotland James VI to colonize Lewis in 1597.

The castle was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell's forces in the aftermath of his Scottish campaign in the mid 17th century, and the ownership of Stornoway - and by extension, Lewis - passed from the MacKenzies of Kintail through the Seaforth family and Sir James Matheson (and his descendants) to William Lever, 1st Viscount Leverhulme. Lord Leverhulme finally gifted the town's parish to the Stornoway Trust, whose ownership remains to this day.

### Stornoway Bay

### March

### Traditional





## Suo Gân

**Suo Gân** (IPA: [sɨ̞ː ɡaːn]) is a traditional Welsh lullaby written by an anonymous composer. Though the lyrics are comforting and warm, the beautiful melody has a distinctly haunting quality.

**Suo Gân**

**Air**

**Traditional Welsh**



### Lyrics

Sleep my baby, at my breast,  
'Tis a mother's arms round you.  
Make yourself a snug, warm nest.  
Feel my love forever new.  
Harm will not meet you in sleep,  
Hurt will always pass you by.  
Child beloved, always you'll keep,  
In sleep gentle, mother's breast nigh.

Sleep in peace tonight, sleep,  
O sleep gently, what a sight.  
A smile I see in slumber deep,  
What visions make your face bright?  
Are the angels above smiling,  
At you in your peaceful rest?  
Are you beaming back while in  
Peaceful slumber on mother's breast?

Do not fear the sound, it's a breeze  
Brushing leaves against the door.  
Do not dread the murmuring seas,  
Lonely waves washing the shore.  
Sleep child mine, there's nothing here,  
While in slumber at my breast,  
Angels smiling, have no fear,  
Holy angels guard your rest.

## Teribus



**Teribus ye teri odin** was the war cry of the men of Hawick at the Battle of Flodden Field, and still preserved in the traditions of the town. The full chorus was often sung at festive gatherings, not only in the gallant old border town itself, but in the remotest districts of Canada, the United States and Australia, wherever Hawick men, and natives of the Scottish Border congregated to keep up the remembrance of their native land, and haunts of their boyhood.

### Teribus

### March



## The 72<sup>nd</sup> Highlander's Farewell to Aberdeen



In 1777 Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, formed the Seaforth (Highland) Regiment. It became the 72nd Regiment of Foot in 1786 and the 72nd (or Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders) Regiment of Foot in 1823. The 72nd Highlanders served in the Mysore Wars, South Africa, Crimea, India and Afghanistan. In 1881 they amalgamated with the 78th Highlanders to become the 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders.

### The 72nd Highlanders' Farewell to Aberdeen



## The Army Goes Rolling Along



**The Army Goes Rolling Along** is the official song of the U.S. Army and is typically called "The Army Song."

The song is based on the "Caisson Song" written by field artillery First Lieutenant (later Brigadier General) Edmund L. Gruber, Lieutenant William Bryden, and Lieutenant (later Major General) Robert Danford while stationed at Fort Stotsenburg in the Philippines in March 1908. The tune quickly became popular in field artillery units.

In 1917 the Secretary of the Navy and Army Lieutenant George Friedlander of the 306th Field Artillery asked John Philip Sousa to create a march using the "Caisson Song." Sousa changed the key, harmony, and rhythm and renamed it "U.S. Field Artillery." The recording sold 750,000 copies. Sousa did not know who had written the song and had been told that it dated back to the Civil War. Upon learning of the true composer, he gave the royalties to Gruber. "The Caisson Song" was never designated as the official Army song likely because the lyrics were too closely identified with the field artillery and not the entire Army.

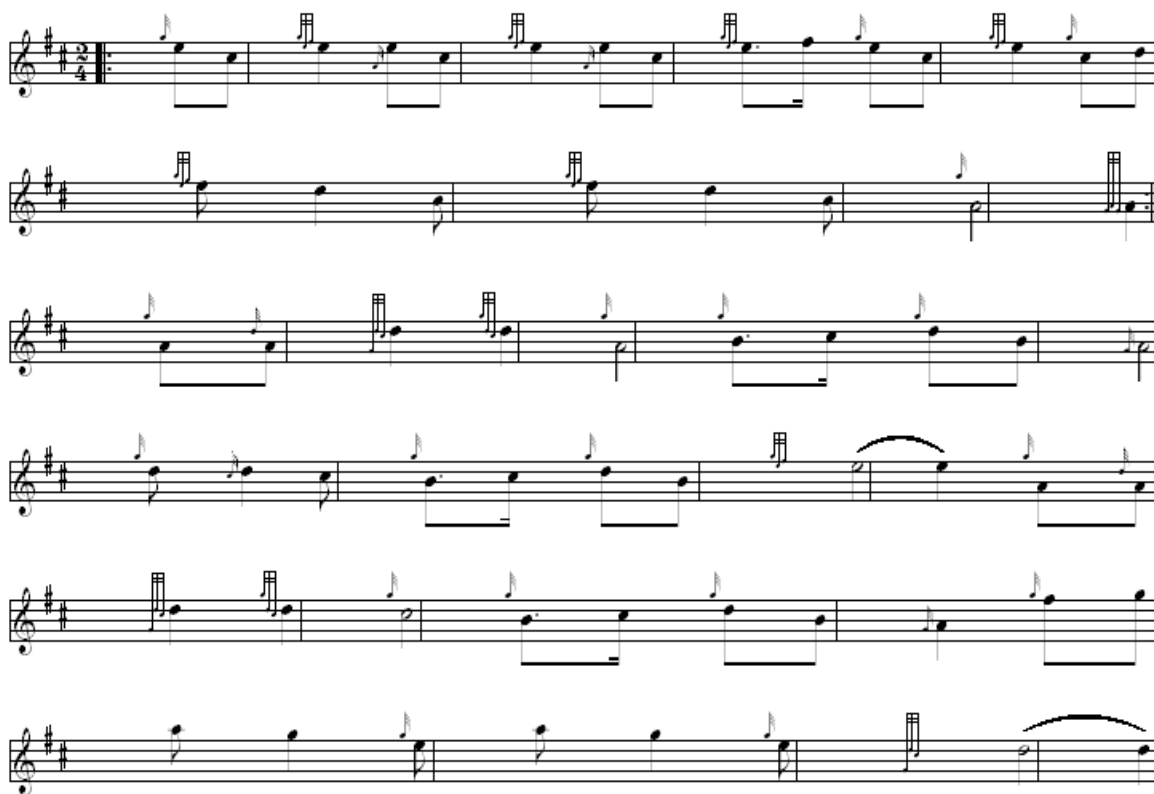
As the Navy, Marines, Air Force, and Coast Guard had already adopted official songs, the Army was anxious to find a song of its own. In 1948, the Army conducted a contest to find an official song, but no entry received much popular support. In 1952, Secretary of the Army Frank Pace asked the music industry to submit songs and received over 800 submissions. "The Army's Always There" by Sam Stept won the contest, and an Army band performed it at President Eisenhower's inaugural parade on January 20, 1953. However, many thought that the tune was too similar to "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts," so the Army decided to keep the tune from the "Caisson Song" but with new lyrics. A submission by Harold W. Arberg, a music advisor to the Adjutant General, was accepted. Secretary of the Army Wilber Marion Brucker dedicated the song on Veterans Day, November 11, 1956. The song is played at the conclusion of most U.S. Army ceremonies, and all soldiers are expected to stand and sing. When more than one service song is played, they are played in the order in which the service was established: Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force, and Coast Guard.

Music and lyrics on the reverse

# The Army Goes Rolling Along

March

arr. P. Heineman



## Lyrics

First to fight for the right,  
And to build the Nation's might,  
And The Army Goes Rolling Along  
Proud of all we have done,  
Fighting till the battle's won,  
And the Army Goes Rolling Along.

### Refrain:

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hey!  
The Army's on its way.  
Count off the cadence loud and strong

\*

For where e'er we go,  
You will always know  
That The Army Goes Rolling Along.  
\* "Two! Three!" is typically sung here but is  
not an official part of the song

Valley Forge, Custer's ranks,  
San Juan Hill and Patton's tanks,  
And the Army went rolling along  
Minute men, from the start,  
Always fighting from the heart,  
And the Army keeps rolling along.

### (Refrain)

Men in rags, men who froze,  
Still that Army met its foes,  
And the Army went rolling along.  
Faith in God, then we're right,  
And we'll fight with all our might,  
As the Army keeps rolling along.

### (Refrain)

## The Ash Grove

One of the few Welsh Folk songs that has become part of the folk song heritage all over the world. According to Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, it appeared in a mutilated form as "Cease Your Funning" in John Gay's "The Beggar Opera" in 1728."

This is a very old harp melody and was first published without words by Edward Jones ("The King's Harpist") in *The Bardic Museum* in 1802. It was published with words, probably some four years later, in *Welsh Melodies with Appropriate English Words*. Some authorities maintain that it was originally a dance tune. If that is so, it does not appear to be as old as some of the well-known traditional folk dances, as the minuet time is of a later period, originating in 18th Century France. During this century it has been a popular counter-melody for that unique Welsh practice of Penillion singing. There are numerous variations of lyrics associated with the tune.

### The Ash Grove

### Air

### Traditional Welsh



### Lyrics

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly tis speaking,  
the harp wind through it playing has language for me.  
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking  
a host of kind faces is gazing on me.  
The friends of my childhood again are before me,  
each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.  
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,  
the ash grove, the ash grove again is my home.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander  
when twilight is fading I pensively rove.  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing  
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing  
the ash grove, the ash grove that sheltered my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,  
old countryside measures steal soft on my ears;  
I only remember the past and its brightness,  
the dear ones I mourn for again gather here.  
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,  
and wistfully searching the leafy green dome,  
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,  
the ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

## The Barren Rocks of Aden



Aden is a harbor city in Yemen. The old town of Aden sits in the crater of an extinct volcano. In 1838, Sultan Muhsin bin Fadl of the nearby state of Lahej ceded 75 sq. miles including Aden to the British. On 19 January 1839, the British East India Company landed Royal Marines at Aden to occupy the territory and stop attacks by pirates against British shipping to India. Until 1937, Aden was ruled as part of British India and was known as the Aden Settlement.

In 1937, the Settlement was detached from India and became the Colony of Aden, a British crown colony. Aden became the capital of the new People's Republic of South Yemen which was renamed the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen in 1970. With the unification of northern and southern Yemen in 1990, Aden was no longer a national capital but remained the capital of Aden Governorate which covered an area similar to that of the Aden Colony.

### The Barren Rocks Of Aden

March

Pipe Major A. MacKellar





## The Black Bear



"**The Black Bear**" is the Headquarter Company March of the Scots Guards. The Scots Guards trace their origins back to 1642 when, by order of King Charles I, the regiment was raised by Archibald Campbell, 1st Marquess of Argyll for service in Ireland, and was known as the **Marquis of Argyll's Royal Regiment**. It spent a number of years there and performed a variety of duties, but in the mid-1640s, during the English Civil War, the regiment took part in the fight against James Graham, 1st Marquess of Montrose who was fighting on the side of Charles I. In 1646, Montrose left Scotland upon the defeat of the King in England.

The Scots Guards is ranked as the third regiment of Foot Guards; as such, Scots Guardsmen can be recognized by having the buttons on their tunics spaced in threes.

The Regiment marches past in slow time to "The Garb of Old Gaul," in quick time to "Heilan Laddie" and advances in Review Order to "Scotland the Brave".

According to the late PM Angus MacDonald, SG, The Black Bear was originally a hornpipe but was re-written as a march. It became the favorite pipe tune of a Bn Commander, who frequently called for the pipes to play the tune as they returned to the barracks from the day's activities of training. After one particularly grueling day with more on the schedule yet to do, the Commander called for the pipers to play Black Bear. As the pipes began, it took several moments for the troops to realize what was being played and the significance that the day's training was over. The troops let out a loud yell which the Commander found fitting and asked that the troops continue to yell 'Hoy' at the end of the first part, and so started the tradition.

### The Black Bear

### March

### Traditional





## The Boys of Wexford



**Wexford** (from the Old Norse: *Waes Fjord* meaning "inlet of the mud flats", also Irish: *Loch Garman*) is the county town of County Wexford in the Republic of Ireland. It is situated near the south-eastern tip of Ireland. Wexford lies on the south side of Wexford Harbour, the estuary of the River Slaney. The town was settled by the Vikings in about 800 AD. They named it *Waes Fjord*, inlet of the mud flats, and the name has changed only slightly into its present form.

County Wexford was the centre of the 1798 rebellion against English rule. Wexford town was held by the rebels throughout the fighting and was the scene of a notorious massacre of local loyalists by the United Irishmen, who executed them on the bridge in the centre of Wexford town.

### The Boys Of Wexford

### March



Lyrics on the reverse

## Lyrics

In comes the captain's daughter,  
The captain of the Yeos,  
Saying: Brave United Irishmen,  
We'll ne'er again be foes.  
A thousand pounds I'll bring  
If you will fly from home with me,  
And dress myself in man's attire  
And fight for liberty.

### Chorus:

**We are the boys of Wexford,  
Who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain  
And free our native land.**

I want no gold, my maiden fair,  
To fly from home with thee;  
You shining eyes will be my prize -  
More dear than gold to me.  
I want no gold to nerve my arm  
To do a true man's part -  
To free my land I'd gladly give  
The red drops of my heart."

### Chorus

And when we left our cabins, boys,  
We left with right good will  
To see our friends and neighbours  
That were at Vinegar Hill!  
A young man from our Irish ranks  
A cannon he let go;  
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy -  
A tyrant he laid low!

### Chorus

We bravely fought and conquered  
At Ross and Wexford town;  
Three Bullet Gate for years to come  
Will speak of our renown;  
Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's  
foot  
On Tubberneering's day,  
Depending on the long, bright pike,  
We cut our gory way.

### Chorus

And Oulart's name shall be their shame,  
Whose steel we ne'er did fear.  
For every man could do his part  
Like Forth and Shelmalier!  
And if for want of leaders,  
We lost at Vinegar Hill,  
We're ready for another fight,  
And love our country still!

### Chorus

## The Cock o' the North



**Alexander Gordon, 4th Duke of Gordon** KT (18 June 1743–18 June 1815) was a Scottish nobleman who was described by Kaimes as the "*greatest subject in Britain*", and was also known by the nickname *Cock o' the North*. Gordon raised regiments (the 92nd Highlanders) in 1794 for the American Rebellion and French Revolutionary Wars. He was also responsible for establishing the village of Tomintoul in Banffshire in 1775. He died at the Battle of Waterloo.

### The Cock o' the North

March

Traditional



## The Dream Valley of Glendaruel

The villages of Colintrave and **Glendaruel** are situated on the Cowal Peninsula in Argyll and Bute on the west coast of Scotland. The area is known locally as Colglen. The old name of the Glen is Glenduisk, meaning "The Glen of Blackwater". About 1110 a battle was fought between Mekan, King of Norway and son of Magnus Barefoot, and the Gaels, in which the invaders were defeated and the slaughtered thrown into the River Ruail or "Ruel", Glen-da-Ruail (Glen of red blood). The clachan, Glenderwell or Glendaruel was anglicized to the name we know as Glendaruel.

### The Dream Valley of Glendaruel

Retreat March

Traditional



## The Earl of Mansfield



**William Murray**

The **Earl of Mansfield and Mansfield** is a peer in the Peerage of Great Britain. The Earl holds the subsidiary titles of *Viscount of Stormont* (1621) and *Lord Scone* (1605) and *Lord Balvaird* (1641) in the Peerage of Scotland. The family seat is Scone Palace in Perthshire Scotland. The first Earl of Mansfield was William Murray - British judge and politician who reached high office in the House of Lords. He was born at Scone in Perthshire, Scotland, a younger son of David Murray, 4th Viscount of Stormont (c. 1665–1731) a member of a Jacobite family. Lord Mansfield played a key role in smoothly ending slavery in England, by his famous judgment in *Somerset's Case*. Mansfield concluded that there was no legal backing for slavery in England. This ruling applied only to England, and not the rest of the British Empire, and British commerce in slaves continued for thirty-five years until 1807, when Parliament formally abolished the slave trade.

He has always been recognized as the founder of English mercantile law. The common law as it existed before his time was wholly inadequate to cope with the new cases and customs which arose with the increasing development of commerce. The facts were left to the jury to decide as best they might, and no principle was ever extracted from them which might serve as a guide in subsequent cases. Mansfield found the law in this chaotic state, and left it in a form that was almost equivalent to a code.

The current Earl is **William David Mungo James Murray, 8th Earl of Mansfield and Mansfield** (born 7 July 1930) a Scottish nobleman and Conservative politician. He was educated at Eton College and Christ Church, Oxford. He served with the Scots Guards in Malaya in 1949-50. He was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1958 and was a barrister from 1958 until 1971, when he succeeded his father. He was a member of the British Delegation to the European Parliament from 1973 to 1975 (prior to the direct election of Members of the European Parliament), and was an opposition spokesman in the House of Lords from 1975 to 1979. He was a Minister of State in the Scottish Office from 1979 to 1983 and in the Northern Ireland Office from 1983 to 1984. He was appointed an Honorary Sheriff for Perthshire in 1974, a Justice of the Peace in 1975 and a Deputy Lieutenant for Perth and Kinross in 1980. The Heir Apparent is Alexander David Mungo Murray, Viscount Stormont (b. 17 October 1956). His Heir Apparent is William Philip David Mungo Murray, Master of Stormont (b. 1 November 1988).

Music on the reverse

The Earl of Mansfield

March

J. McEwan

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. The key signature consists of two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece begins with a repeat sign followed by a double bar line. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. There are several repeat signs throughout the score, with first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## The Eight Men of Moidart

Moidart is a district in Lochaber, Highland, Scotland to the west of Fort William; the area is very remote and Loch Shiel cuts off the south-west boundary of the district. Moidart includes the townships of Dorlin, Mingarry, Kinlochmoidart and Glenuig. At Dorlin is located the ancient fortress of the MacDonalds, Castle Tioram.

The Macdonalds of Moidart area were the ClanRanald. ClanRanald's pipers were traditionally from a family of MacIntyre's who previously lived at Loch Rannoch. At that time this MacIntyre family were anciently pipers to Menzies of Menzies, and were said to have piped the Menzies forward at Bannockburn, with the famous Faery Pipes which were supposed to have magical properties. Some of these MacIntyres moved to Moidart and became pipers to ClanRanald. Today Archie MacIntyre still plays for MacDonald of ClanRanald.

### The Eight Men of Moidart

Reel



Traditional

## The Foggy Dew

The **Easter Rising** (Irish: 'Éirí Amach na Cásca') was a rebellion against British colonial rule staged in Ireland in Easter Week, 1916. The rising was an attempt by militant Irish republicans to win independence from Britain by force of arms. It was the most significant uprising in Ireland since the rebellion of 1798. The Rising, which was largely organized by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, lasted from April 24 to April 30, 1916. Members of the Irish Volunteers, led by school teacher and barrister Patrick Pearse, joined by the smaller Irish Citizen Army of James Connolly, seized key locations in Dublin and proclaimed an Irish Republic independent of Britain. The Rising was suppressed after six days of fighting, and its leaders were court-martialled and executed. Despite its military failure, it can be judged as being a significant stepping-stone in the eventual creation of the Irish Republic.

The total casualties for the weeks fighting came to over 1,200. Sixty-four rebel volunteers were killed and 16 more were executed after the Rising. The British Army suffered 140 killed and 318 wounded. The police suffered 17 deaths. At least 220 civilians were killed and 600 wounded. The Foggy Dew was written by Father O'Neill.

### The Foggy Dew

March

Traditional



Lyrics on the reverse



## Lyrics

Twas down by the glen one Easter morn,  
    To a city fair rode I,  
When Ireland's lines of marching men  
    In squadrons passed me by,  
No pipe did hum and no battle drum  
    Did sound its dread tattoo.  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
    Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
    They hung out a flag of war;  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
    Than at Suvla or Sudel Bar.  
and from the plains of Royal Meath  
    Strong men came hurrying through,  
While Britannia's sons with their long ranging guns  
    Sailed in from the foggy dew.

Twat England bade our wild geese go  
    That small nations might be free;  
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
    On the fringe of the grey North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
    Or fought with Valera true,  
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep,  
    'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

The braves fell, and the solemn bell  
    Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
    In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze in deep amaze  
    At those fearless men and true  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
    Might shine through the foggy dew.

## The Garb of Old Gaul

**Gaul** (Latin: **Gallia**) was the name given, in ancient times, to the region of Western Europe comprising present-day northern Italy, France, Belgium, western Switzerland and the parts of the Netherlands and Germany on the west bank of the Rhine river.



In English, the word *Gaul* (French: *Gaulois*) may also refer to a Celtic inhabitant of that region, although the expression may be used more generally for all ancient speakers of the Gaulish language (a derivative of early Celtic) who were widespread in Europe and extended even into central Anatolia by Roman times. In this way, "Gaul" and "Celt" are sometimes used interchangeably.

Around 1748, the words of "the Garb of Old Gaul" were composed. Major Reid (one of the most accomplished flute players of his age) set them to music of his own composition. It was originally written in English by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Erskine, Bart. An excellent translation into Gaelic was done by Captain M'Intyre. This was seen as a recruiting song of the times.

### The Garb of Old Gaul

Slow March

arr. PM David Paladino



## The Glendaruel Highlanders



**The Glendaruel Highlanders** was composed about 1860 by Alexander Fettes, Pipe Major of the City of Aberdeen Volunteers. When the Argyllshire Volunteers came under the command of Colonel Campbell of Glendaruel they appropriated the tune as their March Past and, as such, it descended to their successors, the 8th Battalion Argyll 8th Sutherland Highlanders.

The Glendaruel Highlanders

March



## The Green Hills of Tyrol



The **Tyrol** is a historical region in Western Central Europe, which includes the Austrian state of Tyrol (consisting of North Tyrol and East Tyrol) and the Italian regions known as the South Tyrol and Trentino.

In the final days of World War I, the already disintegrating Austrian-Hungarian troops were defeated in the Battle of Vittorio Veneto on October 29, 1918. Even though the subsequent armistice signed on November 3 was not to enter into force until November 4, the Austrian command ordered its troops to cease hostilities one day too early. This not only allowed Italian troops to take 356,000 soldiers of the Austrian army as prisoners, but also to overrun the Austrian positions and occupy Tyrol, including the northern part.

### The Green Hills Of Tyrol

### Retreat March

P/M J. MacLeod



Lyrics on the reverse

## Lyrics

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier  
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder  
He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.

He'd seen the glory and told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying  
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

### Chorus:

**Because these green hills are not highland hills  
Or the island hills, the're not my land's hills  
And fair as these green foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home.**

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling  
And he will fade away, in that far land.  
He called his piper, his trusty piper  
And bade him sound a lay... a pibroch sad to play  
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.

### Chorus

And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more  
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.  
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now  
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

### Chorus

## The Heights of Dargai



**The Heights of Dargai** commemorates an important Battle Honor of the Gordon Highlanders, now part of The Highlanders (Gordons, Seaforths & Camerons).

Dargai is in northwest Pakistan. During the summer of 1897, along the Northwest Frontier of India, various tribes had fielded a force of close to fifty thousand men to harass and destroy British forts and villages. When they captured the Khyber Pass in August, the British Government decided they must be removed. The Army immediately fielded two Divisions to engage them.

The campaign climaxed on October 20th with a Brigade under cover near the base of the heavily manned cliffs leading up to the Dargai Plateau. The Gurghas were the first to attack but were pinned down at the base of the cliffs. The Dorsetshire Regiment followed a couple of hours later and was also pinned down. Then the Gordon Highlanders, led by their Colonel and pipers, along with the 3rd Sikhs, rushed the open and murderous fire and won the heights in forty minutes. They left three officers and thirty men killed or wounded along the way.

During the battle, Piper Private Jock Findlater, wounded in both feet, is shown continuing to play marches to encourage the troops during the fray. For this he received great acclaim at the time and a Victoria Cross from the Queen.

### The Heights of Dargai

March

J. Wallace



## The Heroes of Ortona



**The Battle of Ortona** (December 20, 1943 to December 27, 1943) was a small yet extremely fierce battle fought between German Fallschirmjäger (paratroops), and assaulting Canadian forces from the 1st Canadian Division. It was considered among Canada's greatest achievements during the war.

Taking place in the small Adriatic Sea town of Ortona, with its tiny peacetime population of 10 000, the battle was the site of what were perhaps the deadliest close quarter combat engagements of the entire war. Some dubbed this "Little Stalingrad".

Ortona was a town of strategic importance due to its deep-sea port. It was also well surrounded by cliffs on the east and north, and deep ravine on the west. This made Ortona almost impregnable, the only option for an assault would be from the south, which offered the only entrance point. Ortona also constituted part of the "Winter Line", and the Germans were ordered to "fight for every last house and tree".

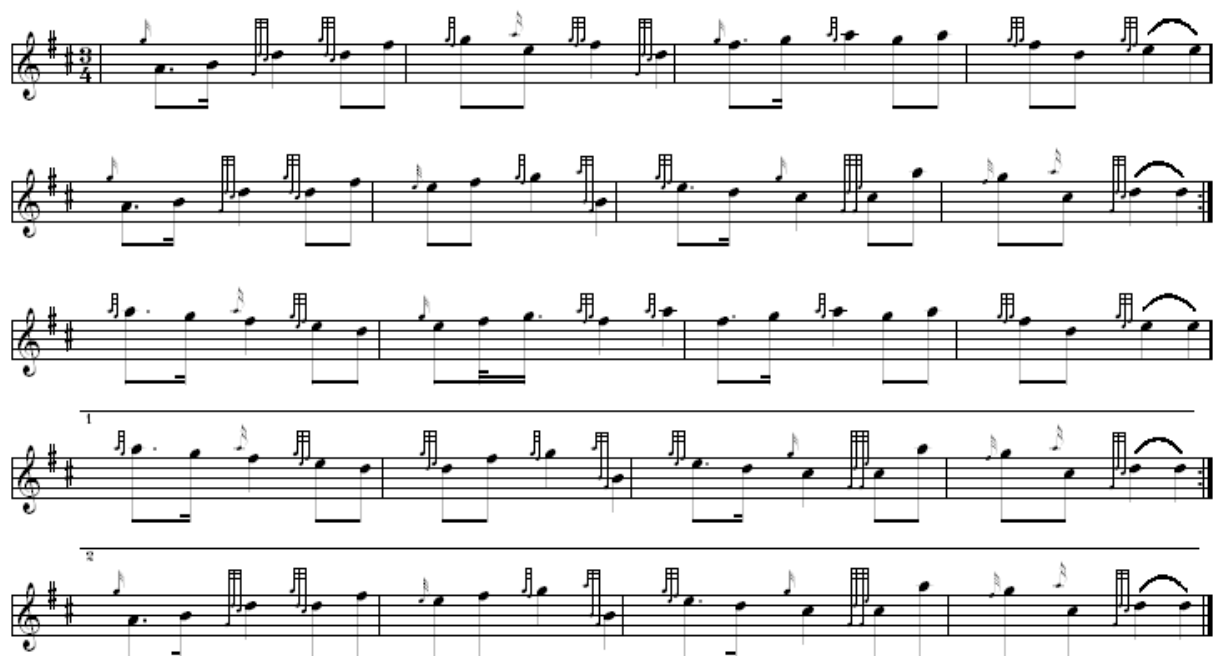
The Canadians faced a unit from the German 1st Parachute Division. These soldiers were battle-hardened after years of war, and were ordered by Hitler to defend Ortona at any cost. The Germans had placed various barricades and left rubble strewn throughout the narrow side streets surrounding the Piazza Municipale. The only available route for the Canadian tanks was through the Corso Vittorio, which was booby trapped; traps would serve the Germans with deadly efficiency during the 8 days of bitter fighting.

After 8 days of fighting, the attrited German troops who lacked reinforcements finally surrendered the town and retreated. The Canadians suffered 1374 dead in the fighting in and around Ortona, almost 25% of all Canadians killed during the Italian Campaign.

Music on the reverse

# The Heroes Of Ortona

## Retreat March





## The Heroes of Vitoria



To this gallant me  
Fusiliers who fell in  
dedicated the IV  
Regiment as the

The battle was the  
Symphony," or sir  
musical drama.

In the **Battle of Vitoria** (June 21, 1813) Wellington and his Portuguese and Spanish allies finally broke the French army, leading to eventual victory in the Peninsular War. The Marquess of Wellington's 78,000 British, Portuguese and Spanish troops, with 96 guns, defeated 58,000 French with 153 guns under King Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan near Vitoria in Spain. The Battle of Vitoria secured entry into France via the Pyrenees, the mountain barrier between France and Spain.

At the battle, Piper McLaughlin of the 71<sup>st</sup> had both his legs shot off by a cannon ball. At his request, his pipes were handed to him and he continued playing to encourage his comrades, until he died.

### The Heroes O



# The Jolly Beggarman

The Jolly Beggarman

Hornpipe

Traditional Irish



## Lyrics

I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been  
For three score years in this little isle of green  
I'm known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo  
And everybody calls me by the name of Johnny Dhu.

Of all the trades a going, sure the begging is the best  
For when a man is tired he can sit him down and rest  
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do  
But to slip around the corner with his old rigadoo.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn  
A shocking wet night it was, but I slept until the dawn  
There was holes in the roof and the raindrops coming thru  
And the rats and the cats were a playing peek a boo.

Who did I waken but the woman of the house  
With her white spotted apron and her calico blouse  
She began to frighten and I said boo  
Sure, don't be afraid at all, it's only Johnny Dhu.

I met a little girl while a walkin out one day  
Good morrow little flaxen haired girl, I did say  
Good morrow little beggarman and how do you do  
With your rags and your tags and your auld rigadoo.

I'll buy a pair of leggins and a collar and a tie  
And a nice young lady I'll go courting by and by  
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll color them with blue  
And an old fashioned lady I will make her too.

So all along the high road with my bag upon my back  
Over the fields with my bulging heavy sack  
With holes in my shoes and my toes a peeping thru  
Singing, skin a ma rink a doodle with my auld rigadoo.

O I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night  
The fire is all raked and now tis out of light  
For now you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo  
So good and God be with you, from auld Johnny Dhu.

## The Marine's Hymn



The **Marines' Hymn** is the official hymn of the United States Marine Corps. It is the oldest official song in the U.S. Armed Forces. The song has an obscure origin—the words date from the 19th century, but no one knows the author. The music is from the *Gendarmes' Duet* from the opera *Geneviève de Brabant* by Jacques Offenbach, which had its début in Paris in 1859. The Marine Corps secured a copyright on the song on August 19, 1919, but it is now in the public domain. The initial verse is "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli". The Montezuma phrase refers to the Battle of Chapultepec.

The Tripoli phrase refers to actions during the First Barbary War and the Battle of Derna. In 1942 the words "on the land as on the sea" were replaced with "in the air, on land and sea". The third verse is also used as a "toast" during events important to the Corps such as the Marine Corps birthday, promotions, and retirements. Note the line "Here's health to you and to our Corps"

### The Marine's Hymn

March



### Lyrics

From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli,  
We fight our country's battles in the air, on land and sea.  
First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean;  
We are proud to claim the title of United States Marine.

Our Flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun.  
We have fought in every clime and place, where we could take a gun.  
In the snow of far off northern lands and in sunny tropic scenes,  
You will find us always on the job, the United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps, which we are proud to serve.  
In many a strife we've fought for life and never lost our nerve.  
If the Army and the Navy ever look on heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines.

## The Mingulay Boat Song



**Mingulay** (Scottish Gaelic: **Miùghlaigh**) is the second largest of the Bishop's Isles in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. In historic times the Hebrides have been heavily influenced by Celtic, Norse and Scots culture and this is evident in the variety of names the isle possesses. 'Mingulay' is derived from *Mikil-ay*, the Old Norse for *Big Island* although this is misleading as it is only the second largest of the Barra Isles behind Vatersay, which is lower lying and appears smaller from the sea. *Miughalaigh* and *Miùghlaigh* are two variants of the Gaelic name. Lowland Scots speakers in their turn have variously described the island as *Mewla* or *Miuley* (which are both probably phonetic renderings of the gaelic pronunciation), *Megaly* and *Micklay* before finally settling on the current variant. After two thousand years or more of continuous habitation, the island was abandoned by its residents in 1912 and has remained uninhabited since. It is currently used for grazing sheep.

The haunting *Mingulay Boat Song* was composed by Hugh S. Robertson, the founder of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, in 1938, and first recorded by the Francis McPeake family of Ulster. Written in the style of Hebridean work songs to the tune *Creag Guanach* from Lochaber, it invites the listener to imagine the boatsmen of the island singing in time to the pulling of their oars.

### Lyrics

#### Chorus

Heel ya'ho boys, let her go, boys  
Bring her head round now all together  
Heel ya'ho boys, let her go boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

What care we tho' white the Minch is  
What care we for wind and weather?  
Let her go boys, every inch is  
Wearing homeward to Mingulay!

#### Chorus

Wives are waiting on the bank, boys,  
Looking seaward from the heather.  
Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay!

#### Chorus

Music on the reverse

# The Mingulay Boat Song

March Slow



## The Minstrel Boy



"**The Minstrel Boy**" is a song written by Thomas Moore (1779-1852) who set it to the melody of *The Moreen*, an old Irish air. Moore was an Irish poet, singer, songwriter, and entertainer. It is widely believed that Moore composed the song in remembrance of a number of his friends, whom he met while studying at Trinity College in Dublin and who had participated in (and were killed during) the 1798 rebellion of the United Irishmen. However, the song gained widespread popularity and became a favorite of many Irishmen who fought during the United States Civil War.

Moore was far more than a balladeer, however. He had major success as a society figure in London and in 1803 was appointed registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. From there, he traveled in Canada and the USA. Moore is considered Ireland's National Bard and is to it what Robert Burns is to Scotland. Moore is commemorated by a plaque on the house where he was born and by a large bronze statue near Trinity College Dublin.

### Minstrel Boy

### March



### Lyrics

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he hath girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him;  
"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

## The Old Rustic Bridge (By The Mill)

This tune refers to an old bridge in Castletownroche. **Castletownroche** (Irish: *Baile Chaisleán an Róistigh*) is a village in County Cork, Republic of Ireland. In ancient times, it was known in Irish as *Dún Chruadha*, meaning Cruadha's Fort. Castletownroche is located at the River Awbeg in the Blackwater Valley about eight miles from Mallow.

This place derives its name from a castle erected here by the family of Roche, lords of Fermoy. In 1580 it was suddenly visited by Capt, (afterwards Sir Walter) Raleigh, who conveyed both Lord Roche and his lady to Cork on suspicion of disloyalty; his lordship, however, proved his innocence and was honourably acquitted. During the parliamentary war the castle sustained many sieges, and in 1649 was defended for several days by Lady Roche against a detachment of the parliamentarian army, who had raised a battery against it on the opposite field, since called Camp Hill. On the refusal of the owner to compound with Cromwell for its restoration, it was confiscated; but it had sustained so much damage during the siege, that its new proprietor found it necessary to rebuild it from the foundation, with the exception of the keep, which is a fine specimen of the architecture of the middle ages.

H.P. Keenan, composer of such songs as "The Boys From The County Armagh", is buried in this village. According to Fáilte Ireland, his song "The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill" takes its name from a structure in Castletownroche near a mill currently under reconstruction.

### The Old Rustic Bridge

March

Traditional



Lyrics on the reverse

## ***Lyrics***

I'm thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge  
That bends o'er the murmuring stream.  
'Twas there Maggie dear, with our hearts full of cheer,  
We strayed 'neath the moon's gentle gleam.  
'Twas there I first met you, the light of your eyes,  
Awoke in my heart a sweet thrill.  
Though now far away, still my thoughts fondly stray,  
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

### **Chorus:**

**Beneath it a stream gently rippled.  
Around it the birds loved to thrill  
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray  
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.**

How often, dear Maggie, when years passed away,  
And we plighted lovers became;  
We rambled the path to the bridge, day by day,  
The smiles of each other to claim.  
But one day we parted in pain and regret,  
Our vows then we could not fulfil;  
Oh, may we soon meet and our fond love repeat,  
On the old rustic bridge by the mill.

### **Chorus**

I keep in my mem'ry the love of the past,  
With me 'tis as bright as of old;  
For deep in my heart it was planted to last,  
In absence it never grows cold.  
I think of you darling, when lonely at night,  
And when all is peaceful and still;  
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight,  
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

### **Chorus**



## The Rakes of Kildare



**Kildare** (*Cill Dara* in modern Irish, originally derived from *Cell Dara* in Old Irish, meaning "Church of the Oak") is a town in County Kildare in the Republic of Ireland. The town lies some 50 km west of Dublin, near enough for it to have become, despite being a regional centre in its own right, a commuter town for the capital.

In pre-Christian times Kildare was the site of a shrine to the Celtic goddess Brigid. Following the introduction of Christianity in the 5th and 6th centuries it became the foundation of the Christian Saint Brigid who founded a unique monastery of monks and nuns on the site of the present cathedral.

Music on the reverse

The Rakes of Kildare

Jig

Trad.

The musical score for 'The Rakes of Kildare' is a jig in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of eight staves of music, arranged in four pairs. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and a key signature change to G major. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with occasional triplets. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a first ending bracket over the final measure. The fourth staff concludes the first system with a double bar line. The fifth staff begins the second system, also with a repeat sign and key signature change. The sixth staff continues the melody. The seventh staff features a first ending bracket over the final measure. The eighth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, repeat signs, first ending brackets, and note values (eighth, sixteenth, and triplet notes).

## The Rakes of Mallow

**Mallow** (*Mala*, *Magh Ealla*, and other variations in Irish) is the "Crossroads of Munster" and the administrative capital of north County Cork, in Ireland. The Northern Divisional Offices of Cork County Council are located in the town. *Magh Ealla* in Irish means 'Plain of the Swans'. The more recent Irish *Mala* or even *Mála* are government inspired re-Gaelicizations of "Mallow"

Mallow developed as a defensive settlement protecting an important ford on the River Blackwater. Mallow developed rapidly in the late 16th century as a plantation town. It has prospered throughout the centuries as a market town due to its rich agricultural hinterland. The town was the HQ of the infamous North Cork Militia known as North Cork Rifles. The town's RIC barracks was the only one captured nationwide during the War of Independence. In retaliation, several main street premises were subsequently torched by the British Army (and not the Black and Tans as is sometimes reported).

### The Rakes Of Mallow

### March



### Lyrics

Beaving, belleing, dancing, drinking,  
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking  
Ever raking, never thinking,  
Live the Rakes of Mallow;  
Spending faster than it comes,  
Beating waiters bailiffs, duns,  
Bacchus' true begotten sons,  
Live the Rakes of Mallow.  
  
One time naught but claret drinking,  
Then like politicians, thinking  
To raise the "sinking funds" when sinking.  
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home, with da-da dying,  
Still for mellow water crying;  
But, where there's good claret plying  
Live the Rakes of Mallow.  
Racking tenants, stewards teasing,  
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,  
Wishing to spend all their days in  
Raking as at Mallow.  
Then to end this raking life,  
They get sober, take a wife,  
Ever after live in strife,  
And wish again for Mallow.

## The Rowan Tree



The **rowans** are plants of the Family Rosaceae, in the Genus *Sorbus*, Subgenus ***Sorbus***. The best known species is the **European Rowan**, *Sorbus aucuparia*, a small tree typically 4-12 m tall growing in a variety of habitats throughout northern Europe and in mountains in southern Europe and southwest Asia. Its berries are a favorite food for many birds and are a traditional wild-collected food in Britain and Scandinavia. It is one of the hardiest European trees.

The European rowan has a long tradition in European mythology and folklore. It was thought to be a magical tree and protection against malevolent beings. The density of the rowan wood makes it very usable for walking sticks and magician's staves. This is why druid staffs, for example, have traditionally been made out of rowan wood, and its branches were often used in dowsing rods and magic wands. Rowan was carried on vessels to avoid storms, kept in houses to guard against lightning, and even planted on graves to keep the deceased from haunting. It was also used to protect one from witches. Often birds' droppings contain rowan seeds, and if such droppings land in a fork or hole where old leaves have accumulated on a larger tree, such as an oak or a maple, they may result in a rowan growing as an epiphyte on the larger tree. Such a rowan is called a "**flying rowan**" and was thought of as especially potent against witches and their magic, and as a counter-charm against sorcery. Rowan's alleged protection against enchantment made it perfect to be used in making rune staves, for metal divining, and to protect cattle from harm by attaching sprigs to their sheds.

### The Rowan Tree

March

Trad.



## The Seige of Delhi



Delhi is the second-largest metropolis in India. Located in northern India on the banks of the River Yamuna, Delhi came under direct British control after the Indian Rebellion of 1857. The Rebellion, also known as the First War of Indian Independence, the Sepoy Rebellion and the Indian Mutiny was a prolonged period of armed uprisings in different parts of India against British occupation of that part of the subcontinent. Small precursors of brewing discontent involving incidences of arson in cantonment areas began to manifest themselves in January.

Later, a large-scale rebellion broke out in May and turned into what may be called a full-fledged war in the affected regions. This war brought about the end of the British East India Company's rule in India, and led to direct rule by the British government (British Raj) of much of the Indian subcontinent for the next 90 years.

The Revolt of 1857 was the most dramatic instance of India's struggle against foreign rule. The rebellions began as soon as and wherever the British rule was established. From 1763 to 1856, there were more than 40 major rebellions. The Revolt began at Meerut, 36 miles from Delhi, on 10 May 1857 and then, gathering force rapidly, it cut across Northern India like a sword. It soon embraced a vast area from the Punjab in the North and the Narmada in the South to Bihar in the East and Rajputana in the West.

Lacking central authority and coordination, a unified and forward looking program, modern weaponry, and unable to unite all classes and all regions behind it, the Revolt failed. The British Government poured immense supplies of men, money, and arms into the country, though Indians had later to repay the entire cost of their own suppression. The rebels were dealt an early blow when the British captured Delhi on 20 September 1857 after prolonged and bitter fighting. By the end of 1859, British authority in India was fully reestablished.

Music on the reverse

# THE SIEGE OF DELHI

## March



## The Skye Boat Song

The Skye Boat Song has gained the reputation of a traditional Scottish song recalling the escape of the young pretender Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) after his defeat at Culloden in 1746: he escaped from Uist to the Isle of Skye in a small boat with the aid of Flora MacDonald. He was disguised as a serving maid. The 19th century adherents of Scottish romantic nationalism (which included sentimental Jacobitism) enlarged the anecdote to a legend.

The lyrics were written by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart. (1859 - 1935), to an air collected by Miss Annie MacLeod (Lady Wilson) in the 1870s. The song was first published in *Songs of the North* by Boulton and MacLeod, London, 1884, a book that went into at least fourteen editions. In later editions Miss MacLeod's name was dropped and the ascription "Old Highland rowing measure arranged by Malcolm Lawson" was substituted. It was quickly taken up by other compilers, such as Laura Alexandrine Smith's *Music of the Waters* (published 1888).

### Lyrics

#### Chorus:

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,  
Onward, the sailors cry.  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed.  
Rock'd in the deep Flora will keep  
Watch o'er your weary head.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air,  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

#### Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death,  
Scattered the loyal men.  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath,  
Charlie will come again.

#### Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the claymor could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead in Culloden's field.

#### Chorus

#### Chorus

Music on the reverse

# The Skye Boat Song

Slow Air

Trad.





## The U.S. Air Force



**"The U.S. Air Force"** is the official song of the United States Air Force. It is informally known as "The Air Force Song," and is often incorrectly referred to as "Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder," or simply "Wild Blue Yonder."

Originally, the song was known as the 'Army Air Corps Song.' The lyrics and music were written by Capt. Robert Crawford in 1939. The words "U.S. Air Force" have since replaced the original "Army Air Corps".

In 1937, Army Air Corps second-in-command Hap Arnold persuaded his superior, Oscar Westover, that airmen needed a song reflecting their unique identity, and proposed a song competition with a prize to the winner. However, the Air Corps had no control over its budget, and could not give a prize. *Liberty* magazine stepped in, offering a purse of \$1,000 to the winner.

Around 757 compositions were entered, and evaluated by a volunteer committee chaired by Mildred Yount, the wife of a senior Air Corps officer, and also featuring several distinguished musicians. The committee had until July 1939 to make a final choice. However, word eventually spread that the committee found no songs that satisfied them, despite the massive number of entries. Arnold, who took over command of the Air Corps in 1938 after Westover was killed in a plane crash, solicited direct inquiries from contestants, including Irving Berlin, but not even Berlin's creations proved satisfactory. Just before the deadline, Crawford entered his song, which proved to be a unanimous winner.

The song did not catch favor with everyone. At a dinner in September 1939, committee chair Yount played a recording of the song for Charles Lindbergh and asked his opinion of the song. He responded politely to Yount, but years later remarked in a diary, "I think it is mediocre at best. Neither the music nor the words appealed to me." Arnold did not share Lindbergh's opinion; he sought to fund publication of band and ensemble arrangements of the song for nationwide distribution. However, the Air Corps did not have enough money to widely publish the piece, so Crawford arranged a transfer of the song's copyright to New York music publisher Carl Fischer Inc., including a perpetual performance release in favor of the U.S. government. This means that unlike the other services, the Air Force does not own its own service song.

Music and lyrics on the reverse

# The U.S. Air Force

March

Capt. Robert Crawford



## Lyrics

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high into the sun;  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun! (Give 'er the gun now!)  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar!  
We live in fame or go down in flame. Hey!  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Sent it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
How they lived God only knew! (God only knew then!)  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
Gave us wings, ever to soar!  
With scouts before And bombers galore. Hey!  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

## The Wearing of the Green



James Napper Tandy

"**The Wearing of the Green**" is an anonymous Irish street ballad dating to 1798. Wearing a shamrock in the "caubeen" (beret or Tam o'Shanter) was a sign of rebellion and green was the color of the Society of the United Irishmen, a republican revolutionary organization. During the period of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 displaying revolutionary insignia was made punishable by hanging. The context of the song is the repression that led up to and followed the rebellion.

Mentioned in the lyrics of the song is "*Napper Tandy*." James Napper Tandy was the son of a Dublin ironmonger, Tandy started life as a small tradesman. Turning to politics, he became a member of the corporation of Dublin, and was popular for his denunciation of municipal corruption and his proposal of a boycott of English goods in Ireland, in retaliation for the restrictions imposed by the government on Irish commerce.

In April 1780, Tandy was expelled from the Dublin Volunteers for proposing the expulsion of the Duke of Leinster, whose moderation had offended the extremists. He was one of the most conspicuous of the small revolutionary party, chiefly of the shopkeeper class, who formed a permanent committee in June 1784 to agitate for reform, and called a convention of delegates from all parts of Ireland. The manner in which his name was introduced in the well-known ballad, "The Wearing of the Green", proves that he succeeded in impressing the popular imagination of the rebel party in Ireland.

### The Wearing Of The Green

### March



## Lyrics

Oh! Paddy, dear, and did you hear  
The news that's going round,  
The shamrock is forbid by law  
To grow on Irish ground.  
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep  
His color can't be seen  
For there's a bloody law agin'  
The wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy  
And he took me by the hand  
And he said "How's poor old Ireland?  
And how does she stand?"  
She's the most distressful country  
That ever you have seen,  
They're hanging men and women there  
For wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear  
Is England's cruel red  
Sure Ireland's sons will n'er forget  
The blood that they have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat  
And cast it on the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish still  
Tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass  
From growing as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer time  
Their verdure dare not show,  
Then I will change the color  
I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day I'll stick for aye  
To wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should  
Be torn from Ireland's heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow  
From the dear old sod will part.  
I've heard a whisper of a country  
That lives far beyond the say,  
Where rich and poor stand equal  
In the light of freedom's day.

Oh, Erin! Must we lave you,  
Driven by the tyrant's hand?  
Must we ask a mother's welcome  
From a strange but happy land?  
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom  
Never shall be seen  
And where in peace we'll live and die  
A-wearing of the green.

## When the Battle's O'er

When The Battle Is Over

Retreat March

P/M W. Robb



*Lyrics - by Andy Stewart*

I return to the fields of glory  
where the green grass and flowers grow.  
And the wind softly sings the story  
of the brave lads of long ago.

**Chorus:**

**March no more my soldier laddie  
there is peace where the once was war.  
Sleep in peace my soldier laddie  
sleep in peace now the battle's o'er**

In the great glen they lie a-sleeping  
where the cool waters gently flow.  
And the gray mist is sadly weeping  
for the brave lads of long ago.

**Chorus**

See the tall grass is there a-waving  
as their flags did so long ago.  
With their heads high were forward braving  
marching onwards to meet the foe.

**Chorus**

Some returned from the fields of glory  
to their loved ones who held them dear.  
But some fell in their hour of glory  
and were left to their resting there.

**Chorus**

## With Wellesley's Rifles in Keren



The Rajputana Rifles are the senior most rifle regiment of the Indian Army. They were formerly called the 6th Rajputana Rifles when part of the British Indian Army. The regiment was created in the 17th century when the East India Company recruited Rajputs to protect its operations. The impressive performance of the French local units which were composed of local recruits mixed with French officers helped the company to decide that it needed to do something similar. In January 1775, it raised the first local infantry units; the 5th and 6th battalions of the Bombay Sepoys.

The 5th battalion performed superbly and was re-designated the 4th Regiment Native Infantry (Rifle Corps) in 1841. It thus became the first Rifle Regiment of the Indian Army. In early 19th century the 4th Regiment Native Infantry was renamed as the 104 Wellesley's Rifles. In 1921, the battalions finally took its current title, the *1st battalion of the Rajputana Rifles Regiment*.

**With Wellesley's Rifles at Keren** was written by a corporal of the 2<sup>nd</sup> battalion Cameron Highlanders after they fought alongside the 1st battalion 6th Rajputana rifles in world war two. The East African campaign culminated (March 1941) with the battles at Keren in Eritrea where 33 Italian battalions (subsequently reinforced by a further 9) were defeated by 19 British and Indian battalions.

Music on the reverse

With Wellesley's Rifles at Keren

March

Corporal E. Kearney









