

MacGregor's Gathering

Andy M. Stewart

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;

We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!

Landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!

Then haloo, haloo, Grigalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,

Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

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Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!