

Donald Of Glencoe

Cara Dillon

As I was a'walking one evening of late
Where fragrant fine flowers the field decorate,
I carelessly rambled where I did not know
By the fair crystal fountain that falls in Glencoe.

And on her who the prize on Mount Ider was won,
Then approached me a lassy as bright as the sun,
And the ribbon and the tartan around her did flow,
That welcomed young Donald the pride of Glencoe.

Said I , my fine creature, your charming sweet smile,
And your comely fine features my heart has beguiled,
And with your kind affection on me you'll bestow,
I 'll bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe.

Kind sir, she made answer, your love I'll disdain
For I have a young sweetheart and Donald by name,
And he went to the wars about ten years ago,
And a maid I remain 'till he return to Glencoe.

Ah, perhaps your young Donald regards not your name,
And has placed his affection on some foreign dame,
He may have forgotten for all that you know,
That bonny young creature he met in Glencoe.

From his promise my Donald he'd never depart
For love, truth and honour stand firm in his heart,
And if I never see him, then single I'll go,
And mourn for my Donald the pride of Glencoe.

Then seeing her constance he drew out a glove,
Which in parting she gave him in token of love,
She clung to his arms and the tears down did flow,
Ah, you're welcomed my Donald the pride of Glencoe.

Come cheer up my Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
And since we have met love we'll never part more,
And the loud blast of battle, far distant may blow,
Whilst in peace and contentment we'll live in Glencoe.