

Interlude: For Donald, Son of a Scotswoman: Piobaireachd of Donald Dhu

A fine fighting tune from Scotland.

and another 'take' on the same:

And now for the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, to go with that
skirling call to arms.

"Pibroch of Donuil Dhubh

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew,

Summon Clan-Conuil.

"Come away, come away,

Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons.

"Come from deep glen and

From mountain so rocky,

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlochy.

“Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

“Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr’d,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

“Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

“Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!

Wide waves the eagle plume,

Blended with heather.

“Cast your plaids, draw your blades,

Forward each man set!

Pibroch of Donuil Dhubh,

Knell for the onset!”

Sir Walter Scott