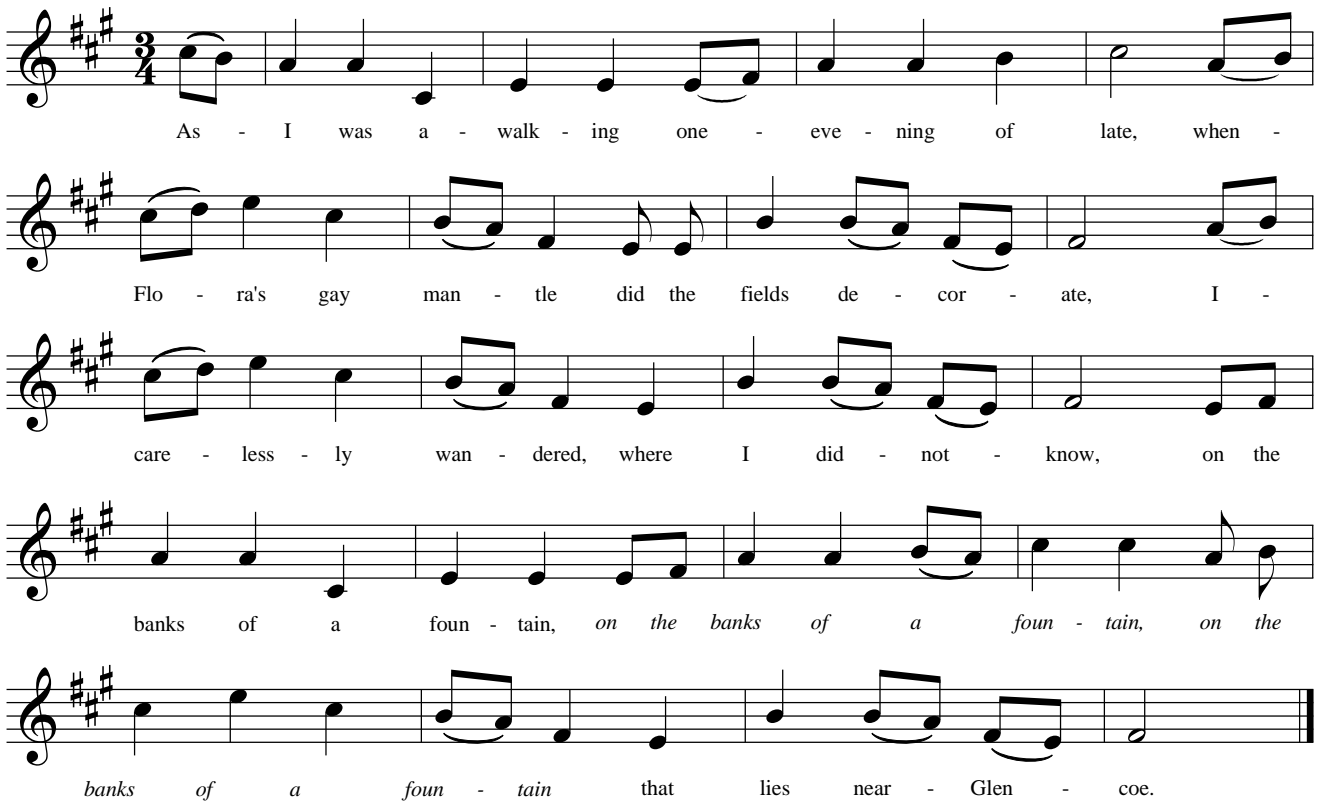


53 Pride of Glencoe - Mr Donger



As - I was a - walk - ing one - eve - ning of late, when -
 Flo - ra's gay man - tle did the fields de - cor - ate, I -
 care - less - ly wan - dered, where I did - not - know, on the
 banks of a foun - tain, on the banks of a foun - tain, on the
 banks of a foun - tain that lies near - Glen - coe.

1
 As I was a-walking one evening of late,
 when Flora's gay mantle did the fields decorate,
 I carelessly wandered, where I did not know,
 on the banks of a fountain, *on the banks of a fountain,*
on the banks of a fountain that lies near Glencoe.

2
 Like her who the prize of Mount Ida had won,
 there approached me a lassie as bright as the sun;
 while ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
 that once graced McDonald, *that once graced McDonald,*
that once graced McDonald, the pride of Glencoe.

3
 Says I, 'My dear lassie your enchanting smile
 and your comely sweet features have my heart beguiled,
 and, if your kind affection on me you'll bestow,
 we will bless the happy hour, *we will bless the happy hour,*
we will bless the happy hour that we met in Glencoe.'

4
 'Young man,' she made answer, 'your suit I disdain,
 I once had a sweetheart, young Donald by name.
 He went to the war about ten years ago,
 and a maid I'll remain, *and a maid I'll remain,*
and a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.'

5
 'Perhaps your young Donald regards not your name,
 but has placed his affection on some foreign dame,
 and may have forgotten, for all that I know,
 that lovely young lassie, *that lovely young lassie,*
that lovely young lassie he left in Glencoe.'

6
 'My Donald's true valour has been tried on the field;
 like his gallant ancestors, disdainingly to yield.
 The Spaniards and French he will soon overthrow,
 and in splendour return, *and in splendour return,*
and in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe.'

7
 'The power of France, love, is hard to pull down;
 it has caused many heroes to die of their wounds.
 And with your Donald it may happen so;
 the lad that you love, *the lad that you love,*
the lad that you love, he perhaps is laid low.'

8
 'My Donald can never from his promise depart,
 for love, truth and honour are found in his heart,
 and if I never see him, I single will go,
 and I'll mourn for my Donald, *and I'll mourn for my Donald,*
and I'll mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glencoe.'

9
 Then, finding her constant, I pulled out the glove
 which at parting she gave me as a token of love.
 She hung on my breast while the tears down did flow,
 saying, 'Are you my Donald? *saying, 'Are you my Donald?*
saying, 'Are you my Donald returned to Glencoe?'

10
 'And now, my dear Flora, since the war is all o'er,
 we'll join in contentment and never part more.
 The loud guns of war at a distance may roar,
 in peace and contentment, *in peace and contentment,*
in peace and contentment we'll reside in Glencoe.'