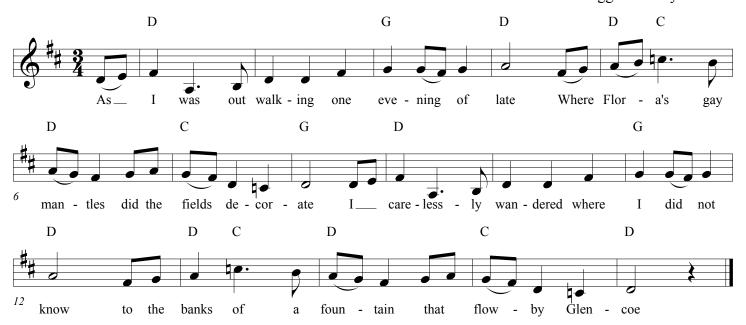
The Pride of Glencoe

Traditional - Words from Wellington Harwood Manuscript Melody via Tony Cuffe Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



Like her who the praise of Mount Edia had won There approached me a lassie as fair as the sun The plaids and the tartans around her did glow That once graced McDonald, the pride of Glencoe

I said my lassie your enchanting smile Your lovely sweet features do my heart beguile If kindly your affections you'll on me bestow You'll bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe

Young man, this maid answered, your suit I distain I once had a sweetheart, McDonald by name He went to the wars about nine years ago And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe

Perhaps this McDonald he heeds not your name But sets his affection on some foreign dame He may have forgotten you, for all that you know For the lovely young lassie that he met in Glencoe My McDonald's true valor has been tried on the field And like his brave ancestors never will yield The French and the Spaniards he'll soon overthrow And then he'll return to the pride of Glencoe

My McDonald from his promise never will part For love truth and honour are still in his heart If I never more see him, I singly will go And mourn for my McDonald the pride of Glencoe

Then finding her constant he drew forth the glove Which in parting she had given him as a token of love She clung to his breast while the tears downward flowed Saying, "Are you my McDonald returned to Glencoe?"

Cheer up dearest Flora, your sorrows are o'er While life here remains we will part never more The rude storms of war at a distance may blow But peace and contentment will reside in Glencoe

I have "fixed" a couple of words that didn't make sense, referencing other collected versions of the song. Harwood's original words can be found on the song's lyric sheet.