

THE MACLEAN GATHERING AT DUART, 1912.

LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

Though the sons of Duart wandered from the valleys of their sires,
There's a halo round the mountain peak that never-more expires;
For the memory of the morning of the heart is ever true,
As the hills of Mull and Morvern, gleaming o'er the waters blue.

Chorus: So we gather, gather, gather,
 Like the sons of loyal men,
 We rally round the banner
 Of old Duart's house again.

On the field of red Culloden we were midst the foremost there.
When the slogan of the Islemen rent the sultry battle air,
Well the Hanoverian horsemen knew the valour and the might
Of the children of Clan Gillean in the grappling ranks of fight.

Chorus: So we gather, gather, gather.
 Like the sons of loyal men,
 We rally round the banner
 Of old Duart's house again.

Never pibroch sounded battle, but the foemen saw our plaid,
Never heroes lay in carnage, but our brothers there were laid.
Never foe returned to face us, never clansman fled the field,
Never threat of foe or tyrant made the sons of Duart yield.

Chorus: So we gather, gather, gather.
 Like the sons of loyal men,
 We rally round the banner
 Of old Duart's house again.