

But frightened was the preacher when
He heard all echoed down the glen
The music of the clans
Twas martial music and around
5 Well echoed was the beautiful sound
By valley rock and hill
It died away upon the ear
And spread abroad now there now here
And gathered strength again
10 And now the flute and now the drum
Mingling upon the winds they come
And die away again
Another strain another sound
And now tis silence all around
15 The martial music's gone.