Dark Lochnagar The Corries

C

C Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens o roses. In you let the minions of luxury rove. Restore me the rocks where snowflake reposes If still they are sacred to freedom and love Brave Caledonia, dear are thy mountains, Round their white summits though elements war. Thoâ€[™] cataracts roar stead of smooth flowing fountains, I sigh for the valleys o dark Lochnagarr. Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered. My cap was my bonnet, my cloak was my plaid. On chieftains long perished my memory lingered As daily I strayed through the pine covered glade. I sought not my home till the days dying glory. Gave place to the rays o the bright polar star My fancy was cheered by the bold martial story As told by the sons o Dark Lochnagar. Years have rolled on, Lochnagar, since I left you Years must roll on ere I see you again Though Nature of verdure and flowers bereft you Yet still art thou dearer than Albion s plain

G

England! thy beauties are tame and domestic

To one who has roved on the mountains afar C

Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic C

C

The steep frowning glories o wild Lochnagar.

C

Ill starred now the brave did no vision foreboding.

F

C

G

Tell you that fate had forsaken our cause

Tell you that fate had forsaken our cause $\ensuremath{\mathtt{C}}$

Yet were you happy in death s earthly slumber

Tae sleep wiâ \in TM your clan in the caves of Braemar C

The pibroch resounds tae the piper s loud numbers C G C Your deeds on the echoes oâ \in Mark Lochnagar.

PLAYED SLOWLY

C F C
Brave Caledonia dear are thy mountains
C G C
I sigh for the valley o dark Lochnagar

Repeat fading

C
The steep sounding glories of dark Lochnagar
C
G
C
The steep sounding glories of dark Lochnagar
C
G
C
The steep sounding glories of dark Lochnagar