

# The Dark Glen

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes: Am, G, Am, G, Am, G, Am, G, Am, Em, Am, Am, G, Am, G, Am, Am, G, Am. The lyrics are: Ma-ny years be-fore my birth, in this dark glen, My an-ces-tors all led a qui-et life, Milk-ing cows and grow-ing crops their dai-ly tasks, Their life was hard but most-ly free of strife. Al-lei-ance to the Clan and Chief was free-ly gi-ven, The Stu-arts were the Kings who wore the crown. The tar-tan that they wove from wool was worn with pride, Their Gae-lic tongue was held in high re-nown.

Many years before my birth, in this dark glen  
My ancestors all led a quiet life.  
Milking cows and growing crops their daily tasks,  
Their life was hard, though mostly free of strife.  
Allegiance to the Clan and Chief was freely given,  
The Stuarts were the Kings who wore the crown.  
The tartan that they wove from wool was worn with pride,  
Their Gaelic tongue was held in high renown.

Then came the day when Highlanders laid down their tools  
And armed themselves with dirks and swords of steel.  
They bravely faced the cannons and the musket-shot,  
Their corpses testament to their ordeal.  
Culloden was the resting ground for countless men  
With many others butchered as they fled.  
Grieving women mourned their husbands and their sons so dear  
Whilst the heart of Scotland cursed its fate - and bled.

Even though the fighting soon came to an end  
The misery of the Highlanders went on.  
New landlords came from southern parts and stole their lands,  
Their way of life for ever was now gone.  
Sheep became the only life on vast estates  
And those who stayed were very soon displaced.  
Forced to gather brackish seaweed or to fish the seas,  
No-one will ever know the hardships that they faced.

No more the skirl of bag-pipes or the tartan sash,  
And all obliged to speak a foreign tongue.  
A life more like a servant's or a slave in chains,  
No rest for old, or future for the young.  
The filthy towns and cities were an alien place,  
So different from the mountains and the glen.  
The only hope for many lay across the seas,  
Their shattered lives to re-build once again.

