

THE CHILDREN OF DONNACHAIDH

*And so the clans were scattered
From land and sheiling torn
Their tartan was forbidden
And their culture held in scorn.*

*And then there was the quiet time
The years of dark despair
When the great great family of the clan
Seemed broken beyond repair.*

*Then somewhere in the distant past
A pipe was heard and then
The feet in dance began to stir
And the tartan blazed again.*

*And all the stories of the past
With pride were now retold
Of how the clan was bound by love
Of the brave and of the bold.*

*And children listened and felt the blood
That stirred within their veins
And the clan that once seemed broken
Began to live again.*

*And now the spirit of the clan
Is felt in every clime
And heads are raised in every land
For now is the gathering time.*

*And here we meet in happiness
And often part in tears
For in the children of Donnachaidh
Flows the love of a thousand years.*

*This poem was a contribution to the Ceilidh at the
Gathering in 1975 by Jock Reid of the London Branch*