

The March of the Cameron Men

There's many a man of the Cameron Clan
Who has followed his chief to the field
He has sworn to support him or die by his side
For a Cameron never can yield

Chorus

I hear the pibroch sounding.... sounding
Deep o'er the mountain and glen
While light springing footsteps
Are trampling the heath
'Tis the march of the Cameron Men
'Tis the march
'Tis the march
'Tis the march of the Cameron men

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more:
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.

Chorus

The moon has arisen it shines on the path
Now trod by the gallant and true:
High,high, are their hopes. for their chieftain
hath said
That what ever men dare they can do

Chorus

Caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain

Cha'n 'eil òganach treun de chloinn Chamrain gu léir,
Nach téid deònach fo Bhrataich Lochial:
Gu buaidh no gu bà's 's bidh iad dileas 's gach càs,
Oirgéill cha d'thug Camranacriamh.

Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tighinn,
Gu h-àrd thar monahd 'us ghleann;
Agus cas-cheuman eutrom a'saltairt an fhraoich!
'Si caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain a th' ann!

'Si th' ann!
'Si th' ann!
'Si caismeachd chloinn Chamrain a th' ann.

O!'s uallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun
Gu'm faod e bhi màireach 'san ùir;
Ach gach àrmun, gun sgàth, theid le Cheannard do'n
bhlàr,
Far 'm bu dualach dhaibh buaidh agus cliú.

Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tighinn, etc.

Tha ghealach ag éiridh, 's tha 'gathan air ceuman
Nan òigear tha treun agus fìor;
'S àrd dòchas an cléibh, 's thuirt an Ceannard eféin
Gur laoich iad nach géill anns an strìth.

Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tighinn, etc.