

## FAREWELL TO THE HEBRIDES

*C. M. MacInnes*

Here, men believe in fairy lore  
And second sight, and tales of old;  
Columba knew each island's shore,  
Each lonely glen the braes enfold.  
He taught the people how to mould  
Their lives on Christ's and Him to please,  
Countless the Christians he enrolled—  
Farewell, enchanted Hebrides.

From Inverness to far Ben More  
The pibroch sounds on loch and wold;  
The kindred gather for the war,  
But soon the Highland bells are tolled  
For clansmen true and chieftains bold.  
Though rich the bribes the foe decrees,  
No Gael will touch the tainted gold—  
Farewell, enchanted Hebrides.

Then chiefs forgot the trust they bore;  
No ancient usage them controlled;  
They need their loyal kin no more,  
But land for deer, and sheep to fold:  
So ruin on the clansmen rolled,  
And then they passed beyond the seas  
With aching hearts that none consoled—  
Farewell, enchanted Hebrides.

### *Envoi*

Your name in honour still they hold  
Oh Prince! Your grief they could not ease,  
As ancient prophecy foretold—  
Farewell, enchanted Hebrides.