

THE VIRGINIA HIGHLANDER

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY
OF WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

SPRING, 1987

VOLUME XIX, NO1

NEW OFFICERS

The following Society officers were elected at the February, 1987 meeting of the Board of Directors for 1987:

President: Paul Ritchie
Vice-President: John Kane
Secretary: Bill McDougal
Treasurer: "Woody" Woodward

The following Society members of the Board of Directors, elected during the General Membership Meeting at Burns Nicht, took up their offices for the next four years at the same time:

Kenneth Burns: Williamsburg
George Haviland: Richmond
Bill McDougal: Williamsburg
Jack Rouzie: Williamsburg

A special thanks is due to Treasurer "Woody" Woodward's efforts in having the above information publicized in *The York Town Crier*, *The Virginia Gazette*, and the *Daily Press* and the *Times-Herald*



BURNS NICHT:

Burns Nicht was so successful that Pierre Kirk has volunteered to do it again next year, again at the Fort Eustis Officers Club. He reports that the Society came

out on the plus side of the event. Bill Monroe has again volunteered to handle reservations and seating, which will make him a three-time veteran on this program. Now that you know all that, get your reservations in early...

A key point of the evening, as always, is the presentation of the Scot of the Year Award (See separate article herein for more details on this award). This year, the award was presented in absentia to J. Charles Thompson of Alexandria, a long-time member and author of, among other things, *So You're Going to Wear the Kilt*. Due to weather problems, "Scotty" could not be in attendance; but the award will be presented to him at our Spring Ceilidh, 31 May 1987.

Howard Topp could not be present for his now traditional "Ode to a Haggis"; he was guest of honor at the Burns Nicht of the Scottish Society of Roanoke. In his stead, Rod MacGillivray made an unscheduled bid to become permanent deputy under-bard. His rendition of the Ode, particularly with the enthusiastic wavings of the dirk in the general direction of the bearer of the haggis, will not soon be forgotten...As if were, the person scheduled to give the Ode in Roanoke was snowed in, and Howard ended up doing it there anyway!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Spring Ceilidh: will be held 31 May 1987 (Sunday) at the Officers Club.

Yorktown Naval Weapons Station. Reverend John Turner, Scottish Fiddling virtuoso, will be performing. Bill Monroe is the chairman. For those of you who haven't met Scottie Thompson, he will be our guest of honor and will be staying with the Woodwards. As noted earlier, he will finally receive his Scot of the year Award for 1986! He will also speak to us a little bit about his specialty.

Tartan Ball: will be held 26 September 1987 (the night of the Williamsburg Scottish Festival) at the Patrick Henry Inn. Charles Saunders is the chairman.

NEW PROJECTS

1. After supporting the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games for a number of years, the Board of Directors has decided to switch the focus of our support to Virginian games, which are closer to home and more accessible to our membership. Accordingly, the Board has voted to support the Tidewater Scottish Festival, the Williamsburg Scottish Festival, and the Virginia Highland Games

2. Remember Fiona Ritchie's "Thistle and Shamrock Hour" that used to be on WHRO-FM? The Board is investigating ways to underwrite getting this program back on a local radio station. It will cost... More details as they become available.

3. VIRGINIA GAMES

27 June Tidewater Scottish Festival
Norfolk

25-26 July Virginia Scottish Games
Alexandria

15 August Virginia Highland Games
(Blue Ridge) Salem

26 September Williamsburg Scottish
Festival Jamestown Festival Park



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



BRUCEP.SCHOCH CLANRANALD
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This issue marks my return to editorship of *The Virginia Highlander* after a hiatus of a year and half. Last year, as you know, Jerry Russell tried to be editor and President of the Society and even King James VI couldn't handle that. My personal thanks to Jerry for a Herculean job.

My sojourn in the land of academia was fruitful, however. I have uncovered a lot of information about what is going on in Scottish-American affairs at present, and will be presenting some of these things in future issues. A few tidbits are included in this one.

In 1984-1985, the Society conducted a membership survey and gained a lot of useful information on how to go about arranging things. We had a remarkable 75% response to that survey. "Woody" Woodward, our indefatigable Treasurer, is again conducting a survey--see the insert... Please tackle this one with the same candor and enthusiasm as you favored the previous one. "Woody" requests that: "...you remove the enclosed form, fill it out, fold it in

thirds, scotch tape or staple it, put your name and return address and a stamp on the front and mail it as soon as possible."

TARTAN MATERIAL NEEDED

The following appeal has been received from Jean and "Woody" Woodward.

We are actively seeking more tartan material for our Society display banner collection. Please help if yours is not listed below. Currently we have:

Campbell of Argyll Duncan Earl of
Saint Andrews Fergusson Gordon Gunn
Hamilton MacDuff MacFarlane
MacGregor MacIntyre MacLennan
[Modern] MacLennan [Old] MacLeod
MacMillan MacPherson Montgomery
Munro Rose [Hunting] Ross [Hunting]
Scott Sutherland Thomson Urquhart

Also, we expect to receive the MacKintosh tartan shortly.

All of the banners have a plastic covered identification card specifying the Clan/Tartan and the donor(s). Unfortunately, this was not done when the collection was first started and we have two banners with unknown donors, which omission we would like to rectify. If anyone knows who gave the Gunn and MacIntyre material, please notify Quartermaster Pat Bierer [159 Queens Drive West, Williamsburg, VA 23185].

Both Scotland and Canada now sell tartan by the meter rather than by the yard. The former makes up into a banner better

than the latter but if you can acquire only a yard, that too will be welcome. In any case, please specify when ordering/purchasing that the piece be cut so that the sett [pattern] is centered. It's been a shame that sometimes it has been necessary to cut as much as four inches off one side and only a half inch on the other to finish up with a symmetrical banner.

Please send the material, identified by Clan/Tartan and donor(s) to Jean Woodward, 206 Raymond Drive, Seaford, VA 23696

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

Before Christmas, a number of Society members took advantage of a group rate package deal that Bill Weaver put together for the Alexandria Scottish Walk. Your editor, at great personal expense, did extensive coverage of the event and the environment, and reports at length...

Some tidbits on interesting things that some other Societies around the country have done is also included this time. The list is by no means exhaustive, up-to-date, or authoritative. What these vignettes do provide are ideas. Scottish-Americans have proven to be very imaginative.

The Board of Directors has clarified and set into writing the purpose and qualifications for the Scot of the Year Award.

A Board of Directors Directory for 1987.

The Alexandria Scottish Walk--December 6, 1986

It had been quite awhile since we had been to Alexandria--a whole week in my case, having been "there" for a conference at the Pentagon, in as modern and "plastic" a setting as possible (near "Crystal City"). Dodi had been in Olde Towne a couple of years before, on another Government conference (occasionally the Government does something okay...). As for the Walk, only I had previously attended, in 1982 when it was at least 78° F and close to that in humidity.

It was with considerable delight, but for quite varying reasons, that Dodi and I reacted to Bill Weaver's flyer in November, announcing the reduced rate for a block of rooms at the Olde Towne Holiday Inn for the Walk weekend. The price would have been right by itself, but there is the spectacle of the Walk and the shopping and dining attractions of Olde Towne also to consider. At any rate, the ten rooms that Bill had dibs on were booked within 3 days--and we were the last. (First lesson learned--when opportunity knocks, jerk the door off the hinges and worry about damages later...)

It was a varied group that responded: Jerry and Joanna Russell, with Megan in tow; Jack and Nancy Kane; George and Scottie Haviland; Woody and Jean Woodward; Howard and Carolyn Topp; Pat and Lib Bierer; Bill and Christie Kitchens; Bill and Sara Weaver; Bruce and Dodi Schoch. Bill's room got a bit crowded on Friday and Saturday night, as the whiskey flowed freely, but the din

was hardly noticed in the greater cacophony of laughter, singing, and the ubiquitous bagpipes that had seemingly taken over the hotel.

But first things first. We found the hotel with relatively little difficulty. Check-in was effortless and accompanied by tickets for a round of drinks that evening, a continental breakfast in the room the next morning, and free champagne for the Sunday brunch. There was also a plentiful supply of free apples at the desk, and free coffee and tea was being served in the lobby shortly after we arrived.

We began an early reconnaissance of the area: a rather detailed peaking into and emerging laden exploration of various shops on King Street, from the hotel down to the waterfront. Now I would not want to give the impression that this noble street is given over entirely to shopping delights--there are enough restaurants of varying persuasion to allay any hardships of the trek; their menus alone, such as that of the Afghan place we passed, are diversion enough. For those seeking yet another outlets for spending large amounts of cash fairly quickly, there was even an arms merchant represented, with "bargain rates" on various automatic weapons...all this in the virtual shadow of Ireland's Own tavern (not visited this trip) and the Irish Walk (a delightful place that could show The Scotland House a few things).

Back to the hotel. We pigged out on an incredible array of seafood, advertised as "A Beast of a Feast" for \$14.95 for all you can eat; I swilled that much in clam chowder alone. As we

were gorging ourselves, a piper appeared in the courtyard just outside, to be joined over the next hour or so by several others; these were members of the City of Baltimore Pipe Band, who chose the decided **cool** locale to warm up themselves, their pipes, and everyone within earshot. As the evening progressed, more and more pipers, representing different bands, took turns serenading the hotel, well into the wee hours.

But the Day itself! As we left the hotel, about 0800, to head for the Alexandria Community Y and the heather sales (a bunch of fresh heather for \$6.00 and it goes fast, so get there early), a piper cheerfully smiled from behind his bearskin and joyously announced that it was 28°. He was an optimist! After a mind and flesh numbing hike down South Washington Street to the Y, we resolved to watch the parade, rather than march in it. What a parade! I cannot tell how many Clan Associations, Pipe Bands (AT LEAST 20!), and Scottish clubs, nor how many Scottish dog clubs with dogs, appeared; it took over an hour to pass. As the Walk is Alexandria's Christmas Parade as well, there were all the city fathers present as well, riding in an incredible variety of old and antique cars.

There were no end of otherwise closed or inaccessible historic buildings open afterwards; we scouted out the bazaar at Saint Paul's Episcopal Church (1708) and laden ourselves down with more "loot". Sheer cold forced us to finally desist. That night, we retired *en masse* to The Fish Market, where 100 Buchanans with pipes were holding forth,

and gorged ourselves anew; Beer came in steins the size of fishbowls. Even one of waiters was wearing a kilt.

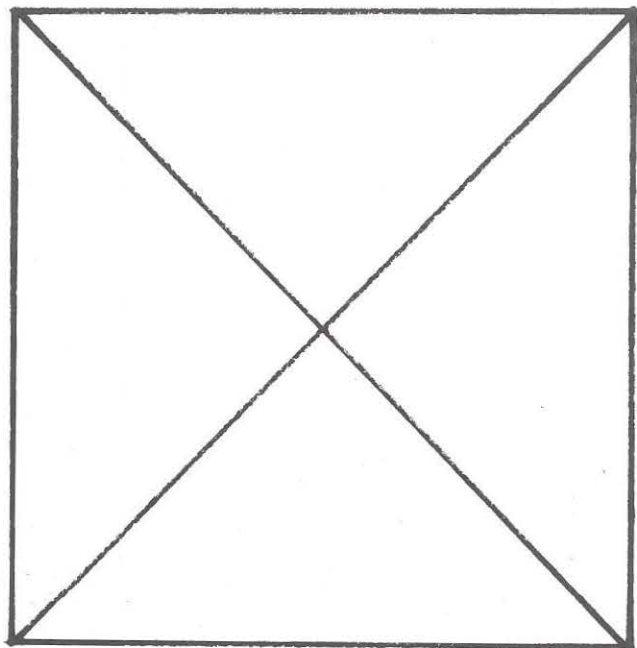
Apart from the caloric intake, which was balanced by the calories needed to maintain body temperature, the Scottish Weekend in Alexandria was well worth it. We plan to attend next year, perhaps getting up in time for the *ceilidh* on Friday evening, and hope for milder weather.

A NOTE ON PRODUCTION:

This edition was produced on a Macintosh [of course!] 512 Enhanced personal computer and an Imagewriter printer, using Microsoft *Word* [Version 3.0] and *Thunderscan* [Version 3.2].

THE TREASURER REQUESTS:

Do not pay for events at the door: things get confused quickly. Send your check with your reservation slip to the committee chair man



ASSOCIATIONS AND SOCIETIES

Clan Macleod Society, USA, INC

The Clan MacLeod Society, USA, Inc., is perhaps more active than most. Its achievements are rather significant. Founded in 1954 following the American visits of the Clan Chief, Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod in 1952 and 1953, it numbered 4000 members worldwide by 1982. In 1982, the Society was claiming 5000 members, including 1000 in the United States. The Society's semi-annual magazine is published in Scotland; its ongoing Migration Project has traced over 3000 families through genealogical research, and the Society's Dunvegan Foundation is "an ongoing program of education and community service." In this latter area, three of the Society's nine American administrative regions have established college scholarship funds; the goal is for all nine regions to have such.

BRITISH AND COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

This Society was founded in 1978 in New York City and was incorporated in 1983. It publishes a calender of events six times a year; some 150 items appear on this calender, with a 1983 circulation of 68,000. Founded to ease the transition for new immigrants from the British Isles, it has apparently become a social club in greater New York (including New Jersey and Connecticut). Part of its mission statement includes the promotion of educational activities as were "deemed worthy of recognition and encouragement by the State University of New York.

THE AMERICAN-SCOTTISH FOUNDATION

The American-Scottish Foundation claims that 22 million Americans are of Scottish descent. This fraternal organization conducts "an imaginative program of education, information, cultural, and entertainment activities" and further is seeking to reestablish its Scotland House as "an informational, hospitality, and cultural center." Also located in New York City, it was founded by the late Member of Parliament, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton (d.1964) and managed by his widow today. The Scotland House was established in 1976, but was placed into storage in 1981 after disappointment with two locations. While promoting tourism and corporate investment in Scotland (190 US corporations are financially represented in Scotland), the main purpose of the Foundation is the annual Scots Ball each October, at which the Queen mother presided in 1985, and during which annual (since 1970) William Wallace Awards are presented to distinguished Americans of Scottish birth or descent.

ROBERT BURNS SOCIETY OF THE MIDLANDS

This Columbia, South Carolina based Society is somewhat different. The Society's newsletter is a very "chatty" one; the Society participates in the local Columbia mayfest, an ETV fundraiser, and marches in the Saint Patrick Day parade (!); it also advertizes new Scottish books (two in June, 1985) and more traditional Scottish Society fare (a genealogy workshop at Columbia

College in July, 1985, and a Society picnic for Beltane -- commemorative date for the Celtic Sun God). Events are family oriented and informal; a fall Ceilidh was scheduled at a member's home and was a picnic.

THE SCOTTISH CULTURAL SOCIETY, LTD

This Society, based in Waukegan, Illinois, is of a more intellectual bent. Membership surveys done annually solicit interest areas for the coming year, "normally travel, History, Old Traditions, and socializing." The membership includes dancing and piping practioners and instructors, singers, travel agents, and genealogical researchers. Local colleges are solicited for speakers on Scottish literary figures (Burns and Scott, e.g.), and travel agencies for slide shows.

The Society was founded in 1977 and has over 500 members. Monthly meetings are held at the British Club in Chicago and cover a variety of cultural topics. It cooperates with all other Scottish groups in the Chicago to promote such things as Scottish Country Dancing classes. In addition, the Society conducts an annual Robert Burns Dinner, a Saint Andrew's Day Dinner, and the "area's only Scottish Fair."

CELTIC RENAISSANCE CONSORT OF MADISON

The most unusual association, and thusfar the only of its kind encountered, is the Celtic Renaissance Consort of Madison, Wisconsin. The Consort Director, J. Jefferson MacKinnon, described himself as a PHD candidate in archealogy, a teaching assistant for the

University, an Extension lecturer and an adjunct assistant professor for Lakeland College; he advised that the Consort is an official University club and holds monthly meetings. The group itself was founded at a Madison high school in 1968 by MacKinnon when he was a humanities teacher there, and was known as the Madison Renaissance Court. Members larger own their own costumes, and using Consort props, stage a Medieval Scottish court.

SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

This Society, one of the oldest continous ones of its kind in the United States, has been in existance for 230 years. In November, 1985, it held its 229th annual banquet, using the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, with 600 members and guests in attendance. The Society supports two American students, at the University of Edinburgh and the University of Saint Andrew's. and two Scottish students, at Penn State University and Cornell University.

SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF ILLINOIS

Founded in 1845, this Society sponsors the Scottish home in North Riverside, Illinois.

THE SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY OF BOSTON

This is the oldest society of all-founded in 1657! It held its Saint Andrew's Night on November 27, 1986, in the John Hancock Building.

SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF WILLIAMSBURG

SCOT OF THE YEAR POLICY

The Board of Directors of the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg may annually, when warranted, honor an individual as the organization's "Scot of the Year".

PURPOSE:

The purpose of this award presentation is to honor a person who has by his/her actions or performance actively and profoundly promoted Scottish culture and heritage or has been outstanding in his/her chosen profession and thus brought honor to the Scots.

SCOPE:

The Scot of the year honor may be conferred upon any individual of Scottish birth or descent, regardless of sex or age. However, members of the Board of Directors may not be considered or nominated for this honor while serving in this capacity.

The award may be bestowed for exemplary performance and significant contributions during the year preceding the presentation or granted for cumulative service in preserving Scotland's cultural heritage or exemplifying the spirit of the Scot.

The contributions to be recognized may include, but not be limited to, such diverse categories as history, traditions, literature, music, scholarly pursuits, publishing, public service, or charitable activities.

The focus of this honor will be the contribution made by the selectee to Scottish American endeavors in the Virginia geographic area. However, particularly outstanding contributions by individuals on a regional or national basis may also be recognized.

The honor may be awarded posthumously.

ADMINISTRATIVE PROCEDURES:

The President of the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg will appoint a Scot of the Year committee composed of not less than three members of the Board of Directors. Such appointment shall be made not later than the September meeting of the Board of the year preceding the award. The committee shall select a nominee or nominees for consideration by the Board of Directors, substantiating the selection with cogent evidence of contribution. The selection of the awardee will be made by a majority vote of the directors present at the November Board meeting or at a special meeting convened for that purpose. The individual affirmed will be honored in conjunction with the Society's annual Burns' Night event held on or near the birth date of Robert Burns, January 25th.

The Weiridh Song Sheet

UIST TRAMPING SONG [COME ALONG]

Come along, come along,
Let us foot it out together;
Come along, come along,
Be it fair or stormy weather,
With the hills of home before us
And the purple of the heather,
Let us sing in happy chorus,
Come along, come along!

So gaily sings the lark,
And the sky's all awake
With the promise of the day,
For the road we gladly take;
So it's heel and toe and forward,
Bidding farewell to the town,
And the welcome that awaits us
Ere the sun goes down.

WILL YE GO, LASSIE, GO?

O the summertime is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together,
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain,
And in it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone,
I will surely find another
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

MAIRI'S WEDDING (LEWIS BRIDAL SONG)

Chorus:
*Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.*

Over hillways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the shielings, thru the town,
All for sake of Mairi.

Chorus:
Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' then a' by far
Is our darling Mairi.

Chorus:
Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie hairs as weel,
That's our toast for Mairi.

LEEZIE LINDSAY

'Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
My pride and my darling to be.'

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,
Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi'."

'Oh, Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
Syn ye dinna ken me,
For I am Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.'

"Oh, if ye're the laird o' MacDonald,
A great ane I ken ye maun be;
But how can a chieftain sae mighty
Think o' a puir lassie like me?"

She has gotten a gown o' green satin,
She has kilted it up to her knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

Chorus

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks
o' Clyde.
Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie
by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest, That's the time
that we love best
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

I've seen lots o' bonnie lassies trav'llin'
far and wide,
But my heart is centered noo' on
bonnie Kate McBride.
And altho' I'm no a chap that throws a word away,
I'm surprised mysel' sometimes at a'
I've got to say.

One nicht in the gloamin' we were
trippin' side by side.
I kissed her twice, and asked her once
if she would be my bride.
She was shy, so was I—we were baith the same,
But I got brave and braver on the journey hame.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS OF OLD ABERDEEN

When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad,
My mother said to me:
"Come see the Northern Lights, my boy,
They're bright as they can be."
She called them the heavenly dancers,
Merry dancers in the sky.
I'll never forget that wonderful sight;
They made the heavens bright.

Chorus

The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen
Mean Home Sweet Home to me.
The Northern Lights of Aberdeen
Are what I long to see.
I've been a wand'r'er all of my life
And many a sight I've seen.
God speed the day when I'm on my way
To my home in Aberdeen.

DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROOSERS

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye,
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy,
And the lassies shout when I go by,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus

Let the wind blow high, Let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
And all the lassies shout, "Hello,
Donald, where's your trousers?"

A lassie took me to a ball,
And it was slippery in the hall,
And I was feart that I would fall,
Fur I had nae on ma' troosers.

I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the underground,
The lassies turned their heads around, saying,
"Donald, where are your trousers?"

THE MINGALAY BOAT SONG

Chorus:

Fill your ho boys, let her go boys,
Swing her head round and all together
Fill your ho boys, let her go boys,
We are sailing to Mingalay.

What care we how wild the main O,
What care we for wind or weather.
Fill your ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing home towards Mingalay.

We are waiting on the harbour,
We are waiting since break of day.
Fill your ho boys, you'll drop anchor
As the sun sets on Mingalay.

Wives are waiting by the quayside,
Or looking leeward from the heather.
Heave her round boys and we'll anchor,
Safely home to Mingalay.

THESE ARE MY MOUNTAINS

For fame and for fortune
I've travelled the earth,
But now I've come back to
The land of my birth.
I've brought back some treasures
But only to find
They are less than the pleasures
That I left behind.

Chorus

These are my mountains,
This is my glen,
The hills of my childhood
Will know me again.
No land ever claimed me
Tho far I did roam,
For these are my mountains
And I'm coming home.

Kind faces will greet me
And welcome me in.
And soon I will be seeing
My ain kith and kin.
This night 'round the fireside
Old songs will be sung,
And I will be hearing
My ain mother tongue.

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Hark when the night is fallin'
Hear, hear the pipes a callin'
Loudly and proudly callin'
Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a leaping,
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

Chorus

Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud standards
gloriously wave.
Land of my high endeavor,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart forever,
Scotland the brave!!

SKYE BOAT SONG

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward," the sailors cry!
"Carry the lad who's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye!"

Chorus

Loud the winds howl,
Loud the waves roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled our foes
Stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, young Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day;
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,
Chairlie will come again.

Ye Jacobites by name.

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear!
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—You shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang for to draw!

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life wi' bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state!
Then let your schemes alone, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone to his fate!

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Bonnie Chairlie's noo awa',
Safely ower the friendly main:
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hielan' men;
They trusted you, dear Chairlie!
They kept you hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings a' sang,
"Will ye no come back again?"

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the lairds of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Saddle my horses and call out my men,
Then it's open the West Port and let us gae free,
And it's follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, says, "Just e'en let him be,
For the town is well rid of that de'il of Dundee."

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lairds in the South, there are chiefs in the North,
There are brave Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hail" for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the leas, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox,
Then tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last of my bonnets and me!

/LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks an' by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where I an' my true love Were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Chorus

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, An' I'll tak'
the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But I an' my true love Will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue, the hielan' hills we view
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin'
But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring
Tho' the warfu' may cease frae their greetin'.

WE'RE NO AWA'

For we're no awa' to bide awa'
We're no awa' to leave ye,
We're no awa' to bide awa'
We'll aye come back and see ye.

As I went down to Wilson Town,
I met ole Johnny Scobie,
Said I to him, "Will ye have a hauf?"
Said he, "Man, that's my hobby!"

So we had a hauf and anither hauf
And then we had anither
Til we both got fu' and shouted boo,
O Hielan' Games forever!

A WEE DEOCH AN' DOURIS

There's a good ole Scottish custom
That has stood the test of time
It's a custom that's been carried out
In every land and clime.
Where brother Scots fore gather
It's aye the usual thing.
Just before we say goodnight,
We fill our cups and sing:

Chorus

Just a wee deoch and douris,
Just a wee drap that's a'.
Just a wee deoch and douris,
Afore we gang-a-wa'.
There's a wee wife waitin'
In a wee but-an-ben.
If ye can say, "It's a braw, brich
moon-licht nicht,"
Then ye're a-richt, ye ken!

I like a man that is a man,
A man that's straight and fair.
The sorta man who will and can
In all things do his share.
I like a man, a jolly man,
The sorta man, you know—
The chap that slaps your back and say
"Ein deoch afore we go."

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
An' never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
An' days o' auld lang syne.

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Then here's a hand, my trusty freen',
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll take a right guid willy-waught
For auld lang syne.

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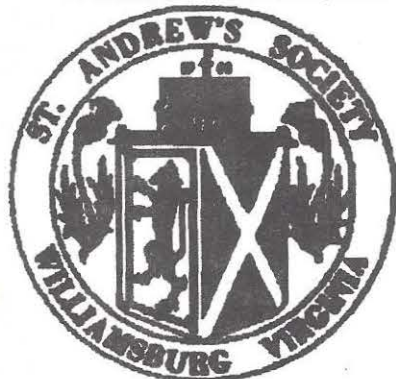
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