

Mouth Music

"Mor A' Cheannaich"

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Oh, I see the great mountains
Oh, I see the lofty mountains
OH I see the corries
I see the peaks under the mist
I see right away the place of my birth
I will be welcomed in a language which I understand
I will receive hospitality and love when I reach there
That I would not trade for tons of gold
I see woods there, I see thickets
I see fair, fertile fields there
I see the deer on the ground of the corries
Shrouded in a garment of mist
High mountains with lovely slopes
Folk abiding there who are customarily kind
Light is my step when I go bounding to see them
And I will remain a while there willingly
Composed by John Cameron (Ballachulish) in 1856
This tune evokes a mixture of emotions; it has often
been played in funerals, including
John F.
Kennedy's in Arlington, Virginia, 1963

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