

LAND O' THE LEAL

The Arranger

Dan Adams is retired from the Wooster City Schools in Wooster, Ohio, where he served as Band and Orchestra director and Instrumental Music Coordinator for nearly three decades. Prior to Wooster he taught at Mount Anthony Union High School in Bennington, Vermont.

He received a Bachelor of Music Education degree from The Ohio State University (major instrument trombone) and a Master of Music in Band Conducting from Northwestern University where he studied with John Paynter.

Adams has decades of experience as an adjudicator, brass musician, and conductor. Present and past memberships include the Ohio Music Education Association, NAFME, ASCAP, College Band Directors National Association, and American Federation of Musicians Local 159.

Program Notes

A collector of folk tunes, Lady Nairne (Carolina Oliphant) undoubtedly chose the traditional Scottish air "Hey, Tuttie, Tattie" as the setting for her melancholy text because of its beauty and simplicity. Also known as the melody to Robert Burns' nationalistic "Scots Wha Hae", the folk tune has been part of Scottish life for centuries. Lady Nairne wrote her words upon the passing of the only child of her friend, Mrs. Archibald Campbell Colquhoun. In her setting, the **Land O' The Leal** is a reference to heaven, where they will someday be reunited. This orchestral arrangement of the old Scottish tune hopes to capture the serenity and hopefulness of her poem.

I'm wearin' awa' Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
Tae the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day's aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Tae me ye hae been true Jean,
Yer task's ended noo, Jean
For near kythes my view
O' the land o' the leal.
Oor bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She wid baith gid and fair, Jean,
And, oh! we grudged her fair
Tae the land o' the leal.

But dry that tearfu' e'e Jean,
Grieve na for her and me, Jean
Frae sin and sorrow free
I' the land o' the leal.
Noo fare ye weel, ma ain Jean!
This world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fein
I' the land o' the leal.