

2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blows;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"
3. Row vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine !
 O ! that some scedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deep-most glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

COME TAKE A SAIL.

1. Oh ! won't you come my sister dear,
 And take a sail with me;
 My boat is laying just out here,
 And only waits for thee;
 She is the nicest little boat,
 Upon the Tennessee;
 She's got the sweetest name afloat,
 I named her after thee.

CHORUS.

Then take a sail my sister dear,
 And down the stream we'll glide,
 You'll never feel the slightest fear,
 While I am by your side.