

## XIX.

## BOAT SONG.

370 Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine ! 400  
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back again,  
380 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'  
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane ; in winter to fade ; 410  
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise again,  
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

## XX.

390 Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ; 420  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.  
Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again,  
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'