MACLEAN.
A Ballad of "The 45."

Words by Miss ROSS.

PRELUDE.
Rather slow but with expression.

Music by a Lady of the Clan.

1. Banners are waving o'er
2. Wildly the war cry has
4. The heath-bell at morn so

Morven's dark heath,
star-tled yon stag, And
proud-ly ye trod,

Clay-mores are flash-ing from
wa-ken'd the e-choes of
dark Cor-ry-vohr. The

They rush like the flood o'er
son of the moun-tain, now
cov-ers thy sod,

Hark! 'tis the gath- ring—On,
Up hill and down glen, each
War note is sound-ing, loud,

son of the moun-tain, now
man-y a sheath
moun-tain to shore,

Up hill and down glen, each
War note is sound-ing, loud,
Wrapt in your plaid—midst the
onward they cry, brave moun-tain-er, Has
wild-ly and high, brave-est ye lie The

Far flies the sig-nal to belt-ed his plaid and
Louder they shout—On! to words as ye fell still

"Con-quer or die" "Con-quer or die"

CHORUS.

Then fol-low thee! fol-low, a boat to the sea, Thy

Prince in Glen Moi-dart is wait-ing for thee. Where war pipes are sound-ing, and

ban-ners are free Mac Lean and his Clans-men the fore-most you'll see.