

MAC LEAN.

A Ballad of "The 45."

Banners are waving o'er Morven's dark heath,
Claymores are flashing from many a sheath,
Hark! 'tis the gathering—"On, onward" they cry,
Far flies the signal to "Conquer or die"

Chorus.

Then follow thee! follow, a boat to the sea,
Thy Prince in Glen Moidart is waiting for thee,
Where war pipes are sounding, and banners are free,
Mac Lean and his Clansmen the foremost you'll see.

Wildly the war cry has startled yon stag,
And wakened the echoes of Gillian's lone crag,
Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaineer,
Has belted his plaid and mounted his spear.

Chorus.

The signal is heard from mountain to shore,
They rush like the flood o'er dark Corry-vohr,
The war note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high,
Louder they shout— On! to "Conquer or die"

Chorus.

The heathbell at morn so proudly ye trod,
Son of the mountain, now covers thy sod,
Wrapt in your plaid—'midst the bravest ye lie
The words as ye fell still "Conquer or die."

Chorus.

Miss Ross.