

MAC LEAN.

A Ballad of "The 45."

Words by Miss ROSS.

PRELUDE.

Music by a Lady of the Clan.

Rather slow but with expression.

3. The

1. Ban - ners are wav - ing o'er	Mor - ven's dark heath,	
2. Wild - ly the war cry has	star - tled yon stag,	And
sig - nal is heard from	moun - tain to shore,	
4. The heath - bell at morn so	proud - ly ye trod,	

Clay-mores are flash - ing from	ma - ny a sheath	Hark! 'tis the gath - 'ring—"On,
wa - ken'd the e - choes of	Gil - lian's lone crag,	Up hill and down glen, each
They rush like the flood o'er	dark Cor - ry - vohr, The	war note is sound - ing, loud,
Son of the moun - tain, now	cov - ers thy sod,	Wrapt in your plaid—midst the

on - ward" they cry,
brave moun-tain - eer, Has
wild - ly and high, belt - ed his plaid and
brav - est ye lie The Loud - er they shout— On! to
words as ye fell still "Con - quer or die."
mount - ed his spear.
"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.