Hail To The Chief - song lyrics

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HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine;
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 enew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While ev'ry Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Ours is no saplin, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in Winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped 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 blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen.
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
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 woo;
Lenox and Leven glen
Shake, when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh, that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd, in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine, then,
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"