

SANDERSON, J.

Chorus

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Lady of the Lake



Written by S^r Walter Scott

Composed by
SANDERSON.

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2^d VOICES. 
 Hail! Hail! Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances,
 1st VOICES. 
 Hail! Hail! Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances,
 PIANO. 
 BASS VOICES. 
 Hail! Hail! Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances,

2^d 
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 1st 
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 B. 
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glances,

2^d 
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 1st 
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 B. 
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Handwritten notes on the left margin.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad-vances, Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine,

Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad-vances, Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine,

Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad-vances, Honour'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.

Long may the tree in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.

Long may the tree in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.

ALLEGRO.

2^d VOICES. Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new,

1st VOICES. Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new,

PIANO. Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new,

BASS VOICES. Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new,

Gai - -ly t bourge on, and broad - ly to grow, While ev' ry

Gai - -ly to bourge on, and broad - ly to grow, While ev' ry

Gai - -ly to bourge on, and broad - ly to grow, While ev' ry

highland glen, Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al--pine dhu
 highland glen, Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al--pine dhu
 highland glen, Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al--pine dhu
 ho! i--e--roe!"*
 ho! i--e--roe!"*
 ho! i--e--roe!"*

2

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltante, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev'ry 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;
 Menteth and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

3

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

* Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.