Hail to the Chief

Sir Walter Scott

Maestoso

1. Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! Honored and bless'd be the
   evergreen Pine! Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
   winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The

2. Ours is no sapping, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Belfane, in
   oars, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your ears, for the
   flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in
   more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade. Ours is no sapping, chance-

3. Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the
   flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in
   triumphant advances, Honored and bless'd be the evergreen Pine! 
   sown by the fountain, Blooming at Belfane, in winter to fade, When the
   pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your ears for the evergreen Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and
whirlwind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine ex-
O, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland a-

James Sanderson
Hail to the Chief

Grace of our line! Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend its sap anew,
until in her shade. Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tem-pest shou-
round him to twine! O, that some seed-ling gem, Worthy such no-
ble stei

Gay to bour-geon and broadly to grow; While ev-'ry High-land glen,
Firm-er he roots him, the ru-der it blow; Mentieth and Bread-al-
bane, then,
Hon-or'd and bless'd in their sha-dow might grow! Loud should Clan-Al-
pine then

Sends our shout back a-gain, "Rod-er-igh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! i-e-
roe!"
Ech-o his praise a-gain, "Rod-er-igh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! i-e-
roe!"
Ring from the deepmost glen, "Rod-er-igh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! i-e-
roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
p-le bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

C. WESLEY

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