

To  
Mr. Donald M'Lean.

With the Author's respects,

O'er the towers of Duart the standard is sailing,  
In the depth of the corrie the pibroch is wailing,  
While the shades of the fallen still chant the refrain -  
"Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' M'Lean.

They defended their Prince, like the brave highland Gael,  
With true Celtic courage that never could fail;  
Oh, the sacrifice great on Bulloden's dark plain  
Has classed them immortal - the name of M'Lean.

The clan throughout history has shone like a star,  
True comrades in peace, but lions in war;  
The claymore in battle left death in its train,  
When grasped in the hand of a gallant M'Lean.

Brave sons of our country and far 'yont the sea,  
Pioneers of our race in the land of the free;  
On the southern bush, or the Western plain,  
And in far-away outposts you'll find a M'Lean,

Then long may the clan bear its high honours name,  
And wear the bright laurels that shine on its fame;  
Here's health tae ye, Donald, guid luck wi' your gain,\*  
And we're aye proud tae hail ye - true son of M'Lean.

\* Your promotion

John Pagan.

South Main,  
3<sup>rd</sup> December, 1934.