



THE CHIEFS' BLOOD IN ME

THE chiefs' blood in me
Heightened my head
When bowed to beg (for thee)
The islesmen's bread,
The chiefs' blood in me
Watched while one fed.

The chiefs' blood in me
Paced the lone hill
When my foe drank (to thee),
Drinking his fill,
The chiefs' blood in me
Drank at thy will.

The chiefs' blood in me
Turned no last glance
On my land left (for thee),
Field of thy chance,
The chiefs' blood in me
Smiled unto France.

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.