

“Ode to the Ballantynes”
An Epic Poem
Of
New Scotland.

Down on the windswept shoreline
Where the crage thrust out to the sea;
Dwelt a mother and her six daughters,
And her sons made one and three.
The Ballantyne name she gave them,
A Clan of pride and depth,
But the cry rang over the headlands:
“Will there be no Ballantynes left?”

Their daughters found their husbands.
A prolific lot they proved,
The grandchildren increased in numbers,
And other tribes improved.
But the sons were dour and single
And their Clan was left bereft,
And the cry rings over the headlands:
“Will there be no Ballantynes left?”

There were MacIntyres and Murrays
There were Hasketts and Webbers too.
The youngest managed an offspring
And Helen quite a few.
But still the sons were single
And the wedding bonds were cleft.
And the cry rings loud on the headlands:
“Will there be no Ballantynes left?”

But the nights on the Arctic tundra
Were bitter with northern cold;
And Himmie’s blood raced in him,
And Himmies thoughts grew bold.
The thought of the Clan’s decreasing
Came whining, dark and swift.
And the north winds howl was asking:
“Will there be no Ballantynes left?”

So Himmie made his decision
For the strength of the Ballantyne name.
There’s no doubt now for the future,
The clan shall regain its fame.
And Himmie stands on the headlands,
Cries a challenge the world won’t forget
And the North Sea sends back his challenge:
“There’ll be dozens of Ballantynes yet!”