

The Freedom Come All Ye

(The Bloody Fields Of Flanders)

Hamish Henderson

Roch the wind in the clear day's daw-nin', Blaws the clouds heel-ster gow-dy ow'r th-e
 bay, But there's mair nor a roch wind blaw - in', Through the
 great gl-en o' the world the day. It's a thocht that will gar oor rott - ans, A' they
 rogues that gang gall- us, fresh an- d gay, Tak the road an' seek ith - er
 loan - ins, For their ill pl - oys ta - e sport an' play.

Nae mair will the bonnie callants
 March tae war when oor braggarts crouselly craw
 Nor wee weans frae Pitheid and Clachan
 Mourn the ships sailing doon the Broomielaw
 Broken faimlies in lands we've herriet
 Will curse Scotland the brave nae mair, nae mair
 Black and white ane til ithier mairriet
 Mak the vile barracks o the maisters bare

So come all ye at hame wi' freedom
 Never heed whit yir hoodies croak for doom
 In yer hoose a' the bairns o' Adam
 Will find breid, barley bree and painted room
 When Maclean meets wi' his freens in Springburn
 A' they roses and geans will turn tae bloom
 And a black boy frae yont Nyanga
 Dings the fell gallows o' the burghers doon