

Freedom Come a'ye

Kris Drever

Roch the wind in the clear day dawin
Blaws the clouds heilster-gowdie ower the bay
But thair's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Throu the Great Glen o the warld the day
It's a thocht that wad gar oor rottans
Aa thae rogues that gang gallus fresh an gey
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
Wi thair ill ploys tae sport an playNae mair will our bonnie callants
Merch tae war when oor braggarts crouselly craw
Nor wee weans frae pitheid an clachan
Murn the ships sailin down the Broomielaw
Broken faimlies in lands we've hairriet
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair
Black an white ane-til-ither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o thair maisters bare
Sae come aa ye at hame wi freedom
Never heed whit the houdies croak for Doom
In yer hoose aa the bairns o Adam
Will find breid, barley-bree an paintit rooms
When MacLean meets wi's friens in Springburn
Aa thae roses an geans will turn tae blume
An the black lad frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers down

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