Fire In the Glen

Andy M. Stewart

The old days have gone that had use for a man
Who supported his laird-ship, protectin' his land.
Who in times of unrest, would have died for his lord
Now the soldiers of England have taken his broad sword.And there's fire in the glen, fire in the glen!
But no fire in the eyes of our Highland men...And the laird has a smile for the makers of graves
For the builders of empires and the keepers of slaves
For he kept his great home losing nothing but pride
Though his kinsmen lay huddled along the shore-side...And there's fire in the glen...So beware of their banners and the general's lies
There's no glory for the poor man, no glittering prize
For we gave all we had, now our homes they fall down
And I cry out "Republic!" and allegiance to no crown.And there's fire in the glen...The old days have gone that had use for a man
Who supported his laird-ship, protecting his land
Who in times of unrest, he would have dies for his lord
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