

Mad Lizzy

[Craig Herbertson](#)

Mad Lizzie she is waiting for the setting of the sun
Her mind is on the morrow and the ordeal yet to come
twelve times the moon has lit its weary way across the sky
Young Lizzie deals the cards upon her thighs
See proud Edward ride the borders past the castle of Carlise
his mercy and his power and his chains of slaverie
Who of your noble lineage will rule the land o scots
thirty thousand says it shall be he
And the Hanged Man is laughing in the wind
The hanged man is laughing in the wind
As women caged by bonds as braid their lovely hair
Let fall the bitter tears of black despair
Proud Edward calls the dragon flag to fire, blood and wing
Rape and murder mercies of the bastard king
As loyal Wallace falls to the tyrant's bloody hand
His body broke and scattered through the land
Rise, rise for Scotland Lady Buchan crowns our king
Comyn blood traitor curse his name
Rise for Scotland or you never shall be free
Rise and end the tyrants bloody reign
Mad Lizzie she is waiting for the setting of the sun
Her mind is on the morrow and the ordeal yet to come
Seven years the moon has lit its weary way across the sky
Mad Lizzie lays her down and pleads to die

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