

# Freedoms Sword

## Gaberlunzie

In days gone by, Scots workin man  
Was loyal tae his feudal clan.  
For what was wrong and what was right,  
His cause was always Scotland's fight.  
And I was born 'neath Scotia's Hills,  
My heart with Highland grandeur fills.  
For with the Garry's waters flows,  
A history bitter more than the sloe.

The Bruce and Wallace cracked the band,  
That fettered loyal Scottish hands.  
And for a while our land was free,  
Then came the shame of sixteen-three.  
King James the Christians' wisest fool,  
Forsook his name the south to rule.  
But soon he spawned a Stuart son,  
Who vainly faced Culloden's guns.

From Berwick North tae John O'Groats  
The Lairds have donned their Saxon coats.  
And who for Scotland's freedom stood,  
Soon drowned in false Westminster's flood.  
We laboured neath the Saxon yoke,  
MacGregor's name shall ne'er be spoke.  
The hills are overrun with sheep,  
And freedom has been put to sleep.

But times have changed, the years have gone,  
Yet English justice lingers on.  
Our working men as in the past,  
Betrayed by Saxon ruling class.  
The time is right; the time is now,  
Renew your patriotic vow.  
I fear no hell nor English strife,  
For Scotland I will give my life.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>