

The Freedom Come-All-Ye

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Through the great glen o the warld the day.
It's a thocht that wid gar oor rottans
-A' they rogues that gang gallus, fresh and gay -
Tak the road and seek ither loanins
A' their ill ploys tae sport and play

Nae mair will oor bonnie callants
Mairch tae war when oor braggarts crouselly craw,
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid and clachan
Mourn the ships sailin doon the Broomielaw.
Broken faimlies in lands we've herried
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair;
Black and white, ane til ither mairried
Mak the vile barracks o their maisters bare

So come all ye at hame wi Freedom,
Never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom
In your hoose a' the bairns o Adam
Can find breid, barley-bree and painted room.
When MacLean meets wi's freens in Springburn
A' the roses and geans will turn tae bloom,
And a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doon.