

Freedom Come All Ye

 D G D
Roch the win in the clear day's dawin
G D G D A
Blaws the clouds heilster-gowdie owre the bay
 D G D
But thair's mair nor a roch win blawin
G D A D
Thro the Great Glen o the warl the day
G D G D
It's a thocht that wad gar our rottans
G D G D A
Aa thae rogues that gang gallus fresh an gay
 D G D
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
G D A D
Wi thair ill-ploys tae sport an play

GG DDDD AADD DD

Nae mair will the 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 herriet,
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair;
Black and white, ane til ither mairriet,
Mak the vile barracks o' their maisters bare.

GG DDDD GGDD DDDD GGDD GGDD DDAA AAAA
AADD DDDD GGDD DDGG DDDD AADD DD

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.

||: GG DDDD AADD DD :||