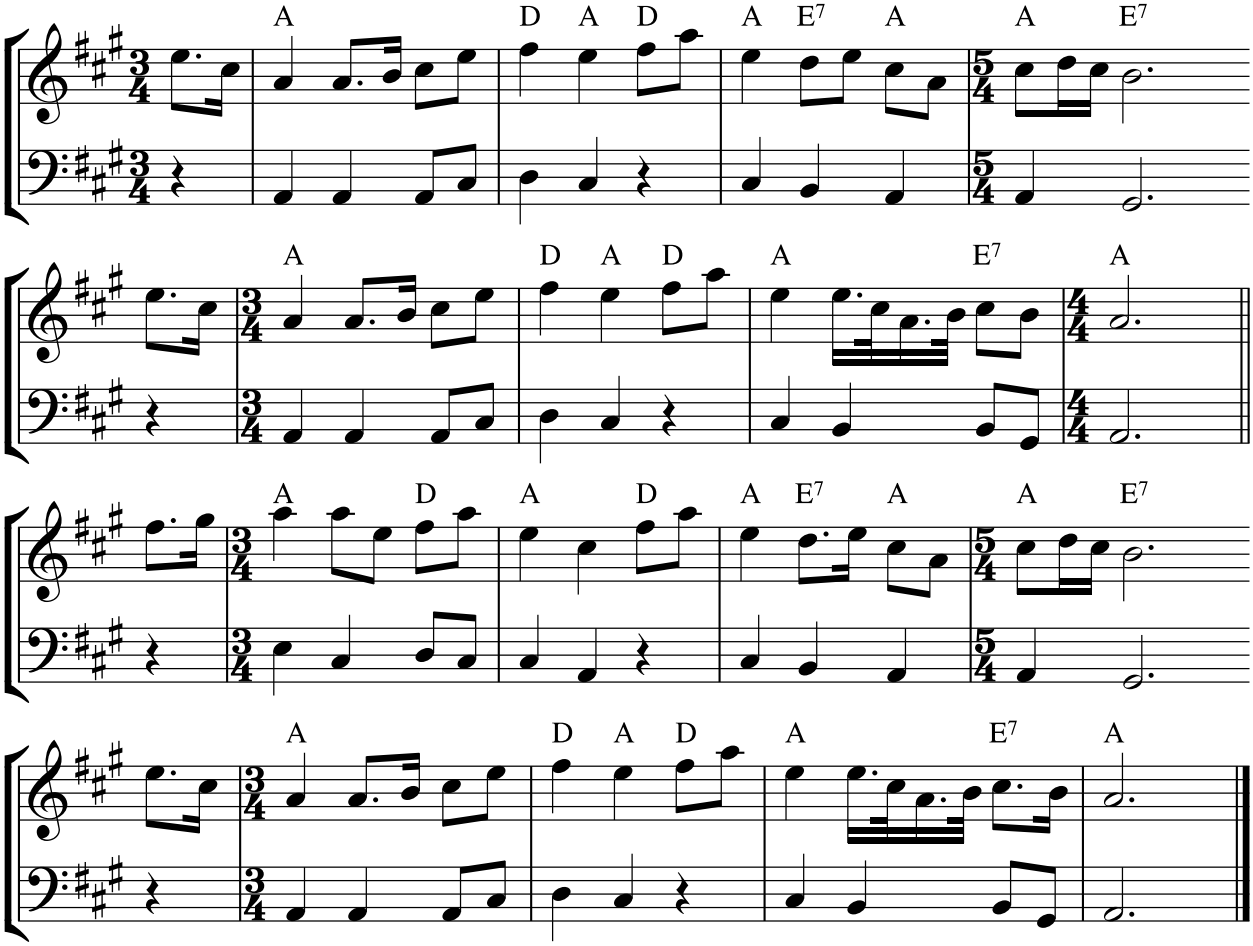
Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

F

Freedom Come-All-Ye *(Henderson)*

song



The Freedom Come-All-Ye

A D A D A E7 A E7
Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin, blaws the cloods heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay,
A D A D A E7 A
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin through the Great Glen o the warld the day.
A D A D A E7 A E7
It's a thocht that wad gar oor rottans, a' they rogues that gang gallus fresh and gay -
A D A D A E7 A
Tak the road an seek ither loanins for their ill-ploys tae sport an play.

Nae mair will oor bonnie callants merch tae war when oor braggarts crousely craw,
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid an clachan mourn the ships sailin' doon the Broomielaw.
Broken faimilies in lands we've hairried, will curse 'Scotland the Brave' nae mair, nae mair;
Black an white, ane til ither mairried, mak the vile barracks o their maisters bare.

So come a' ye at hame wi freedom, never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom.
In yer hoose a' the bairns o' Adam can find breid, barley-bree an painted room.
Whan MacLean meets wi's freens in Springburn
A' the roses an geans will turn tae bloom,
An a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doon.

Hamish Henderson (1919-2002) wrote the words of this song in 1960 to the melody of a pipe tune called The Bloody Fields of Flanders.

Freedom Come-All-Ye

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