

# Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

## 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 clouds 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 world 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 ithier loanins for their ill-ploys tae sport an play.

Nae mair will oor bonnie callants merch tae war when oor braggarts crouselly 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 ithier 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.

