

Bodhrans' Braw Beat

As Ah daundered - heid birlin - doon a mawkit wee street,
Ma hackles wur heezed wi the stench o' defeat.
An ma wee hert wis broken, an the bairns' herts inaw,
Seems oor freedoms' forlorn, in the wind, blawn awa.

Tho the shackles o' union, dissowle ilka day,
A nation is rising, whaur aw hiv their say.
Sae regardless o' colour, or creed or perspective,
It's Freedom that's foremaist, fir oor future elective.

And never, naw never, shall we e'r be restrained,
Fir demanding the birthright, oor fore-fathers' claimed.
Freedom! come aw ye, hailed The Wallace and Bruce,
Ne're again be restrained, by the Westminster noose.

Sae we've risen and sang, the auld sangs - wi new passion,
O' freedom and kinship, and dreams that we'd fashion.
Fir hielands, and lowlands, and islands and toons,
Fir lassies, and laddies, fir quines and fir loons.

A new sang we'v brocht ye, nae a cruin, nae a dirge,
Bit a sweet liltin souchin, tae mak Scot's herts surge.
Whither auld fowk, or new fowk or youse that ur young,
In Gaelic, in Scots or whatever yer tongue.

And brithers and sisters the hale world ower,
Rejoice in the fragrance O' Scotia's new flower,
A haven fir freedom, a harbour fir love;
Fly mightiest eagle, wi the brawest white dove.

We'll forge a new Scotia, in the family o' nations,
Wi respect fir aw ithers, an aw lives creations.
An laudable principles, wi truths tae esteem,
Fir aw o' oor ain fowk, we'll nourish that dream.

As Ah daundered back doon a muckle braw street,
The weans playin loudly, wi sae melodies sweet.
As pipes startit playing, tae a bodhrans' braw beat,
Ma wee taes wur dancing, aye, gey lifies a treat!