Billy Connolly
"Song Of Mor'du"

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I've hunted for him high 'n' low; I've looked him in the eye.
I dream about the perfect way, tae make this devil die.
Come taste ma blade ya manky bear for gobblin' up ma leg!
I'll hunt ye then I'll skin ye, hang your noggin on a peg!

Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
You're ancient as the highlands and as unforgivin' too.
Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
Now the time has come for all of us tae slaughter you!

He's bigger than a Cuillin, killin' armies with his paws.
Mor'du is never happy till the blood runs from his jaws.
He murders in the mountains and he fights with ev'ry clan.
His teeth and jowls have ripped the hearts fae many a highland man.

Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
He's stolen lads and lassies and wee 'bonnie babies too'!
Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
Now the time has come for all of us tae slaughter you!

Through glen and bog and peat and fog we'll find your furry lair.
And then we'll lance you, make you dance- you bear that are nae mair.
We'll roast your rump, add haggis and neeps, and fry your blue blood black.
We'll mix a slice of thigh with spice and grill you on the rack.

Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
We'll bile yur heed wae dumplin' breed tae make an

ursine stew.
Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
Now the time has come for all the clans tae slaughter
you!

We'll make his hide 'a cozy chair', his head upon the
wall.
We'll splash a dram of whiskey on his snout at every
ball.
Tales will tell from glen to glen of how we slayed the
beast.
And all will toast brave highland men at every royal
feast.

Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
The legend spreads from fire tae fire, of the devil that
we slew.
Mor'du, Mor'du
Mor'du, Mor'du!
Now the time has come for all the clans tae slaughter
you!