

Craig Herbertson "Hearts Of Glory"

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This is my story
This is my song
It's a long way from Gorgie
To the fields o' the Somme
Where they played tunes of glory
As we marched along
The pals o' the Sporting Battalion

From the Heart of Midlothian
To the Waverly train
The crowds they were singing
An auld Scots refrain
Our sweethearts and darlings
Our bonnie wee bairns
Were waving their flags
And calling our names

Sing Hearts of Glory
Dawn and sunset
Hearts of glory
Lest we forget
Young Scottish soldiers
And soldiers unknown
Who gave hearts of glory

In the trenches of Picardy
The whistles are blown
And it's over the top lads
Through the wire and the bombs
To pain and destruction
Let the piper play
To lead us to hell
To death and dismay

There was never a moment
I was not afraid
But there by my side
Were the gallant McCrae's
Until they fell in the slaughter
When the bayonets were out
And the few of us left
Held the auld Scots Redoubt

Ellis and Currie
Briggs, Boyd, Hazeldean
Wattie and Nisbet
He was only sixteen
Their names I'll remember
At the end of each day
They fought and died
Wi' Geordie McCrae

Who cared for the Kaiser
Or Imperial gains
Love of our country
Duty or fame?
Between the whim of an airman
And four feathers of shame
We fought for the pals
Of a wee fitba team

And when it was over
Just what had we done?
There were no flags of glory
For McCrae and his own
There were no graves for heroes
For our brothers and sons
Who sleep 'neath the flowers
In the fields of the Somme

Some came back as cripples
Some couldnae kick a ball
Some wounded and broken
Most came not at all
But they remain in my memory
Forever young
The pals o' the Sporting Battalion

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