

The Dubliners

"Battle o the Somme"

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Roch the win in the cleer day's dawin
Blaws the clouds hielster-gowdie o'er the bay
But thair's mair nor a roch win blawin
Thro the Greit Glen o the Warld the day
It's a thocht that wed gar oor rottans
A' thae rogues that gang gallus fresh an gay!
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
For thair ill-ploys tae sport an play.

Nae mair will our bonnie callants
Mairch tae war whan our braggarts crouselly craw
Nor wee weans frae pit-hied an clachan
Murn the ships sailin doun the Broomielaw
Broken faimilies in launds we've hairriet
Will curse "Scotlan' the Brave" nae mair, nae mair!
Black an-t-white ane-til-ither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o thair maisters bare

Sae com a' ye at hame wi freedom
Never heed whit the houdies croak for Doom
In yer hous a' the bairns o Adam
Will fin' breid, barley-bree an paintit room!
When MacLean meets wi's friens in Springburn
Aa thae roses an geeans will turn tae bloum
An a black laud frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burgers doun.

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