

## **Battlefield Band**

### **"The Yew Tree"**

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A mile frae Pencaitland, on the road to the sea  
Stands a yew tree a thousand years old,  
And the old women swear by the gray o' their hair  
That it knows what the future will hold,  
For the shadow of Scotland surround you,  
'Mid the kail and the corn and the kye.  
All the hopes and the fears of a thousand long years,  
Under the Lothian sky.

Chorus:

My bonny yew tree, tell me what do you see.  
My bonny yew tree, tell me what do you see.

Did you look through the haze o' the long summer days  
To the south and the far English border?  
All the bonnets o' steel on Flodden's cold field.  
Did they march by your side in good order?  
Did you ask them the price of their glory  
When you heard the great slaughter begin?  
All the dust o' their bones  
Would rise up frae the stones  
To bring tears to the eyes o' the wind.

Chorus:

Not once did you speak for the poor or the weak  
When the moss-troopers lay in your shade  
For to hide frae the thunder and count all the plunder  
And share out the spoils o' the raid.  
But you saw the smiles o' the gentry,  
And the laughter of lords at their gains,  
Oh, when the poor hunt the poor  
Through mountain and moor,  
The rich man can keep them in chains.

Chorus:

And there as I stood and laid hands to your wood  
It might be a kindness to fell you.  
One kiss o' the axe and you're freed frae the racks  
O' the sad bloody tales that we tell you.  
But a wee bird flew from your branches  
And sang out as never before.  
And the song that he sang was a thousand years old.  
And to learn it along thousand more.

Chorus,  
Then Last Phrase: My bonny yew tree, tell me what CAN  
you see?

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