

# Fire In The Glen

Andy M. Stewart

The old days have gone that had use for a man  
Who supported his lairdship, protecting his land  
Who in times of unrest, he would have dies for his lord  
Now the soldiers of England have taken his broad sword

And there's fire in the glen, fire in the glen  
But no fire in the eyes of our Highland men

And the laird has a smile for the makers of graves  
For the builders of empires and the keepers of slaves  
For he kept his great home losing nothing but pride  
Though his kinsmen lay huddled along the shoreside

And there's fire in the glen...

So beware of their banners and the general's lies  
There's no glory for the poor man, no glittering prize  
For we gave all we had, now our homes they fall down  
And I cry out "Republic" and allegiance to no crown

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