

The Black Douglas

The Corries

There was a man sae dark and true wha Scotland loo'ed
sae dear
There was a king wha lang will rue the Scots wha flayed
him sair
Gan cry the hounds o' Douglasvale, gan string the
Ettrick bow
Gan warn the spears o' Liddiesdale that Edward leads
the foe

He wore the cross our Andrew bore by the steps o'
calvary
He won the sword our Robert wore by the field o'
Balvennie
Gan shear the chains o' slavery, gan dance my leige man
lee
Gan ring the bell o' Liberty shod wi' the metal free

He won his spurs doon by St. Bride upon the green she
free
He held the leopard and the tide by the field o'
Lintounie
Gan shine the shield yer father bore, gan strike yer
metal free
Gan shine the helm yer father wore by the field of
Torwoodlee

He rode yin nicht when it was mirk doon by the
leopard's lair
He chased the tyrant in his shirt around the field sae
fair
Gan pack yer bags ye English loons, gan tak ye banners
hame
Gan tak yer king wha sought oor croon and lost the
bloody game