

Among Proddy Dogs and Papes
By:Alistair Hulett

As a child, I was raised on salted oats
And tales of the savage past;
I learned to love the drifting rain
And winter's icy blast;
And all day long on the Holy Isle
Far out in Lamlash Bay,
I walked the hills in creaking shoes
Where the bones of the old ones lay.

And at night, the head of Wallace bled
On solemn, formal drapes,
And the flower of Scotland bloomed again
Among Proddy Dogs and Papes.

I was taught in school how Britannia's rule
Was forced on the Scots of old:
Bought and sold by a parcel of rogues
For a handful of English gold
Till our fate was sealed at Culloden Field,
When the blood of the clans ran down
Through the twisted sea of history
To the streets of Glasgow Town.

Where at night, the head of Wallace bled
On solemn, formal drapes,
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On the long summer nights when the Northern Lights
Burned the sky like acetylene,
The Prods and Tykes, they fought on the dykes
That ran 'round the housing scheme;
With sticks and stones, we broke our bones
For the sake of the good old cause
That has kept our country bound and chained
Under British laws.

But at night, the head of Wallace bled
On solemn, formal drapes,
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And the old men lilt how the blood was spilt
On the banks of the River Boyne:
Three hundred years of hate and fear
Clutched like a miser's coin.
And at Ibrox and at Parkhead, too,
On the first day of the year,
See full-grown men drag it all out again
While the fans on the terraces cheer.

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