

John Maclean March
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by Hamish Henderson

Hey, Mac, did ye see him as ye cam doon by Gorgie
Awa ower the Lammerlaw an' north o' the Tay?
Yon man is comin'. The hale toon is turnin' oot.
We're a' sure he'll win back tae Glesga the day.
The jiners an' hauders-on are marchin' fae Clydebank.
Come on noo an' hear him. He'll be ower thrang tae bide.
Turn oot Jock an' Jimmie. Leave yer cranes an' yer muckle gantries.
Great John Maclean's comin' hame tae the Clyde.
Great John Maclean's comin' hame tae the Clyde!

Argyle Street an' London Road's the route that we're marchin'.
The lads frae the Broomielaw are here tae a man.
Neil, whaur's yer hoderums, ye big Hielan teuchter?
Take yer pipes, mate, an' march at the heid o' the clan.
Hallo, Pat Malone, I knew ye'd be here,
So the red an' the green, lad, we'll wear side by side.
Gorbals is his the day. Glesga belongs tae him.
Noo great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde.
Noo great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde!

Forward to Glesga Green we'll march in guid order.
Will grips his banner weel. That boy isna blate.
Look noo that's Johnnie there. That's him. He's the bonnie fighter.
Lenin's his comrade and Leibnecht's his mate.
Oh, tak' tent while he's speakin' for they'll mind whit he says here
In Glesga, oor city, an' the hale world beside.
Aye, man, the scarlet's bonnie. Here's tae ye, Hielan Seannie!
Oor great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde.
Oor great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde!

Aye weel when it's finished, I'm awa' hame tae Springburn.
Come hame tae yer tea, John. We'll soon hae ye fed.
It's hard work, the speakin'. Ach, I'm sure he'll be tired the night.
I'll sleep on the flair, Mac, and gie John the bed.
The hale city's quiet now. It kens that he's restin'
At hame wi' his Glesga freens, their joy an' their pride.
The red banner's wavin', man. Scotland has marched again.
Noo great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde.
Great John Maclean has come hame tae the Clyde!