

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Jamie Foyers

Jamie Foyers
(Ewan MacColl)

Far distant, far distant, lies Foyers the brave,
No tombstone memorial shall hallow his grave
His bones they are scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

He's gane frae the shipyard that stands on the Clyde;
His hammer is silent, his tools laid aside,
To the wide Ebro river young Foyers has gane
To fecht by the side o' the people of Spain.

There wasna his equal at work or at play,
He was strang in the union till his dying day;
He was grand at the fitba', at the dance he was braw,
O, young Jamie Foyers was the floo'er o' them a'.

He came frae the shipyard, took aff his working claes,
O, I mind that time weel in the lang simmer days;
He said, "Fare ye well, lassie, I'll come back again."
But young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

In the ficht for Belchite he was aye to the fore,
He focht at Gandesa till he couldna fecht more;
He lay owre his machine-gun wi' a bullet in his brain
And young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

He lies by the Ebro in far away Spain,
He died so that freedom and justice might reign;
Remember young Foyers and others of worth
And don't let one fascist be left on this earth.

WH
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