

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Song of the the Gillie More

Song of the the Gillie More
(Hamish Henderson)

O horo the Gillie More
Whits the ploy yere on sae early?
Braw news, sae tell it rarely
O horo the Gillie More
News o him, yon muckle callant
Whistlin at the smiddy door.
Tak your bow, for heres your ballant
O horo the Gillie More

O horo the Gillie More
Come awa an gies your blether
Heres a dramll droon the weather
O horo the Gillie More
Sons o birk an pine an rowan
Jocks and Ivans by the score
Swappin yarns tae cove the gowan
O horo the Gillie More

O horo the Gillie More
Noos the time, the haimmers ready,
Haud the tangs -- ay, haud them steady
O horo the Gillie More
Gar the iron ring, avallich!
Gar it ring frae shore tae shore.
Leith tae Kiev -- Don tae Gairloch
O horo the Gillie More

O horo the Gillie More"
Heres a weld'll wear forever.
Oor grup they canna sever
O horo the Gillie More"
Anes the wish yokes us thegither --
Anes the darg that lies afore.
You an me: the man, the brither!
Me an you: the Gillie More.

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Among messages of fraternal good wishes exchanged during Scottish-
Soviet friends Week, at the height of the Cold War, was one
"From the Blacksmiths of Leith to the Blacksmiths of Kiev." This

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song was published by the Associated Blacksmiths Forge and Smithy Workers Society to commemorate that event.

"Gillie More" (Gaelic, Gille Mor): big lad

"Ploy": affair, job

"Tae cove the gowan": to beat all

"Avallich" (Gaelic, a bhalaich): my lad

"Darg": work, toil

CC

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