

Bruce's Address To His Army - song lyrics

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Bruce's Address to His Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front of battle lour?
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward, chains, and slavery

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freeman's sword shall freely draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa " -
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression, woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty 's in every blow-
Forward! let us do or die!