Battle of Bannockburn

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(Jean Smith)

In 1314 we took a little turn,
Around the hills an' heather tee the braes o' Bannockburn;
We took along our pipes an' we wore our filibegs,
An' we met the bloody British, but they soon took tae their legs,

cho: We tuned our drones - a little gentle hummin'
We thocht they'd come tae battle but they turned around tae go;
Played one bit tune an' noo they were a-runnin'
We canna ken the British, they're an awfu' flighty foe,

Well, we got there first, so we took the higher ground,
Leavin' for our visitors the lovely bogs around;
Bruce said it was the thing tae dae tae save them a' the climb,
As their legs were surely weary noo frae marchin' a' the time,

So we did a little yellin' an' we waved a sword or two -
Just limb'rin' up a bit, ye ken, an' gettin' ready noo:
But the British seened tae take it wrong an' made an awfu' fuss
You'd think that they had never seen or heard the likes o' us

Well, we thocht at first that they'd sally forth an' play,
But the sticky mud an' brambles 'round them seemed to spoil their day;
For their chargers could nae charge an' their archers could nae draw,
So they packed it in an' a' went hone, they were nae fun at a',

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