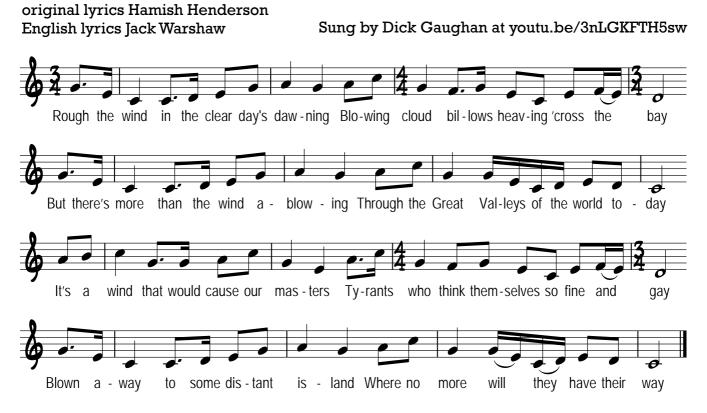
FREEDOM Come All Ye



Rough the wind in the clear day's dawning Blowing cloud billows heaving 'cross the bay But there's more than the wind a-blowing Through the Great Valleys of the world today

It's a wind that would cause our masters Tyrants who think themselves so fine and gay Blown away to some distant island Where no more will they have their way

Never more will our country's finest March to war at some liar's hollow cry Nor will children from town or country Mourn the men sailing off to fight and die

Broken families in lands we conquered Will curse 'Scotland the Brave' no more, no more Black and white will be one together Strike the slums and their landlords sore

So come all you who love your freedom Don't believe those who preach their tales of doom In your house all the children dwelling Will find bread, drink and generous room

When MacLean comes home to greet us Rose and cherry will blossom in the morn And a black lad from old Nyanga Breaks the cruel power of the tyrants down