

The Freedom Come-All-Ye

Hamish Henderson

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

Roch the wind in the clear day's daw - in Blaws the
 Nae— mair will the bon - nie cal - lants maich tae
 So come a' ye at hame wi' free - dom, Ni - ver

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S.

A.

T.

clouds heel - ster gow - die ower the_ bay But there's mair nor a roch wind
 war when oor brag - garts crouse ly_ craw Nor wee weans frae pit - heid and
 heid whit the hoo - dies croak for_ doom In your hoose a' the bairns o'

6

S.

A.

T.

blaw - in through the great glen_ o' the world the day. It's a thocht that will gar oor
 cla - chan mourn the ships sail - ing doon the Broo - mie law, Bro - ken faim - lies in lands we've
 A - dam can find breid, bar - ley - bree and paint - ed room. When Mac lean meets wi's freens in

10

S.

A.

T.

rot_ tans A' they rogues that gang gal - lus fresh and_ gay Tak the
 her - riet Will curse Scot - land the Brave nae mair, nae_ mair, Black and
 Spring - burn, A' thae ros - es and geans will turn tae_ bloom, And a

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S.

A.

T.

road, and seek ith - er loan - ins for their ill ploys_ tae_ sport and play.
white, ane til ith - er mair - iet, Mak the vile bar-racks o'their mai-sters bare.
black lad frae yont Ny - ang - a dings the fell gal-lows o' the burgh ers doon.