

The Black Tartan Clan



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Scotland in our hearts
2014

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Piper Bill

Early morning in 44
They all landed on the shore
He could have been an easy prey
But in his kilt he played all day

As they landed on the beach
Bill Millin was out of reach
Sniper bullets all around
They all marched onto the sound

No balls, no glory
It's the story of Piper Bill
No balls, no glory
The bagpiper with the iron will

He played 'the road to the isles'
When they marched for many miles
Fighting at Pegasus Bridge
Bill Millin was on the ridge

Scotland in our hearts

An army of soldiers invaded our land
A nation so fierce, together we stand
By claymore and dagger, we fight for our home
While we are shouting : we don't stand alone

And side by side we're standing strong
defend our land where we belong
Side by side we hold the line
With Scotland in our hearts

An army of highlanders lead us through war
to show the invaders what we're fighting for
They hear in the distance the high notes and drones
pipers are playing : we don't stand alone

We are the Clan

L'Ecosse qui est une terre promise
ne s'est jamais avouée conquise
elle a connu quelques victoires
comme l'indique clairement l'histoire

c'est le pays des highlands
au sol rempli de légendes
où les hommes sont tous très fiers
de s'être battus pour cette terre

we are the clan and the clan is us

contrée magique aux lueurs diffuse
bercé au son des cornemuses
où les fantômes hantent encore
les vieilles pierres du château de Cawdor

L'ambiance feutrée des pubs le soir
tout seul face à ton désespoir
ou entre amis devant un verre
parlent d'aujourd'hui et d'hier

Friends until the end

the nights are long, the roads are empty
all towns look the same
but every time we meet again
we call our friends by name

Lights are on, we're ready for the crowd
On the stage we're gonna make you proud

And we're all on this road together
that's how it was meant
And we're all on this road together
Friends until the end

The kilts are on, the boots are tightened
we all share a dream
we will never stand divided
once we're on the scene

until I'm drunk enough

I went to a pub the other night
I asked the barman for a pint
I hope I don't get into a fight
before the night is over

All the friends are gathered now
the beer is flowing all around
we're gonna get drunk anyhow
before the night is over

So drink, drink and drink some more
drink, drink, 'till the early morn
drink, drink and drink some more
until I'm drunk enough

So gather round and raise your pint
cause comfort is what you'll find
Your troubles seem so far behind
when the night is over

The time has come to take the road
and leave your troubles at the door
when I'm drunk enough I'll drink some more
I'm gonna start all over

Belgian and drunk

So I did my share of things
spent many time and many drinks
I can't remember what I did
but truly I don't give a shit

I'm Belgian and drunk
give another round and have some fun
I'm Belgian and drunk
Don't lose control
I'm Belgian and drunk
It's another call for alcohol
I'm Belgian and drunk
Don't lose control

the night is over so am I
all my friends are passing by
lying on the toilet floor
sure you can't call me a bore

Ye Jacobites

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear

Ye Jacobites by name your faults I will proclaim

Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear you shall
hear

Your doctrines I must blame, you shall hear

What is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law

What is right and what is wrong by the law

What is right and what is wrong, a short sword and a
long

A weak arm and a strong for to draw for to draw

A weak arm and a strong for to draw

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?

What makes heroic strife famed afar?

What makes heroic strife, to whet the assassin's knife

Or hunt a parent's life with bloody war bloody war

Or hunt a parent's life with bloody war

Then leave your schemes alone in the state, in the state

Then leave your schemes alone in the state

Then leave your schemes alone, adore the rising sun

And leave a man alone to his fate to his fate

And leave a man alone to his fate

Go lassie go

Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
Near yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

Maggots in my haggis

Every Sunday morning, I'm walking to the butcher shop
I know that they are ready, my day 's gonna be top!
Hearts, lungs and onions, they are already cooked
I'm waiting for my haggis, I hope that they have
enough.

But there is one problem, I thought I'd never see
I've got maggots in my haggis, and this is hell for me!

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My best friend would come over
to show me his new wife
We started with a Guinness, all by the clock of five.
The tatties and the neaps, are ready to be served
I'm gonna cut it open, wish that I won't get hurt.

The Factory

I know that it ain't easy
But I try to do it well
I try to keep up with the chain
Although it turns my life in hell

Just try to make a living
And standing on my feet
Just staying out of trouble
I won't give in to defeat

Life is hard, it's fucking hard
But it's a part of me
I've been wasting all my life
Working in the factory
Life is hard, it's fucking hard
But it's a part of me
And the day I retire
It will set me free

I'm longing for the weekend
It's so far that I can't tell
Just working for a paycheck
Is this heaven or is this hell

The artist

He played the six string and he lived rock and roll
And all of his friends said that he's lost control
Just running around 'cause his life had no goal
Just the music to keep to his soul

He played his own music by picking the chords
Put all of his feelings in rhymes and some words
He played it so loud for who wanted to hear
The story of a man and his fear

He travelled the world and he went everywhere
In every old town he played on the square
His music to him was like an affair
A love from which he tasted his share

Now the six strings they are playing no more
The crowd was cheering for a final encore
But the artist has died when he hit the floor
They won't hear his music no more

Though the artist is dead, his music will live
And that's really all that he wanted to give
And some day will come when they will forgive
The way the artist has lived