



BATTLEFIELD BAND • ANTHEM FOR THE COMMON MAN

COMD2008

SONG LYRICS

4: THE SNOWS OF FRANCE & HOLLAND

(B. McNeill) Pub. Kinmor Music

Oh, the North wind knows no border,
as it shifts across the shore,
The road finds only other roads
and the dark hides even more,
For there's many a weary comer
between Flanders and the Rhine,
and the snows of France and Holland,
they have parted me and mine.

Oh, there's sounds to hear and sounds to fear,
and sights to make you sing,
And the bonniest in the morning
is the Snow Goose on the wing,
For her neck is long and slender,
her road's a simple line,
And the snows of France and Holland,
they have parted me and mine.

The moon stands o'er the ocean,
and the waves roll back the tide,
And the strongest man is the wisest fool
till he knows the road he rides,
For the Snow Goose cries to the cold North Wind
while the fool cries out for signs,
And the snows of France and Holland,
they have parted me and mine.

7: THE YEW TREE

(B. McNeill) Pub. Kinmor Music

A mile frae Pencaitland, on the road to the sea,
stands a yew tree a thousand years old,
and the old women swear by the grey o' their hair,
that it knows what the future will hold.
For the shadows of Scotland stand round it,
'mid the kail and the corn and the kye.
All the hopes and the fears of a thousand long years,
under the Lothian sky ...

Chorus:

My bonny yew tree,
tell me what did you see.

Did you look through the haze o' the long summer days
to the South and the far English border?
All the bonnets o' steel on Flodden's far field,
did they march by your side in good order?
Did you ask them the price of their glory,
when you heard the great slaughter begin,
for the dust o' their bones would rise up frae the stones
to bring tears to the eyes o' the wind.

Chorus

Not once did you speak for the poor and the weak
when the moss-troopers lay in your shade,
To count all the plunder and hide frae the thunder
and share out the spoils o' the raid.
But you saw the smiles o' the gentry,
and the laughter of lords at their gains,
For when the poor hunt the poor
across mountain and moor,
the rich man can keep them in chains.

Chorus

Did you no' think to tell when John Knox himsel'
preached under your branches sae black,
To the poor common folk who would lift up the yoke
o' the bishops and priests frae their backs;
For you knew the bargain he sold them
and freedom was only one part;
For the price o' their souls was a gospel so cold,
it would freeze up the joy in their hearts.

Chorus

And I thought as I stood and laid hands on your wood
that it might be a kindness to fell you.
One kiss o' the axe and you're freed frae the racks
o' the sad bloody tales that we tell you,
But a wee bird flew out from your branches
and sang out as never before;
And the words o' the song were a thousand years long,
and to learn them's a long thousand more.

Last Chorus:

My bonny yew tree,
tell me what CAN you see?

*For a full catalogue of Temple releases featuring
the 'real' music of Scotland, please contact:*

**TEMPLE RECORDS, Shillinghill, Temple,
Midlothian, Scotland EH23 4SH**

Tel: 01875-830328

Fax: 01875-830392

email: info@templerecords.co.uk

www.templerecords.co.uk



BATTLEFIELD BAND • ANTHEM FOR THE COMMON MAN

COMD2008

SONG LYRICS

I: MINERS' WIVES

(J. Corrie/A. Reid) Pub. Kinmor Music

We have borne good sons to broken men
Nurtured them on our hungry breasts
And given them to our masters
When their day of life was at its best.

We have dried their clammy clothes by the fire
Solaced them, cheered them, tended them well
Watched the wheels raising them from the mire
And watched the wheels lowering them to hell.

We have prayed for them in a Godless way,
we never could fathom the ways of God.
We have sung with them on their wedding day,
Knowing the journey and the road.

We have stood through the naked night to watch
The silent wheels that raised the dead.
We have gone before to raise the latch
And lay the pillow beneath their head.

We have done all this for our masters' sakes,
Did it in rags and did not mind;
What more do they want, what more can they take,
Except our eyes and leave us blind.

II: I AM THE COMMON MAN

(J. Corrie/A. Reid) Pub. Kinmor Music

I am the common man
I am the fool, the despised.
I am the common man
I am the brute and the slave.
I am the common man
I am the tool in their eyes.
(I am the common man)
From the cradle to the grave,
From the cradle to the grave.
I am the common man,
I am the hewer of coal,
I am the common man,
I am the tiller of soil.
I am the common man,
I am the serf of the seas.
I am the common man,
Born to bear and to toil,
Born to bear and to toil.
I am the common man,
But masters of mine take heed,
For you have put into my head
Many wicked deeds.
I am the builder of halls;
I am the dweller of slums;
I am the filth and the scourge.
When depression comes
When winter's depression comes.
I am the fighter of wars
I am the killer of men.
Not for a day or an age
But again and again and again
and again and again and again.
I am the common man,
Born to bear and to toil.

*For a full catalogue of Temple releases featuring
the 'real' music of Scotland, please contact:*

**TEMPLE RECORDS, Shillinghill, Temple,
Midlothian, Scotland EH23 4SH**

Tel: 01875-830328

Fax: 01875-830392

email: info@templerecords.co.uk

www.templerecords.co.uk