

Freedom Come-All-Ye

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Some months back, when we were seeking politically-oriented songs to complete our Bob Bossin interview, Edith commended this song as "for my money, the finest song of the century." We did not follow it up at the time because we normally restrict our focus to Canadian material. (We happily used, on her recommendation, "The Trans-Canada Highway," which she had collected from Tom Brandon. She also cited Blake's "Jerusalem" as a favorite, and added, "Someone should write a song called 'The Modern Robin Hoods'—Klein and Harris—who rob the poor and give to the rich.")

We offer this song in Edith's memory now. The song was written during the protests against the nuclear submarine *Polaris* by Hamish Henderson, the esteemed Scottish folklorist, singer, and songwriter. (Ian Robb included his "D-Day Dodgers" on his recent recording, *From Different Angels*; see *Bulletin* 29.3, September 1995, p.38) Pete Seeger calls this "one of the world's greatest songs." Scottish singer Dick Gaughan has recorded "Freedom Come-All-Ye" on his recent CD, *Sail On* (Appleseed 1016); he wisely revises "boy" of the final verse to "lad."

Henderson's own performance of the song can be found on *Pipe, Goatskin & Bones: Songs & Poems of Hamish Henderson*, a delightful set of poems and unaccompanied songs. GPN 3001. Grampian Television, Queen's Cross Aberdeen. SCOTLAND AB9 2XJ.

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin
Blows the clouds heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay,
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Through the great glen o' the warld the day.
It's a thocht that would gar oor rottans
—A' the rogues that gang gallus, fresh and gay—
Tak the road, and seek ither loanins
For their ill ploys, tae sport and play.

Nae mair will the bonnie callants
Mairch tae war, when oor braggarts crouselly craw
Nor wee weans tae pit-heid and clachan
Mourn the ships sailing doon the Broomielaw,
Broken faimlies in lands we've herriet
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair.
Black and white, ane til ither mairriet,
Mak the vile barracks o' their maister bare.

Roch the wind in the clear day's daw-in' Blaws the clouds heel-ster gow-die ow'r the

bay. But there's mair nor a roch wind blaw-in' Through the great glen o' the warld the

day. It's a thocht that will gar oor rat-tans Aa they rogues that gang gal-lus, fresh and

gay, Tak the road an' seek i-ther loan-in's For their ill ploys tae sport and play.

So come a' ye at hame wi' Freedom,
Never heid whit the hoodies croak for doom.
In your hoose a' the bairnes o' Adam
Can find breid, barley-bree and painted room.
When Maclean meets wi' his freens in Springburn,
A' the roses and geans will turn tae bloom,
And a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o' the burghers doon.

Michael Pollock & GWL offer the following loose translation:

1. Though a rough wind blows the clouds about, a stronger force is moving through the world, driving out villains from their accustomed paths.
2. No more will young men march to war, no more will children weep for fathers gone to war; peace between nations and between races will make armies unnecessary.
3. If you love freedom, ignore the voices of despair; the coming of peace and freedom will allow the blossoming of a world rich enough for all; even in distant Nyanga, a small black David can topple the gallows of a multinational Goliath.