

## ***Where Lie the Scottish Lads?***

*By Jim Bordelon*

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*Where lie the Scottish lads?  
From the land of heather thistle and streams  
Where lie the Scottish lads?  
The love of each Scottish mother's dreams*

*They fell in the fields with Wallace  
They fell with the Bruce at Bannockburn  
They fell in the battles for freedom  
Ne'er their homes to return*

*Where freedom's battles were hardest fought  
There the Scottish lads would be  
Giving their lives to protect their homes  
They have fallen so Scotland can be free*

*At a hundred fields they gave their lives  
The cold earth rests their head  
Always with courage they stood their test  
Now the Scottish lads lie cold and dead*

*A thousand battles they have fought  
Protecting others in every season  
They fell in nameless fields and woods  
Always freedom the sacred reason*

*And now the home-fires of Scotland burn with warmth  
The children sleep in a gentle peace  
And though freedom moves across the land  
Scottish lads lie where death has lease*

*Because of them, Scotland is free  
Though many Scottish mothers quietly cry  
So when your life you live in Freedom  
Remember the Scottish lads in the fields where they lie*