

Hearts of Glory

Craig Herbertson

8 This is my sto - ry, This is my song. It's a
- loth - ian To the Wa-ver - ly train, The

9 long way from Gor - gie To the fields o' the Somme, Where they played tunes of
crowds they were sing - ing An_ auld Scots re - frain, Our_ sweet-hearts and

18 glo - ry As we marched a - long, The pals o' the Sport-ing Bat - tal
darl - ings, Our bon - nie wee bairns Were wav - ing their flags_ And call-ing our

27 ion. From the Heart of Mid- Sing Hearts of Glo - ry,
names. 1. G A D 2. G D

36 Dawn and sun - set, Hearts of glo - ry, Lest we for - get

46 Young Scot-tish sol - diers And sol-diers un - known Who

55 gave hearts of glo - ry. Fine G A D D.S. al Fine
2. In the trench-es of

In the trenches of Picardy
The whistles are blown,
And it's over the top lads
Through the wire and the bombs,
To pain and destruction
Let the piper play
To lead us to hell,
To death and dismay.

There was never a moment
I was not afraid,
But there by my side
Were the gallant McCrae's,
Until they fell in the slaughter
When the bayonets were out,
And the few of us left
Held the auld Scots Redoubt.

Ellis and Currie,
Briggs, Boyd, Hazeldean,
Wattie and Nisbet,
He was only sixteen.
Their names I'll remember
At the end of each day
They fought and died
Wi' Geordie McCrae.

Who cared for the Kaiser
Or Imperial gains,
Love of our country,
Duty or fame?
Between the whim of an airman
And four feathers of shame
We fought for the pals
Of a wee fitba team.

And when it was over
Just what had we done?
There were no flags of glory
For McCrae and his own,
There were no graves for heroes,
For our brothers and sons
Who sleep 'neath the flowers
In the fields of the Somme.

Some came back as cripples,
Some couldnae kick a ball,
Some wounded and broken,
Most came not at all.
But they remain in my memory
Forever young,
The pals o' the
Sporting Battalion.