

The Pride o' the Lowlands

(Tune – My Love is like a red, red rose)

Frae North tae South oor land is stirred
And herts thrilled tae the core
Oor Liberty's been threatened as it never was before
But brave o' hert an' strong o' airm, oor lads hae faced the foe
An' ere their swords are sheathed again the Huns shall be laid low

Chorus

The Huns shall be laid low my lads,
The Huns shall be laid low
And ere their swords shall be sheathed again
The Huns shall be laid low.

We've often sang the praises o' oor kilted lads sae braw,
And nae true Scot could grudge a word, they've dearly earned it a'
But we hae lads wae equal claims whaes glory ne'er can fade
Oor gallant regiments that form the Lowlanders' Brigade

(Chorus)

The Lowlanders Brigade my lads

Oor Royal Scots, Scots Fusiliers, Scots Guards and Gallant Greys,
Scots Rifles, an' oor Borderers, we'll ever sing yer praise
The pride o' ilka Lowland hert, ye've sworn oor lan' tae save,
Yer deeds have won undying fame, ye bravest o' the brave

(Chorus)

Ye Bravest o' the Brave my Lads

At hame or on the battlefield, ye second are tae nane,
And proodly we will welcome ye when ye come back again
Fu'll weel we ken ye'll dae yir bit, whatever may befa'
God Bless ye lads and keep ye safe, we lo'e and trust ye a'.

(Chorus)

We lo'e and trust ye a' my lads,
We lo'e and trust ye a',
God Bless ye lads and keep ye safe
We lo'e and trust ye a'.

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