

Saxon, Battle Cry

Can you hear the sound
The sound of distant voices
Floating gently 'cross the glen
Can you see the people
The people gathered round
They're worshipping their king

They came to hear the story
They came to sing the song

There's talk of a rebellion
The highlands are aflame
From the mountains to the sea
A prince has come to Scotland
To claim his rightful throne
The seeds of war are sown

They came to hear the story (*)
They came to sing the song
Let me hear, let me hear
Let me hear your battlecry
Let me hear, let me hear
Let me hear your battlecry

An army marches northwards
To meet the fearless clansmen
For England and St George
The red coats face the tartan
The battle lines are drawn
The musket and the sword

(Repeat *)

Many men have fallen
The prince has had his day
Culloden was the name
Their battlecry can still be heard
To this very day
Floating gently 'cross the glen

(Repeat *)