

Sumo, Crua-Chan

By the left, quick march, Crua chan!
It was seven hundred and forty-five,
the highland spirit had revived,
Mac Dougall and Mac Donald there,
the clans had come from everywhere, singing:
Fee fi fo fum,
I smell the blood of a Englishman,
fee fi fo fum,
come on London, here we come.

We went all the way down south,
we were frothing at the mouth,
coming down to Derby town,
we'd beaten everyone around, singing:
Fee fi fo fum

We ended at Culloden moor,
feeling bad and feeling poor,
the redcoats had chased us there,
there we died and there we stayed, singing:
Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of a Scotsman,
fee fi fo fum, United Kingdom here we come.

We the bonnie prince has gone back home,
he's never gonna come back.

We'll do to you at Wembley,
we'll do it to you in pubs,
with the Scottish louts larking about.
Here come your rats, cruachan lad.