

## SONG OF THE GILLIE MORE

Tune: Traditional, arr. H. Henderson

*Allegretto*  
STANZAS 1, 2 & 3

O HO-RO THE GIL-LIE MORE, WHIT'S THE PLOY YE'RE ON SAE EAR-LY?

BRAW NEWS, SAE TELL IT RARELY O HO-RO THE GIL-LIE MORE

NEWS O' HIM, YON MUCKLE CALLANT, WHISTLIN' AT THE SMIDDY DOOR, FINE

TAK YOUR BOW, FOR HERE'S YOUR BALLANT—O HO-RO THE GIL-LIE MORE

INTERLUDE TO FOLLOW STANZA 3

3

D.S. AL FINE STANZA 4.

## Song of THE GILLIE MORE

by  
Hamish Henderson

Among messages of fraternal good wishes exchanged during Scottish-Soviet Friendship Week, at the height of the Cold War, was one

"From the blacksmiths of Leith

to the blacksmiths of Kiev"

O horo the Gillie More  
Whit's the ploy ye're on sae early?  
Braw news, sae tell it rarely  
O horo the Gillie More  
News o' him, yon muckle callant  
Whistlin' at the smiddy door.  
Tak your bow, for here's your  
ballant  
O horo the Gillie More.

O horo the Gillie More  
Come awa an' gie's your blether.  
Here's a dram'll droon the  
weather  
O horo the Gillie More  
Sons o' birk an' pine an' rowan  
Jocks an' Ivans by the score  
Swappin' yarns tae cowe the  
gowan  
O horo the Gillie More.

O horo the Gillie More  
Noo's the time, the haimmer's  
ready.  
Haud the tangs—ay, haud them  
steady  
O horo the Gillie More  
Gar the iron ring, avallich!  
Gar it ring frae shore tae shore.  
Leith tae Kiev—Don tae Gairloch  
O horo the Gillie More.

O horo the Gillie More  
Here's a weld 'll wear for ever.  
Oor grup they canna sever  
O horo the Gillie More  
Ane's the wish yokes us the-  
gither—  
Ane's the darg that lies afore.  
You an' me: the man, the brither!  
Me an' you: the Gillie More.

Gillie More (Gaelic, Gille Mor): "big lad."

Ploy: affair, job.

"tae cowe the gowan": to beat all.

rowan: mountain ash.

gar: make

avallich (Gaelic, a bhalaich): my lad.

darg: work, toil.