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Grigaloo

Grigaloo
(Matt McGinn)

Ten thousand Roman soldiers to the Hielands they came north
And they had conquered everything from the Tiber to the Forth.
They camped beside Loch Lomand, for the night they thought they'd lie,
But somewhere on the Cobbler hill they heard this terrible cry:

CHORUS:

Grigalee! Grigaloo!
Come up and fight, you cowardly crew!
I'll have you for my pot of stew!
You fear to fight with me!

On top stood a bearded Hieland man with a kilt and a big claymore
He looked a bit ferocious, so old Caesar sent up four.
Then he sat down for dinner by the bright light of the moon,
But he lost his taste for vino when four heads come rollin' doon.

CHORUS

Then Caesar sent Marc Antony wi' another fifty five.
"Gae bring to me that rascal's head, or I'll have you stewed alive."
They heard the clash of metal until the night was done,
But again they heard this terrible cry by the rising of the sun.

CHORUS

Then Caesar sent a thousand men, this Hieland man to crack,
But out of all the thousand, there was only one came back.
"Oh, Caesar!" cried the soldier, wi' his head all black and blue,
"The rascal has been lying! There's not just one, there's two!"

So Caesar picked his suitcase up and he ran southwards then
He was doin' eighty miles an hour, but he couldn't catch his men
Now maybe ye will wonder why I've told this tale at all
Well, it has a simple moral, an' they call it...Hadrian's Wall!

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