

A Croft In Clachan

Johnny Cash

With the Campbells and McDonalds, it was in their blood to fight

With each passing generation it became a mans birthright

But they always had a common enemy

Never would the English crown take Scottish independency

Oh the battles rage in Glasgow and majestic Edinburgh

And they came with war machines and in the highlands shots were heard

Then the people rose in union and the forces moved as one

And the Clans all joined together to see English on the run

And in a tiny croft in Clachan sat a mother, Peg Macdunn

And she sewed the cords together for her 16 year old son

And she cried as he was leaving, donâ

And come you back to Clachan when the English are all done

Now Rob Macdunn was ready as he left the croft behind

And he joined the highland pipe brigade with one thing on his mind

That to keep his home and freedom he must face it like a man

So he marched in common union with his musket in his hand

And he met the hill of battle in the highlands and the low

And the reason for the fighting long within his blood to know

In the middle of the rumble he was forward gaining ground

And the bagpipes still were playing as the dead lay all around

Then he moved in no direction till he faced the winds of North

And he boldly climbed the highlands, further from the Firth of Forth

Then one freezing, blowing morning, came the cry of Peg Macdunn

Back to my croft in Clachan God has sent me home my son

And in another croft in Clachan cross the way from the Macdunnâ

With her face against the window sat a young girl, tired and worn

And she smiled a secret knowing as she breathed a prayer alone

I thank thee Lord for bringing Rob Macdunn back safely home

Back to the croft in Clachan, he returned to peace again

He had gone a boy of 16, but he came back as a man.