

# Glenwhorple (The "G" Song)

Source: Songs From Front and Rear; A Collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs or World War Two (and an Ealdomere song site)

There's a braw fine clan o' lads as il - ka man should ken They are de' ils at the ficht-in', they have clured a sicht o' men

They have sup - pit muc - kle whus - key when to ceil - dh they gang ben The hie - lan' men of braw Glen - whor - ple!

Heught! Glen - whor - ple, hie - lan' men, great strong whus - key - suc - kin' hie - lan' men,

They were hard - wor - kin', hai - ry - leg - git hie - lan' men, Slain - te mhor, Glen - whor - ple!

There's a braw fine clan o'lads as ilka man should ken  
They are de'ils at the fichtin', they have clured a sicht o'men  
They have suppit muckle whuskey when to ceildh they gang ben  
The hielan' men of braw Glenwhorple!

## Chorus

Heught! Glenwhorple, hielan' men,  
Great strong whuskey-suckin' hielan' men,  
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit hielan' men,  
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!

They were founded by McAdam, who of all the men was first  
He resided in Glen Eden and he pipit fit tae burst  
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect hielan' thirst  
Till he stoll away the apple from Glenwhorple!

When the waters o'the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er  
The chieftain of the clan y'know his name was Sean McNoah  
So a muckle boat he biggit and he sheckit up the door  
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple!

McNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land  
He came back wi' an empty whuskey bottle in each hand  
But they couldna comprehend him, he was fu' ye understand  
For he found a public house aboon the water!

There was a jock named Joshua, a sapper he by trade  
He went awa' to Jericho aboon a muckle raid  
And the walls they went a-tumblin', and with loot the lads were paid  
For the sapping and the mining in Glenwhorple!

NOTE: Repeat chorus twice to end.

"Slainte mhor," pronounced "slanja vah," means "good health."

\* Optional new verse by Cordigan

\*\*Ealdomere in the original verse

When wise King Solomon was ruler o'er the glen  
He had a hundred pipers and a thousand fichtin' men  
And ten thousand wives and concubines,  
for as I'm sure ye ken  
He kept a pow'rful household in Glenwhorple!

There was a birkie bangster was the ruler o'er the clan  
His name it was t'Wallace and he was a fichtin' man  
And he went about the border  
and the Southron turned and ran  
From the dingin' o' the claymore in Glenwhorple!

\* Many o' the clansmen went and left their heilan' homes  
They loaded up on ships about the world to roam.  
They were lookin' for a special place  
to call their very own  
That's how Calontir\*\* became Glenwhorple!

What a sight this morning wi' the clan all on parade  
Wi' the claymore and the piper and the braw  
Glenwhorple plaid (pronounced "played")  
And the pipey almost sober and the chieftan no' afraid  
O' seein' tartan spiders in Glenwhorple!