**The Lang Town**
Lyrics: McCallion  Music: McCallion/Schramm

I work for the pleasure of stopping
I stop for the pleasure of beer
I eat with me wife and a plate and a knife
And I line someone’s pockets I fear
Oh once I did     love my dear Mary
And she loved me all I could wish
But now she has taken religion
She goes for that I for this

The lang town of Kirkcaldy
In Fife Shire it does lie
It’s here we work in the coal mine
And that we shall do ‘till we die
On the day of the match with England
To Glasgow we rode on the train
But how could we know what awaited
Returning home again

(chorus)
There was Maggie, and Mary and Nell MacCloud
And the pastor , the old sassenach that let us down
Now  there’ll be no more reason for gathering ‘round
For they’ve taken the whiskey from the lang town

Now Maggie she fears for me liver
And Mary she fears for me soul
The pastor he fears for the commerce
That comes from the taking of coal
So all of this lot got together
And they voted the whiskey down
While the lads were watching football
Temperance came to the town (chorus)

Now some they may make a great fortune
And some they may die in a pit
But the taste of the thing that goes into the mouth
Should lead to the swallowing of it
So all of us lads got together
And we stated our case without doubt
No man goes into the coal mine
‘Til he’s say of what goes in his mouth

There was Jackie and Jimmy and Will MacCloud
The the new man from Glasgow that gathered ‘round
We’re taking your coal mine and we’re shutting it down
‘Till you bring back the whiskey to the lang town

There was Maggie and Mary and Nell MacCloud
And the pastor, the old sassenach who’s come around
To keep his congregation his reasoning is sound
And we’ve brought back the whiskey to the lang town

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