**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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