

Jamie Foyers

C G C G
Far distant, far distant lies Foyers the brave.
C F C G
No tombstone memorial shall hallow his grave.
C F C G
His bones they are scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
C F G C
for young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

He's gane frae the shipyard that stands on the Clyde.
His hammer is silent, his tools laid aside.
To the wide Ebro River young Foyers has gane,
to fecht by the side of the people of Spain.

There was na his equal at work or at play,
he was strang in the union till his dying day.
He was grand at the fitba, at the dance he was braw.
O, young Jamie Foyers was the floor o' them all.

He came frae the shipyard, took off his workin' claes.
O, I mind the time weell in the warm summer days.
He said: Fare ye weell lassie, I'm coming back again,
but young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

In the fight for Balchite he was ay to the fore,
and he focht at Gandisa till he could not fecht more.
He lay o'er his machine gun wi'a bullet in his brain,
and young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

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Selv noget så grusomt som Napoleonskrigene der i stor udstrækning blev udkæmpet på spansk jord, har affødt noget godt, nemlig denne smukke sang om Jamie Foyers fra Skotland, der som så mange andre tog afsted til Spanien for at slås i den spanske borgerkrig. Han blev født i Campsie Stirlingshire og som mange andre vendte han heller aldrig hjem. Han blev skudt ved belejringen af Burgos i 1812. Denne version er skrevet af Ewan MacColl.