



# Songbook

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## AMONG PRODDY DOGS AND PAPES

*Words and music by Alistair Hulett (Pub. AMCOS)*

*Written in Australia remembering the Glasgow I'd left behind in the 1960s. Sectarianism is a blight on the working class that keeps us divided against each other and thus much easier to keep in our place. Divide and rule is as simple as it is effective and it's been good to return to Scotland and find this particular form of it under attack from those who most need to be rid of it. I've recorded this song twice, once in an acoustic line-up of Roaring Jack and friends, then later with Dave Swarbrick. There are also a few bootlegs of the celtabilly version I used to do with the full electric Roaring Jack ensemble floating about the place too. This is a composite of the bits I like best from each of them.*

D A D

As a child I was raised on salted oats

G A D

And tales of the savage past

D G A

I learned to love the drifting rain

D A

And winter's icy blast

D G D

And all day long on the Holy Isle

G A

Far out in Lamlash Bay

A D G A

I walked the hills in creaking shoes

D G D

Where the bones of the old ones lay

G D

*And at night the head of Wallace bled*

G D A

*On solemn floral drapes*

A D G A

*And the flower of Scotland bloomed again*

D G D

*Among Proddy dogs and Papes*

I was taught in school how Britannia's rule

Was forced on the Scots of old

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Bought and sold by a parcel of rogues  
For a handful of English gold  
Till our fate was sealed on Culloden field  
When the blood of the clans ran down  
Through the twisted sea of history  
To the streets of Glasgow town

*Where at night the head...*

On the long summer nights when the northern lights  
Burned the sky like acetylene  
The prods and tykes they fought on the dykes  
That ran round the housing scheme  
With sticks and stones we broke our bones  
For the sake of the good old cause  
That has kept our country bound and chained  
Under British laws

*But at night the head...*

And the old men lilt how the blood was spilt  
On the banks of the river Boyne  
Three hundred years of hate and fear  
Clutched like a miser's coin  
And at Ibrox and at Parkhead too  
On the first day of the year  
See full-grown men drag it all out again  
While the fans on the terraces cheer

*And at night the head...*

### **Chord Chart**

Verse:

D / A / I D / / / I G / A / I D / / / I  
D / / / I G / A / I D / / / I A / / / I  
D / / / I G / D / I G / / / I A / / / I  
A / D / I G / A / I D / G / I D / / / I

Chorus:

G / / / I D / / / I G / D / I A / / / I  
A / D / I G / A / I D / G / I D / / / I

Tag:

D / / / I D / / / I D 7 / / / I D 7 / / / I

Instrumental:

A///ID///IG/D/IG/A/I  
A/D/IG/A/ID/G/ID///I

### Playing Tips

The version on Dance Of The Underclass was played with the acoustic guitar tuned to DADGAD, but on the recording with Dave Swarbrick (The Cold Grey Light Of Dawn) I used DADEAB.

I'm making a point of showing all these chord charts either for DADGAD or standard tuning. That's simply because DADEAB is versatile, in that you can play in several keys with it, but it's a bit complicated to use or explain.

This song is basically a three-chord trick and the chords in DADGAD are D (000**2**00) Gsus2 (**55**0000) and A (X0**22**02). Note that I use Gsus2 instead of G most of the time. It's easier to do than G and sounds nice. Essentially, this is just the DADEAB arrangement shifted into DADGAD.

For the Tag I use the following inversions of D – **0907**00, **012011**00 and also D7 – **0302**00. Note that the tag comes in right off the last bar of the chorus.

The instrumental tune is played using single notes backed up with occasional bass strings for support, but the chords I've shown above are the basis of it. Just use the Tag every time if you find you can't figure out the notes you need to pick out the tune. I do this one with a flat pick by the way