

I Saved The King  
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On the slopes o' rugged Ruberslaw  
Frae the wee toon o' Rule, a' hail  
Where the Bowset Burn joins Rule Witter  
And flows ti Teviotdale  
A' came frae a land o' giants  
Nae force could make us bend  
Ti tame the beast for a royal feast  
Ma hert, n' hand ti lend

Now granted lands would be ma prize  
Frae Philiphaugh ti Jed  
But regal thenks a' needed none  
For him ma bluid a'd shed  
Till age condemned ma aching limbs  
Wi Douglas on Halidon Hill  
And wi ma dug, n' a 'Lockerbie Lick'  
Ma loyal bluid did spill

I Saved The King  
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In the ancient woods o' Caledon  
Ti save King Bruce's loyal throne  
I'm William o' Rule  
I turned the bull

When the beacons blaze for Redeswire  
On the Carter Bar  
N' "Out wi the sword" ti Sclaterford  
Wi Scotts n' Kerrs ana'  
There'll be Turnbolls on Ancrum Moor  
Frae Barnhills ti Normandy  
Ti avenge the Deidmans Haugh  
N' the Auld Enemy

So if you should unearth ma banes  
Among Bedrule heidstanes  
Or interred on Denholm Green  
Where Leyden sung ma fame  
You'll ken its me be the size n' girth  
N' back ti Rule ye'll bring  
The muckle banes o' Turn-e-bull, n' shout  
I saved the King

I turned the bull  
In the ancient woods o' Caledon  
Ti save King Bruce's loyal throne  
I'm William o' Rule  
N' I turned the bull