

Parcel of Rogues

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel to e'en our Scottish name
Sae fam'd in sang and story.
Now Sark rins tae th' Solway sands,
An' Tweed runs t' th' ocean..
Tae mark whaur England's Province stands:
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station.
But English gold has been our bane:
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh, would or had I seen the day
That treason thus could sell us!
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But, pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll make this declaration:
We were bought and sold for English gold!
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!