

A Man's a Man for A' That  
By:Alistair Hulett's  
composed by Robert Burns

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that?  
Gie fools their skills, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband star, and a' that;  
The man o' independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that.