

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair
Awa' Whigs Awa'
Robert Burns, 1789

Chorus:

|: Awa, Whigs, awa! :|
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
An' wither'd a' our posies.

Chorus:

2. Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust;
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't!
An' write their names in the black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Chorus:

3. Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing:
The Whig cam o'er us for a curse,
An' we hae done wi' thriving.

Chorus:

4. Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him waukin:
Gude help the day when Royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

Chorus: