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## The Bard

The Bard (Robert Burns)

## **CHORUS**

cho: For a' that, an a' that,
An twice as muckle's a' that,
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that

I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi'gentle folks an a' that,
But Homer-like the glowrin byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

I never drank the Muses stank, Castalia's burn, an a' that; But there it streams, an richly reams-My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave an a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet, Wi' mutual love an a' that; But for how lang the flie may stang, Let inclination law that!

Their tricks an craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, an a'that;
But clear your decks, an here's the Sex!
I like the jads for a'that.

For a' that an a' that,
An twice as muckle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that!

Note: Part of Love and Liberty - A Cantata TUNE: For a' that, an a' that (84)

(same as: I am a bard of no regard) ARB