

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation

D-A-D

Robert Burns

2		1				1		1				3		
1		1			1	1		1				1		
	0	1	2	0		1	2	3	1	0				

Farewell to all our Scottish way

		3			3				1		2			
0	1	1+	1	0		0	1		1		1			
								0	1	0				

Farewell our ancient glory

		1				1		1				3		
1		1			1	1		1				1		
	0	1	2	0		1	2	3	1	0				

Farewell even to our Scottish name

		3			3				1		2			
0	1	1+	1	0		0	1		1		1			
								0	1	0				

So famed in marshal story

3		3											3	
3		3								1	0			
3	4	5	6	5	4	3	2	1	0					0

Now Sark runs over Solway Sands

1		1						3		1				
1		1			3			3		1				
1	2	3	2	3	4	3	4	5	3	1				

And Tweed runs to the ocean

3		3				3						3	1	
3		3				3				1	0		1+	
3	4	5	7	4	5	3	2	1	0				3	

To mark where England's Province stands

					3		2		1		2			
			1	0		0	1		1		1			
2	1	0						0	1	0				

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

What force or guile could not subdue  
Through many war-like ages  
Is wrought now by a coward few  
For hiring traders wages  
The English steel we could disdain  
Secured in Valor's station  
But we're bought and we're sold for English Gold  
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Oh would or I had seen the day  
That treason thus could sell us  
My old gray head had lyed in clay  
With Bruce and loyal Wallace  
But pith and power, till my last hour  
I'll make this declaration  
That we're bought and we're sold for English Gold  
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