

For a' That

Dougie MacLean

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 grey and a' that?
Gie fools their silks 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 cuif 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
Gude 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 ranks 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