

The Old Sod

Spirit of the West

ONE, TWO, THREE
From the old sod to the new land
We came over by the score.
We cut the ties said goodbye
And closed the old world door.
We settled on your prairies
In your cities and your towns.
There's another oatmeal savage
Every time you turn around.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
We soon found our own kind
Formed clubs and social nights
And we practised on each other
Just to keep our accents right.
For there's more tartan here
Than in all the motherland.
We came 5000 miles
To the gathering of the clans.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
There's a bar in the rec room
In the basement of our house,
A little shrine to Ballantynes
Haig and famous Grouse,
There's a sprig of purple heather
From the land that once was mine,
And Robbie's on the tea towel
With the words to Auld Lang Syne.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
Canada's been good to us
We've a living and a home.
We've all got central heating
And most are on the phone.
I'm a citizen of both countries
And very proud to be,
For the thistle and the maple leaf
Are the emblems of the free.

There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad.
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod.