

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by –
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an a' that,
Our toils obscure, an a' that.
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that. [gold]

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an a' that? [coarse-cloth]
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, [give]
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
Their tinsel show, an a' that,
The honest man, tho e'er sae poor,
Is king o men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,' [lively fellow]
Wha struts, an stares, an a' that?
Tho hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that. [fool]
For a' that, an a' that,
His ribband, star, an a' that,
The man o independent mind,
He looks an laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might – [above]
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an a' that,
Their dignities, an a' that,
The pith o sense an pride o worth,
Are higher rank 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,
Shall bear the gree an a' that. [hold the prize]
For a' that, an a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.