

# Spirit Of The West, The Old Sod

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.