

Robert Burns, Awa Whigs Awa

AWA' WHIGS AWA'

(Robert Burns)

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
An wither'd a our posies.

CHORUS

Awa, Whigs, awa!

Awa, Whigs, awa!

Ye're but a pack o traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;

Deil blin' them wi the stoure o't,

An write their names in the black beuk

Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

& ch

Our sad decay in church and state

Surpasses my describing:

The Whig cam o'er us for a curse,

An we hae done wi thriving.

& ch

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,

But we may see him waukin:

Gude help the day when Royal heads

Are hunted like a maukin!

& ch

tune: Awa whigs awa (303)

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