

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION !

This song embodies pretty fairly the anti-union feeling of Scotland, which was essentially a Jacobite feeling, though partaken of by many who were not Jacobites, and echoed by a vast proportion of the populace, while in reality, for anything that has yet appeared, the sober good sense of the country was willing to see the long-contemplated junction effected. The usual charge of corruption against the majority of the Scottish parliament is also here embodied ; a charge, however, which, it is but fair to say, never has been borne out by clear evidence.

Fare - well to a' our Scot - tish fame, Fare-
well our an - cient glo - ry ; Fare - well ev'n to the
Scot - tish name, Sae famed in an - cient sto - ry ! Now
Sark rins o'er the Sol - way Sands, and Tweed rins to the
o - cean, To mark where England's pro - vince stands : Such a
par - cel of rogues in a na - tion !

Farewell to a' our Scottish fame,
Farewell our ancient glory ;
Farewell ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in ancient story !
Now Sark rins ower the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands :
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station ;
But English gold has been our bane :
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

I would, ere I had seen the day,
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lain in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
But pith and power, to my last hour
I'll make this declaration,
We 're bought and sold for English gold :
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
