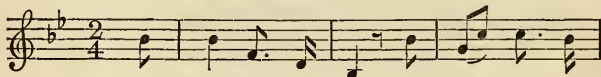
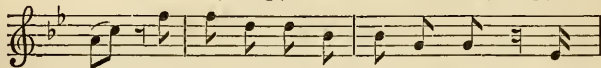


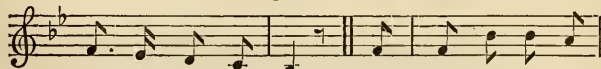
AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!



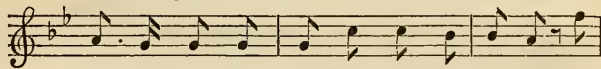
A - wa', Whigs, a - wa'! A - wa', Whigs, a -



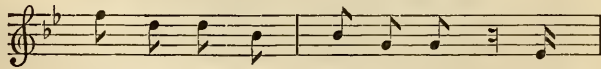
wa'! Ye're but a pack o' trait - or loons, Ye'll



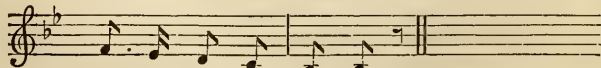
do nae guid at a'! Our thris - tles flourished



fresh and fair, And bon - nie bloomed our ros - es; But



Whigs cam like a frost in June, And



wi - thered a' our pos - ies!

Awa', Whigs, awa' !
 Awa', Whigs, awa' !
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll do nae guid at a' !

Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,
 And bonnie bloomed our roses ;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And withered a' our posies !

Our sad decay in kirk and state
 Surpasses my describing ;
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
 And we have done wi' thriving.

[Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
 Deil blind them wi' the stour o't !
 And write their names in his black beuk,
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't !

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken :
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin !]

The air here given to this lively effusion is one to which the editor has been accustomed to hear it sung in the house of a Perthshire Jacobite family, and which has been included by George Thomson in his collection, with a slight alteration. In Johnson's *Museum*, the song is set to a tune wholly different, and very much less suitable, which Mr Stenhouse believed to be of considerable age, there being an old copy of it in his possession, under the title of *Oh, Silly Soul, Alace !* He also deemed it the progenitor of the popular tune called *What Ails this Heart o' Mine ?* and of *My Dearie, an Thou Die*.

The two verses here given within brackets, were added by Burns.