

## Both Sides The Tweed

Capercaillie

What's the spring breathing jasmine and rose  
What's the summer with all its gay train  
What's the splendor of autumn to those  
Who've bartered their freedom for gain.  
Let the love of our land's sacred rights  
To the love of our people succeed  
Let friendship and honour unite  
And flourish on both sides of the Tweed.  
No sweetness the senses can cheer  
Which corruption and bribery bind  
No brightness the sun can e'er clear  
For honour's the sum of the mind.  
Let virtue distinguish the brave  
Place riches in lowest degree  
Think them poorest who can be a slave  
Them richest who dare to be free