

A Parcel of Rogues

The Dubliners

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame
Fareweel our ancient glory
Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name
So famed in martial story
Now Sark runs to the Solway sands
And Tweed runs to the ocean
To mark where England's province stands
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation
What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valour's station
But English gold has been our bane
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation
O would ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us
My auld grey heid had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace
But pith find power till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration
We're bought and sold for English gold
Such a parcel o' rogues in a nation