

## Robert Burns "Awa Whigs Awa"

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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)

filename[ AWAWHIGS

play.exe AWAWHIGS

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