

## Andy M. Stewart

# "Is There For Honest Poverty (For A' That)"

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Tho' women's minds, like winter winds,  
May shift, and turn, an' a' that,  
The noblest breast adores them maist-  
A consequence I draw that.

Chorus

For a' that, an' a' that,  
And twice as meikle's a' that;  
The bonie lass that I loe best  
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
Their humble slave, an' a' that;  
But lordly will, I hold it still  
A mortal sin to thraw that.  
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,

Has wit, and sense, an' a' that;  
A bonie lass, I like her best,  
And wha a crime dare ca' that?  
For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
Wi' mutual love an' a' that,

But for how lang the flie may stang,  
Let inclination law that.  
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft.  
They've taen me in, an' a' that;  
But clear your decks, and here's-"The Sex!"  
I like the jads for a' that.  
For a' that, &c.

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