

A MAN'S A MAN FOR AW THAT
by Robert Burns

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his heid, and aw that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We daur be puir for aw that!
For aw that, and aw that.
Oor toils obscure and aw that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for aw that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and aw that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for aw that:
For aw that, and aw that,
Their tinsel show, and aw that;
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,,
Is king o men for aw that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and aw that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for aw that.
For aw that, and aw that,
His ribband, star, and aw that,
The man o independent mind,
He looks and laughs at aw that.

A Prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and aw that!
But an honest man's aboon his might -
Guid faith, he mauna faw that!
For aw that, and aw that,
Their dignities, and aw that,
The pith o Sense and pride o Worth
Are higher rank than aw that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for aw that,
That Sense and Worth, ower aw the earth
Shall bear the gree and aw that.
For aw that, and aw that,
It's comin yet for aw that,
That Man tae Man the warld ower
Shall brithers be for aw that.