

## 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