

Both Sides the Tweed

Cara Dillon

What's a spring-breathing jasmine and rose
What's a summer, with all it's gay train
What's the splendour of autumn, to those
Who've barter'd their freedom for gain?

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
To the love of our people succeed
Let friendship and honour unite
And flourish on both sides the Tweed

No sweetness the senses can cheer
Which corruption and bribery blind
No brightness that gloom e'er can clear
For honour's the sun of the mind

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Let virtue distinguish the brave
Place riches in lowest degree
Think them poorest who can be a slave
Them richest who dare to be free

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