

## Parcel Of Rogues

The Dubliners

Farewell to all our Scottish way  
Farewell our ancient glory  
Farewell even to our Scottish name  
So famed in marshal story

Now Sark over the Solway Firth  
And Tweed runs to the ocean  
To mark where England's Province stands  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

What force or guile could not subdue  
Through many war-like ages  
Is wrought now by a coward few  
For hiring traders wages

The English steel we could disdain  
Secured in Valor's station  
But we're bought and we're sold for English Gold  
Such a Parcel Of Rogues in a nation

Oh would or I had seen the day  
That treason thus could sell us  
My old gray head had lyed in clay  
With Bruce and loyal Wallace

But pith and power, till my last hour  
I'll make this declaration  
That we're bought and we're sold for English Gold  
Such a Parcel of Rogues In a nation