We pass him by, slave, we coward a'
That poverty, for honest poverty, That

hanging his head, and a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by, We
What a' that! For a' that, and a' that, Our man's the gowd for a' that.

Toils obscure and a' that; The rank is but the guinea's stamp; The man's the gowd for a' that.

What
though on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-den-gray, and a' that? Gie

fools their skills, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that! For

a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, and a' that; The
He's at his word, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.

Though stares, and struts, and a' lord, Wha kie ca'd see yon bir

Ye see yon bir-kie ca'd a lord, Wha

struts, and stares, and a' that; Though hun-dreds wor-ship at his word, He's
but a coof for a’ that! For a’ that, and a’ that, His

riband, star, and a’ that; The man o’ independent mind, He

looks and laughs at a’ that. A
The a' that, nities, and dig that, Their a' that; But an

For faith, he mau-na fa' that! For

a' that, and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, The
pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, As

come it will for a' that, That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May
bear the gree, and a' that! For a' that, and a' that, It's

com - ing yet, for a' that, That man to man the world o'er Shall

brothers be for a' that.