

The langer that the wise man lives,
The mair he sees and learns,
And aye the deeper care he takes
Owre a' John Tamson's bairns.

There's some distinction, ne'er a doubt,
'Tween Jock and Master John,
And yet its maistly in the dress,
When everything is known;
Where'er ye meet him, rich or poor,
The man o' sense and harns,
By moral worth he measures a'
Puir auld John Tamson's bairns.

There's ne'er been country yet nor kin
But has some weary flaw,
And he's the likest God aboon
Wha loves them ane and a';
And after a' that's come and gane,
What human heart but yearns,
To meet at last in licht and love,
Wi' a' John Tamson's bairns.

