

WE'RE A' JOCK TAMSON'S BAIRNS

Tae brither Scots the warld ower
We send this hamely greetin',
May a' yer joys hae double po'er,
Yer sorrows a' be fleetin'.
Aye, rally tae St. Andrew's call
That a' wha run may lairn
Auld Scotia's sons whaure'er they be
Are a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

We'll aye hae room for members new
Oor Club has lots o' places
For them that seek true fellowship
Wi' ither hairts an' faces.
Frae Edmonton the call goes oot
Tae a' that wad be sharin',
The comforts o' St. Andrew's Club
An' a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Whit's in a name, the poet says;
Weel, maybe there's no muckle,
But it's the strength ahin' it, man,
That gaurs a' Scotchmen chuckle
An' proodly strut the warld ower,
Oor little emblem wearin',
That proves the truth o' oor prood boast
We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Sic' sangs like "Mary o' Argyle"
An' "Jock o' Hazeldean,"
Frae Scottish hairts ca' forth a smile,
A tear frae oot their e'en;
Syne "Loudon's Bonnie Wuids an' Braes"
Or "Buy Ma Caller Herrin',"
Serve tae remind us a' oor days
We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Whaurever Scotchmen gether roun'
They tell wi' sang an' story
Hoo dear auld Scotia won her fame
On fields o' daithless glory;
In silent tribute tae oor dead,
O' selfish thochts be sparin',
That love, compassionate be spread
Ower a' Jock Tamson's bairns.