

Frae what plain common sense c'as richt
 Nae sophistry can win him,
 And daurs tae speak wi' a' his micht
 The burning thochts within him ;
 His sense o' richt, his sense o' wrang,
 His love o' humble worth ;
 He poured in an immortal sang,
 That's ringing roun' the earth :

For intellectually sublime,
 This humble peasant saw, that
 Despite distinctions here, in time,
 "A man's a man for a' that ;"
 And if there was a man on earth
 Wha had his detestation,
 'Twas he wha measured men by birth
 An' worshipped rank an' station :

For after honours he wad sneak,
 An' he'd defend the wrang,
 An' he wad trample on the weak,
 An' truckle tae the strang ;
 Stick ribbons in his button hole,
 An' gartens at his knee,
 An' his bit trifle o' a' sowl
 Gang perfectly a-gley.