

A Man's a Man For A' That – Burns (1795)

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, an' a' that  
The coward slave, we pass him by  
We dare be poor for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
Our toil's obscure and a' that  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine  
A man's a man, for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
Their tinsel show an' a' that  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor  
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts an' stares an' a' that  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
His ribband, star and a' that  
The man o' independent mind  
He looks an' laughs at a' that

A prince can mak' a belted knight  
A marquise, duke, an' a' that  
But an honest man's aboon his might  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that  
For a' that an' a' that  
Their dignities an' a' that  
The pith o' sense an' 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  
Shall bear the gree an' a' that  
For a' that an' a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man, the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that