The Souters o’ Selkirk

Up wi the souters o’ Selkirk
And down wi’ the Earl of Hume;
But up wi’ ilka braw callant
That sews the single-soled shoon.

Fy upon yellow and yellow,
And fy upon yellow and green,
But up wi’ the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi’ the single-soled shoon.

Up wi’ the lads o’ the Forest,
That ne’er to the Southron wad yield;
But deil scoup o’ Hume and his menyie,
That stood sae abeigh on the field.

Fy on the green and the yellow,
The craw-hearted loons o’ the Merse;
But here’s to the souters o’ Selkirk,
The elshin, the lingle, and birse.

Then up wi’ the souters o’ Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi’ the lads o’ the Forest,
And down wi’ the Merse to the deil!