

The Border Queen
By James Thomson
Music by John Rutherford

Where Slitrig dances doon the glen
To join the Teviot waters,
There dwells auld Hawick's honest men
And Hawick's bright-eyed daughters.
And weel we lo'e the guid auld toon.
Ilk nuik frae end to end on't,
She aye has kept the causa' croon,
And ever independent.

What though her lads are wild a wee,
And ill to keep in order,
'Mang ither toons she bears the gree,
The Queen o' a' the Borders.

'Bout forest trees let Gala brag,
We care na what belang them,
They ha'e nae Teri Odin flag,
There's no a moat among them.
They ha'e nae Common, pasture, peats,
They've neither, grants nor charters,
A soor plom tree, a fox that sits
Upon its hinder quarters.

Unfurl the Teri Odin flag
To kiss the breeze o' summer,
And list again the inspiring strain,
Led on by "Wat the Drummer."
The halberdiers wi' buttons clear,
Like sunbeams brightly glancin',
The Cornet and his merry men
On mettled steeds are prancin'.

Then let the Braw Lads come the morn,
And ilk ane bring his dearie,
They'll wish that they had ne'er been born,
Or else been born a Teri.
And up wi' Hawick three times three,
The loon that winna chorus't
May hang upon a soor plom tree,
And sleep in Ettrick Forest.