

Up wi' auld Hawick
By Thomas Caldwell
Music by Adam Grant

There's a toon, by hills surrounded,
Stands by bonnie Teviot's side,
Famous lang in Border story,
We recall her feats with pride;
As her sons were ever foremost
In the foray and the fray,
Ever foremost you will find them
In life's peaceful strife to-day.

*Then up wi' auld Hawick,
O' the Borders the Queen,
Let fraternity reign
Ilka Teri between;
For lads leal and true,
And lasses braw and fair,
There's nae toon amang them a'
Can wi' oor toon compare.*

We've a flag won by the valour
Of our fearless sires of yore;
We've a Common, we'll defend it
From the spoiler evermore;
We've a Moat, which down the ages,
Witnessed many a deed of fame,
When in might Hawick's sons arising
Drove invasion back again.

Shout aloud the grand old slogan,
Spread the banner to the gale.
And as year to year is added
Let them tell proud freedom's tale;
And though youth gives place to manhood,
And old age each life steals o'er,
May each Teri be a Callant
In his heart for evermore.

Make the merry drums to rattle,
Let the fife scream shrill and clear;
Sweeter than Apollo's numbers
Is their music to my ear,
East and west unite their greetings,
As on soft June zephyrs borne,
Absent Teries' thoughts fly homewards
On each Common - Riding morn.