

The winds o chainge.

“It’s comin yet for aw that.”

Long hae I wished tae see the day,
Tae see, an tell the tale
O that blest day the winds o chainge
Begin tae blaw a gale.
 Begin tae blaw a gale,
 Begin tae blaw a gale,
 O that blest day the winds o chainge
 Begin tae blaw a gale.

The Great an Good will tremble
An their rosy cheeks grow pale,
The day we feel the winds o chainge
Begin tae blaw a gale.

The puir an weak will eat their fill,
The rich will sup cauld kail
The day we feel the winds o chainge
Begin tae blaw a gale.

And never mair will we hae Scotland
Auctioned off for sale,
Efter we feel the winds o chainge
Begin tae blaw a gale.

I feel the blast upon ma cheek,
I hear the wanton wail.
Step oot, ma freends! The winds o chainge
Are risin tae a gale.