

## Too wee, too poor, too stupid.

Nowadays, when so many small nations are thriving in the European Union, the notion that Scotland is uniquely unfit for independence begins to look a bit irrational.

Ma weel-honed pints I pit in vain,  
For still they say tae me,  
“Scotland could never stand alane,  
For Scotland’s far ower wee.”  
    Scotland’s far ower wee, ma laddie,  
    Scotland’s far ower wee.  
    Scotland could never stand alane,  
    For Scotland’s far ower wee.

“Scotland’s far ower wee,” they’ll say,  
An then they’ll say, what’s mair,  
“Scotland could never pey its way,  
For Scotland’s far ower puir.”  
    Scotland’s far ower puir, ma laddie,  
    Scotland’s far ower puir.  
    Scotland could never pey its way,  
    For Scotland’s far ower puir.

“Scotland’s far ower puir,” they’ll say,  
Wi third-world holes they group it,  
An freedom for us wuid never dae,  
For Scots are far ower stupid.  
    Scots are far ower stupid, laddie,  
    Scots are far ower stupid.  
    Freedom for us wuid never dae,  
    For Scots are far ower stupid.

Nae patriotic fires ataw  
Their sowels will ever singe.  
They’re sorry victims yin an aw  
O the servile “Scottish cringe”.  
    Servile Scottish cringe, ma laddie,  
    Servile Scottish cringe.  
    They’re sorry victims yin an aw  
    O the servile Scottish cringe.

When faint-herts mock at what I’ve said,  
Ma answer’s sherp an brisk,  
“The man that wants tae get ahead’s  
No feart tae take a risk!”  
    No feart tae take a risk, ma lad,  
    No feart tae take a risk.  
    Sae if we want tae get ahead  
    It’s time tae take a risk.