

## Nuclear Ban Burns' Night

Hosted by Protest in Harmony to celebrate the entry into force of the UN Treaty for the Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons and Robbie Burns' 262nd birthday, January 2021.

### A Man's A Man For A' That

Robert Burns, 1783

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, an' a' that  
The coward slave, we pass him by  
We dare be poor for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine  
A man's a man, for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
Their tinsel show an' a' that  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor  
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts an' stares an' a' that  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that  
For a' that, an' a' that  
The man o' independent mind  
He looks an' laughs at a' that

A prince can mak' a belted knight  
A marquise, duke, an' a' that  
But an honest man's aboon his might  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that  
For a' that an' a' that  
Their dignities an' a' that  
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth  
Are higher rank that a' that

Then let us pray that come it may  
(as come it will for a' that)  
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree an' a' that  
For a' that an' a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man, the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that



## Freedom Come All Ye

Tune: *Bloody Fields of Flanders*;  
Words: Hamish Henderson, 1961

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin  
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie ower the bay  
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin  
Through the great glen o' the warld the day.  
It's a thocht that will gar oor rot-tans  
A' they rogues that gang gal-lus, fresh and gay  
Tak the road, and seek ither loan-ins  
For their ill ploys, tae sport and play.

Nae mair will the bon-nie cal-lants  
Mairch tae war when oor brag-garts crou-sely craw  
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid and clachan  
Mourn the ships sail-ing doon the Broom-ielaw,  
Broken faim-lies in lands we've her-riety  
Will curse Scot-land the Brave nae mair, nae mair;  
Back and white, ane til ither mair-riety,  
Mak the vile bar-racks o' their maisters bare.

So come a' ye at hame wi' Free-dom,  
Niver heid whit the hood-ies croak for doom.  
In your hoose a' the bairns o' Adam  
Can find breid, barley-bree and painted room.  
When Maclean meets wi's freens in Spring-burn,  
A' thae roses and geens will turn tae bloom,  
And a black lad frae yont Nyanga  
Dings the fell gal-lows o' the burgh-ers doon.

### Come My Sisters

Tune: *Rantin' Dog*, version by Derek Hoy;  
Words: Margaret Bremner, 2017

Wha can help me face my fears  
Wha has held me doon the years  
Wha has led me oft astray  
Lit up the road and led the way?

Wha for freedom cut the chains  
Wha wid die tae feed their weans  
Wha stood for equality  
The right to choose, for liberty?

**Come my sisters, sing out now  
Dry your tears and smooth your furrowed brow  
Shelter 'neath the freedom tree  
And dance a lightsome reel wi' me**

(pto)

(pictured above: Jean Armour, who married Robert Burns)

Wha can see through myths and lies  
See beyond their suits and ties  
Wha ken people matter mair  
Than profit margins, they're no fair!

Wha for peace tak up the cause  
Wha will brak corrupted laws  
Wha together know they're strong  
And join wi' me tae sing this song

**Come my sisters, sing out now  
Dry your tears and smooth your furrowed brow  
Shelter 'neath the freedom tree  
And dance a lichtsome reel wi' me**



## ICAN Can-Can

*Tune: Offenbach; Words: Jane Lewis, 2018 (updated 2020)*

We say we will dance the can can,  
with our friends at iCAN,  
Till the U K government signs up to ban the  
Bomb, so we will dance the can can,  
with our friends at iCAN,  
Now the UN Treaty is in force.

Sany states have ratified  
and we will not be satisfied,  
Till the world is free of nuclear weapons  
we will keep on dancing,

Many states have ratified  
and we will not be satisfied,  
Till the world is free of nuclear weapons  
we will dance!

Sign the Treaty, make the world a safer place (x3)  
Sign the treaty, let us live in peace, in peace,  
in peace, in peace, in peace,  
SO –

We say we will dance the can can,  
with our friends at iCAN,  
Till the U K government signs up to ban the  
Bomb, so we will dance the can can,  
with our friends at iCAN,  
Now the UN Treaty is in force.

## Auld Lang Syne

*Robert Burns, 1788*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.**

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.**

We twa hae run about the braes,  
and pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit  
sin auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.**

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
sin auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.**

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!  
and gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,  
for auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.**

