

The Old Sod

Spirit of the West

One, two, three
From the old sod to the new land
We came over by the score
We cut the ties said goodbye
And closed the old world door
We settled on your Prairies
In your cities and your towns
There's another oatmeal savage
Every time you turn around
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
We soon found our own kind?
Formed clubs and social nights
And we practiced on each other
Just to keep our accents right
For there's more tartan here
Than in all the motherland
We came five hundred miles
To the gathering of the clans
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
There's a bar in the rec room
In the basement of our house,
A little shrine to ballantynes
Haig and famous grouse,
There's a sprig of purple heather
From the land that once was mine,

And Robbie's on the tea towel
With the words to auld lang syne
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
Well Canada's been good to us
We've a living and a home
We've all got central heating air
And most are on the phone
I'm a citizen of both countries
And very proud to be,
For the thistle and the maple leaf
Are the emblems of the free
There's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
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