

And some, wi mony a heavy clyte,
 Fa fae the cloods, like tailless kite,
 While ithers rise and grab fu' tight,
 The tapmost rung,
 And pass upon their upward flight,
 Some, earthward flung.

And wha wad thocht, that Fortune wily,
 Wi' beck, and boo, and tongue sae oily,
 Wad mak' a Cooncillor or Baillie
 O' Wallace Tam ;
 Fegs, Jeems, ambition sets ye highly,
 Ye'r worth a dram.

It's scarcely but a twalmonth past
 Sin you and I forgathered last,
 And faith it knocked me aghast,
 Tae hear the news :
 That you by whiff o' Fortune's blast,
 Had filled the shoes

O' auld, and witty Baillie Mac.
 Faith yet I think there's some mistak' :
 And yet, it seems tae be a fac' ;
 Weel here's your health :
 And John sae puir, may equal Jack,
 Wi' loads o' wealth.

But still I'll own it's nae great catch
 Tae sit in Cooncil wi' a batch
 Wha ride upon the very thatch
 O' yon bit biggin' ;
 And try their wily schemes tae hatch,
 Upon your riggin'.

It sets the very blood a boiling
 O working men ;—wha struggling, toiling,
 And seeing some, destroying, spoiling,
 Their dearest plans :
 But still a friend of (their own styling)
 The working man's.