

But man I'm glad it is nae waur,
 For bankruptcy will leave nae scar,
 It may, for ocht I ken, debar

Ye frae a seat.

They may seek lang and travel far
 Ere you they beat.

But, surely, it's nae British rule—
 That if to-day you play the fool,
 Neist year they'll mak' o' you a tool

Tae try their law ;

But faith, your Council chums are cool,
 As cool as snaw.

You ha'e your fauts, I ha'e nae doot,
 And fegs, they ha'e been trotted out ;
 But whaur's the man that is without,

Whate'er betide ;

We show at times the cloven foot,
 And seamy side.

Your Council neighbours may be clear
 And free o' fau'ts ; but O I fear
 The deil at times is unco near

Their open lug ;

Their plastic consciences tae steer,
 And gie a shug.

Had ye attended balls and spees,
 And danced the "whirl" wi' worldly ease,
 Or bathed on Sundays, just tae please

Your noble sel' ;

Then stracht the city's Presbytries
 Sends you tae——

Its true you keep an open shop
 On Sabbath day, tae sell a drop ;
 Accommodatin' mony a fop

Wi' twa bawbees,

And thus ye help the kirk tae prop,
 And gie't a heise.