

Thou dost remind me of the knights of old,  
 Who, for a lock of some fair lady's hair,  
 Their very lives would gallantly have sold,  
 And done all that brave men may do or dare ;  
 And so do ye, though not by spear or sword,  
 Protect the maidens of fair Bon-Accord.

What though the minions of the Force unite  
 To snub our women in the open street ?  
 Art thou not there to dare them to the fight,  
 And make them beat a cowardly retreat ?  
 Well may our maids sing loudly in thy praise,  
 And crown thy noble brow with laurel bays !

In van of battle thou art ever seen,  
 And never yet hast thou been known to yield ;  
 And some evade thy weapon bright and keen,  
 And dare not meet thee in the open field—  
 But cringing, cowering, 'neath thine eagle eye,  
 Shrink off, like beaten curs, when thou art nigh !

But all to little purpose thou hast thrown  
 The gauntlet down to chief of ribbon blue,  
 Who rides his hobby, with regard to none—  
 And gets extremely well paid for it, too :  
 With here a wink, and there a quiet nudge.  
 What is it when it's given with such a grudge ?

But this may not suffice thee ; for, alas !  
 Like the great Alexander of renown,  
 Ye hunger still ; and now ye tackle gas,  
 And question Simpson, with an angry frown.  
 Well done ! the whole affair is quite a scandal,  
 Our gas is not worth five-and-twenty candle.