

FOR THE ABERDEEN PIRATE.

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OUTS AND INS.

A NEW SONG.

TO THE OLD TUNE OF "DONALD M'DONALD!"

I sing the new sett o' the Burgh,
The auld ane will no do ava;
My freen's o' the Council, good morrow!
I doubt ye maun now sing but sma'!
For now ye maun certainly pack
Up your ails, an' be trampin' awa,
De'il care tho' ye never come back,
We'll never miss ane o' you a'!

Provost an' Baillies an' a',
Councillors baith ane an' a'!
I scarcely wad gi'e a Scots plack
For Provost an' Baillies an' a'!

Lang, lang owre the Toun ye ha'e reigned,
An' ta'en frae your betters the wa'!
The purse o' the public ye've drained,
For harbours an' piers an' a'!
For breakfasts, an' suppers, an' dinners,
For pipers an' partons an' a'!
Were there ever such belly-god sinners?
To the pair ye gi'e naething ava!

Port an' Sherry an' a'!
Pipers an' partons an' a'!
John H^m me at the change sadly winners,
An' sair his bald pow does he claw!

O, mony a bit ha'e ye gotten,
O, mony a drappie an' a'!
Ye ha'e a' filled your wames like the rotten
That skulks i' the crap o' the wa'!
Sair, sair will the fisherwives miss ye,
The bakers an' butchers an' a';
An' likewise the lasses that kiss ye,
Whan canty and crouselly ye eraw!

Bakers an' butchers an' a',
Fisherwives, lasses, an' a'!
De'il ane o' them a' will say "bless ye!"
Since fairly, your back's at the wa'!

An' wasna't a very fine story,
That sic a but pitifu' posse
Sud a' been sae lang in close glory,
Tho' now ye are a' up a clossie!
For, wha was the stang o' your trump?
The lad o' the loom an' the shank!
Your maister has got on the rump,
Wha smells o' stale-maister sae rank.

Maister, stale-maister, an' a',
Provost an' Bowies an' a'!
For his wark he may lick up his thank,
Tho' his hauns are as pure as the snaw.

Do ye mind on the grand Manifesto,
Ye published some tomins ago?
It was all but humbugging, for, presto!
Ye all changed your tune, as ye know.
It was all but the fear o' the inoment
That forced you to tak' sic a measure,
You spoke very smoothly, an' so meant
To make up the loss o' the treasure.

Provost an' Baillies an' a'!
Confessin', retractin', an' a'!
O! where will you find so much pleasure,
As oft you've had up in the Ha'?

O! then were the days o' the fun,
The story, the pun, an' the joke;
The laughter went off like a gun,
When Provost and Baillies but spoke!
But now there is naething but dourness,
An' sichin' an' sabbin' an' a'!
The very wine's turnin' to sourness,
An' sure they'll be blabbin' an' a'!

Blebbin' and blabbin' an' a',
Sichin' an' sabbin' an' a'!
For raff there is naething but poorness,
An' toomness sits yap i' your mau'!

Waesucks, for our freen', Ballie Y^{ng},
He's nae an ill body ava!
But for ony swainin' slung,
Lat him trot to the woodie awa!
Our freen', Baillie M^{ne}, wi' his bannet
In han', to baith parties alike,
Ance courted the Provostship,—Janet,
Look up at your bird-takin' tyke!

Trotters an' woodies an' a',
Meal-sellers, *birdies*, an' a'!
Waesucks, for the wine an' the wa'nut,
The Provostship, *birdie*, an' a'!

Waesucks, for our freen', Judas G^{****},
For Curshank an' Mellan an' a';
They've pocketed mony a penny,
Thro' their freen's that are wearin' awa!
They belie the auld sayin', I trow,
For now they maun slink to their sta',
They bu'ena the sense o' the cow,
For they'll love to be back to the Ha'!

Curshank an' Mellan an' a',
Lickin' an' smellin' an' a'!
Wi' Judas, are doun i' the mou',
For their freen's that are leavin' the Ha'!

Waesucks, for auld flunkies, sand-cadgers,
For Sillerton laddies an' a',
For now they are baited like *badgers*,
Tho' some are dooms sweer to *draw*!
Waesucks, for the Geordie an' Johnnie,
For Jamie an' Sandy an' a';
For now they maun sunner ilk crony,
Whilk is na just handy ava.

Geordie an' Johnnie an' a',
Jamie an' Sandy an' a',
Ane I ken, tho' I darena name ony,
By my sang! he wad eat wi' us a'!

Oh! what will become o' the Clerk?
Shall he go to his freen', Baillie Jarvey?
Tho' never a very bright spark,
He is now quite a study for Hervey!
Wags ane blacked his face wi' a cork,
Which surely was not very civil;
But grief in his bosom at work,
Now makes him look dark as the devil!

Saut-market, splay-feet an' a',
Duels an' skelpin' an' a'!
O, ilka kin-kine o' his evil,
The sett taks the set o' them a'!

John H^m me, by my certie, 's nae crouse,
He is likely to lose hame an' a'!
Lat him gang to his can'le-doup house,
Sud he get his discharge frae the Ha'!
He has lang had the key o' the aumry,
The catacombs, cellars an' a'!
Cooks' fingers are aye rather *laamy*,
Yet draw sometimes mair than a straw!

Can'le douns, dreepins an' a',
Broken stoups, sweepins an' a'!
Oh! waes me for Ritclie o' Gomery,
To hang *him* was nae fair ava!

But now it is time to be dune,
Tho' I ha'ena yet mentioned them a';
Yet some winna think it owre soon,
Wha counted maybe on a claw!
But just to haud doun ony din,
Some flees we'se lat stick to the wa';
Whan the folks are a' luttin' in,
They'll lat out stories ane an' a'!

Provost an' Baillies an' a'.
Councillors baith great an' sma'!
The auld maun gang out an' the new come in,
So, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!