

## THE LAMENTATION OF THE PROVOST,

*To his friend the Bailie.*

Many strange changes, have been wrought by Reform ;  
Yet the blast is not blown of the Radical Storm ;  
For we're now to be rul'd by the Councillors' will,  
They are to manage, and we're to sit still.

I'm forced to "concur," said old Bailie M——e.

Our Colleagues last year were good men and true ;  
For they never opposed what we purposed to do,  
'They encor'd all our measures, applauded our will,  
And said as we said, as they ought to do still.

In that I "concur," said old Bailie M——e.

But every thing's changed—"agitation's" the word ;  
With speaking and moving, we're now to be bor'd ;  
They'll re-move all our motions—our committees fill.  
All our plans will be alter'd ;—and we must sit still,

And I must "concur," said old Bailie M——e.

They chatter and splutter, re-resolve and declare ;  
They laugh and deride the old system so fair ;  
They roar out so hoarse—they squeak out so shrill  
To show off their wisdom and consummate skill.

I cannot "concur," said old Bailie M——e.

But for all their derision, the old plan was sound ,  
And many good things in th' old system are found —  
I ne'er say the words—but this truth they instil :  
What was good in the old plan, would be so still.

I really "concur," said old Bailie M——e.

I own I'm a Whig—and I love the Whigs' cause  
But they might have allowed us the "Haddocks" and "claws,"  
With the Cellars well stor'd full of wine at our will.  
Ah! these are the good things, my dear Bailie M——e.

I fully "concur," said old Bailie M——e.