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TO THE BANFFSHIRE VOTERS.

A NEW SONG.

Tune, "*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

Ye Banffshire Voters, ane an' a',
Feuars and farmers—great an' sma',
Arouse ! unite ! your spirit shaw !
And vote for—Colonel Gordon.

Your matters a' he well does ken ;
His interests, too, are just your ain ;
And he'll you serve wi' might an' main—
The gallant—Colonel Gordon.

He is convener of your shire ;
To name his claims it wad you tire ;
To right your wrangs nane can aspire
Sae fit as—Colonel Gordon.

Look at the past, and *there* ye'll find
Strong proofs of his clear, vigorous mind ;
The good o' Banff his heart entwined—
Convener—Colonel Gordon,

That ye your privilege have got,
Spite o' Pitsfour—and right to vote
Is partly owing—is it not ?
To active—Colonel Gordon.

For *fair Reform* you fought wi' might,
Ye've got it now ;—'tis worth your fight ;
Its movements a' will sure gang right,
Watch'd o'er by—Colonel Gordon.

For shame ! to think a Tory can
Have aught in view, but *mar* your plan,
And *thwart* Reform ;—na, na, *your man*
Is clearly—Colonel Gordon.

Let silly sumphs to poll be led,
Like sheep in raips for slaughter fed ;
Sie laughing-stocks ye'll nae be made,
Wha vote for—Colonel Gordon.

Consistency and self-respect,
And zeal your interests to protect ;
All motives urge you to elect
Reformer—Colonel GORDON.

COMMON SENSE.

October,
P. S.—A Banff bit Justice, dull an' dour,
'Bout grammar *carps*—spits *spite* like *stour* ;
Pops aff his *pluff o' pithless power*,
Ye see, at—Colonel Gordon.