

AIR,—“ Ha, ha, the votin' o't.”

The farmers here are all gane gyte ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
The Herald paper has the wyte ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
It makes their matters all sae plain,
Nae langer we can blin' the men ;
And tea to ane the Bruce will gain—
Was ever seen sic votin' o't ?

The Decide farmers girn like curs ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
The Don and Gerie stick like burs ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
The Bachan, too, hae ta'en the gee ;
Tho' we rin wud as wud can be,
They'll pack the Captain aff to sea—
A curse upo' sic votin' o't ! !

The ten-pound voters roun' an' roun',
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
In lika little petty town,
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
Are grown sae scant o' mense an' grace,
A proof we're in a waefu' case,
They spit amaist into our face,
Whene'er we hint—the votin' o't.

And what sair hurts our Tory pride,
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
Their slights and taunts are ill to bide.
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
And tho' we've threaten'd young an' auld,
Frae Ellon hine to Innercauld,
To turn them out o' house an' hauld,
Still they do shy the votin' o't.

It's vain to deave them about corn,
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
That bugbear everywhere they scorn,
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
Our story out they winna hear,
But cut us short with “ Tut, forbear ;
Your buff fa's feckless on our ear—
Ye're bauld to ask sic votin' o't.

“ Gin ye had got your will, we see,
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
The fient a vote we'd hae to gie ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
Ye've deen your warst, and shawn tooth ;
Our pardon ye should beg, forsooth !
Nor let sic word ance cross your mouth,
As ask us to—the votin' o't !

“ What ! shall the shires of Scotlan' all—
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
Turn up their nose at Tories' call ?
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
And shall the shire of Aberdeen
Sae tine its wits—its sense—an' een ;
Sae far forget what he has been,
As choose TOR WILL—at votin' o't !

“ Ye're our warst faes, sae aff may scoup ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
We'll bowster up nae Tory's doup ;
Ha, ha, the votin' o't—
We're pledg'd to Bruce—we winna alter—
Nor smiles nor frowns shall make us falter ;
Wha gangs wi' you deserves a halter,
An' sadly errs—at votin' o't.”