

Man, wasna' yon a kittle throw,
 The working man sent hame yon blow,
 But fate is sure, tho' maybe slow,
 And Vengeance sure ;
 We ken the way, or may be no,
 Their pride to cure.

But Jamie lad, tak' my advice,
 Be wary, when you skate on ice :
 Your whistle's hardly worth the price,
 You're payin' for't :
 They'll trip ye up, man, in a trice,
 They're just the sort.

Tak' nae heed o' their girnin' spite,
 The folk ken brawly wha tae wyte,
 And in the end you'll win the fight
 As sure's a gun ;
 Grup weel the reins, ye'll haud them tight,
 Ere a be dune.

What though they slicht you wi' a jeer :
 Man, better folk's haen mair to bear,
 Just gi'e them rope, and there's nae fear
 The knot they'll tie ;
 And dangle yet, or I'm a lecar,
 Like cloots tae dry.

What though the Broad Street Organ blaw,
 And slaver owre its fav'rites a',
 They did their best, they canna craw,
 In paragraph :
 " Let him wha wins," cry, ha ! ha ! ha !
 In hearty laugh.

But what a waste o' win' was there !
 O' time and ink they'd lots tae spare,
 And mony letters gat the air,
 That wadna got it ;
 The " basket" wad hae been their share,
 Tae lie, and rottit.