

And day by day, and line by line,  
 Each tried his neebor to ootshine :  
 " Don't vote for yours, but vote for mine,  
     The poor man's friend : "  
 A man was like his wits tae tyne,  
     Before the end.

But Jamie, man, what's i' your noddle,  
 Ye hinna smeddum worth a boddle,  
 Afore I'd wi' sic gentry coddle,  
     I'd start mysel'  
 A paper, though it scarce could toddle,  
     'Twad surely sell.

Man, but it was a " dirty trick,"  
 And worthy o' the chap auld Nick,  
 Tae tak your gear, syne wi' a brick  
     Tae knock you doon ;  
 They weel deserve a bit o' stick  
     Across their croon.

But still it seems " the way o' trade,"  
 And money must, and will be made,  
 Dancers maun see the piper paid,  
     Come o't what will ;  
 And siller is a kittle jade,  
     The root o' ill.

But Jeems, fat neebors ye hae got,  
 Losh man they are a curious lot,  
 They winna heed you, no ae jot,  
     A' that you say ;  
 E'en tae the kirk alane ye trot  
     On Sabbath day.

Weel, it is strange, I maun confess,  
 Professing, as they do profess,  
 To be guid men, a' mair or less,  
     And still maintain  
 Sic spitefu' ways, wi' solemn face :  
     It's 'gainst the grain.