

And o' unkindest cut o' a',
 When Mr. C——k took up the ba',
 Man, yon was an uncanny ca'
 Frae sic a han',
 Hoo ye can stan't, beats me ava'
 To understan'.

But mind, yon bizness ye maun settle,
 Pit the contractors on their "metal,"
 They'll land us in a pretty kettle
 Ere a' be dane;
 A chip's a chip, be't big or little,
 A stane's a stane.

Nae doot they'll try your gab tae muzzle,
 But faith, I think they'll get a puzzle;
 Keep ye awake when at a guzzle,
 Or water pairty;
 And let nae them your wits bedezzle,
 Or coup your cairty.

Lord, but they hae a deal o' cheek,
 To slur you sae frae week to week,
 Hoo they wi' ane anither cleek,
 And hob and nob;
 But haud a wee, they'll eat the leek,
 The clannish mob.

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But steady noo, my kittle Muse,
 Ye surely hinna heard the news,
 They've set 'neath Jamie's seat a fuse
 O' dynamite;
 And hae prepared a wily noose,
 Fairplay! Good-night.

A bankrupt James? is that the sin
 That raises a' this shamefu' din;
 Man, but they micht pit in the pin,
 And trade nae mair;
 The wa' 'tween them and you is thin,
 And unco bare.