

And thou art just the man to lead us on,
 And champion our cause through thick and thin,
 Clearing our way and yielding thee to none
 That bar our progress as we press to win ;
 A noble cause our social liberty,
 A nobleman indeed who sets us free.

You may not in the past have much to show,
 Of service rendered to Braif Bon-Accord ;
 Reforms at the best are very slow,
 And this rule holds, too, at our Council Board ;
 And you will meet opponents stiff and strong,
 But armed thrice is he who quarrels wrong.

What sympathy have many that appear
 Upon our Public Boards, with working men ?
 Their purse well lined, what have they got to fear,
 Whether our taxes be one pound or ten ?
 A working man would miss a shilling more
 Than a great deal of them would miss a score.

And so we think a fellow-working man
 Would be a representative more fit
 Than any of a higher class. He can
 With more true knowledge of his fellows sit
 And ponder well o'er each and every plan
 Ere he add burdens on his fellow-man.

But you have made a favourable start,
 And promise well our rights firm to maintain.
 May you from your convictions never part,
 Unless convinced that you pursue in vain !
 And when you settle this suspicious matter,
 Turn your attention to the city's water.