# ADDRESS

TO

# The Electors of Aberdeen.

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Ye poor ten-pounders—poor no more,
Your weight ye never knew before;
Behold the Provost at your door,
To beg your votes,
An' think what cause ye hae therefor
To bless your lots.

I think I hear the puir auld stock
Address you thus—"Kind gentle folk"—
Then to himsel' ("O what a shock
"That I should see
"Sic characters—a perfect mock!—
"Hae votes to gie.")

"I would be sorry to address my
"Kind compliments to *you*; but—bless me
"Those of the *higher rank* distress me
"Wi' requisitions,
"An' something proud, I must confess me,
"O' *their* petitions.

"I've been your Provost many a year,
"For what I've done I should be dear,
"The manifesto and the pier,
"Do but remember;
"You'll soon decide, I hae nae fear,
"Wha should be Member.