

NOW CLERK* count o'er the Council Board,
 They're a met here bit twa,†
 And we maun sign our dying Speech,
 Our Cash is now awa :
 Let G***dy S***I and a' his gang,‡
 Tak warnin by our Fa,
 For fan the Siller leaves the House,
 The luck flees a' awa.
 For there's nae luck about the Town,
 There's nae luck ava ;
 There's nae luck about this House,
 Our Sillers a' awa.

II.

Fan we look down to thae fishwives,
 Wi' a' their " Parton Claws,"§
 Nae wonder that our Borough thrives,
 " They've suffer'd" in its cause :
 We have na' left a Penny Piece,
 Nae drap o' drink hac we,
 And we must soon depart in peace,
 O! sad *ca-la-mi-ty*.

For there's nae luck, &c.

III.

Repentant Sinners here we prove,
 Wi' qualified regret,
 It seems our Projects to remove,
 Increase the Chamber Debt :||
 Vexation and distress ensue,
 Our des-ti-nies foretell,
 To those who fill our slippery shoe,
 A skaith that nane can tell.

For there's nae luck, &c.

IV.

We're habit and repute they say,
 And if we swore 'twas true,
 That black was white, or green was grey,
 'Twou'd be believed by few :
 It's hard that a' our Plots and Plans,
 The Public should pervert,
 For they mawn ken that cleans our hands,
 They wish to break our heart.

For there's nae luck, &c.

V.

We loudly here *re-it-e-rate*,
 Proclaim it " ye Elect,"
 In management of Town's Affairs,
 There's radical defect ;
 A system of concealment too,
 If one were so inclined ;
 He'd keep a *best intentioned* few,
 Like little moles, stone-blind.

For there's nae luck, &c.

VI.
 We therefore humbly here propose,
 Altho' it may seem strange,
 Don't think it odd to come from those.
 Who never dream't of change :
 Now we think it just and fair,
 T' effectually controul,
 And fairly we'd concede a share,
 We canna keep the whole.
 Na—There's nae Cash about the House,
 There's nae luck ava, &c.

VII.

Fan Governments in times of old,
 Sic salutary checks !
 Pat hempen Tows in place of Gold,
 Round a' the Baillies necks :¶
 If ours had been bit weel tarr'd twine,
 'Tis plain to a' mankind,
 Our Funds had been afore the wind,
 Instead o' far behind.

For there's nae luck, &c.

VIII.

The System solely is to blame.
 For with regard to those,
 We shanna mention ony name,
 But let you a' suppose :
 His motives were so very pure,
 That we must all aver,
 His Lordship thought himsel cock sure,
 A Provost coudna err.

For there's nae luck, &c.

IX.

But hark ! we hear the Council Bell,
 One duty to perform
 Is left for us, our Tools we tell,
 That they must all Reform :
 For many months we've all thought so,
 'Tis needless then to preach.
 An empty Purse will farther go,
 Than a' our Dying Speech.

For there's nae luck, &c.

X.

Now, hand in hand with " One Accord,"
 Let's in the circle draw,
 We must retire from this sad Board,
 Hark ! hear the mob huzza !
 Let G***dy S***I and a' his gang,
 Tak warnin by our Fa,
 For fan the Siller leaves the House,
 The luck flees a' awa.
 Exeunt omnes—
 Without singing the Chorus.

Notanda for the Benefit of Country Gentlemen and others.

The Words in Italics are literally from the original Prose, and the Reader will perceive enough almost to puzzle a Poet Laureat.

* In Days of Yore, denominated Chief Scribe ; but now, Town Clerk : has no Vote at the Council, and when he speaks the Provost frowns—but it is well known, the Clerk can frown again.

† The Council consists of..... 19
 from which subtract..... 2 absent,
 and 17 remain, who signed the famous Manifesto.

‡ Supposed to be the Preses of the Burgess Committee, a Set of mad hot-headed Fellows, who wish to introduce Anarchy and Confusion, and then to become Members of Parliament, and Ministers of State.

§ The Platform, or Board covered with Green Cloth, commands an extensive View of the Morning Fish Market, where there is Abundance of those savoury Shell Fish by Naturalists named Crabs, but by the Baillies of this Burgh Partons. The Toe (or by the Baillies versification Claw) of this Fish is strong enough to lead the oldest of them by the Nose, or any other prominent Part.

|| An old Chamber, with a new System of Commerce, lately some Borrowing and Selling carried on ; but, for obvious Reasons, now neither Buying, Selling, Borrowing, nor Lending,

¶ The Baillies wear single Chains of Gold ; the Provost's Cravat is Double, probably from his Weight at the Platform.