

They never taxed our tatoe-yard,
Nor the lang kail *Jean* boils in the pan,
Nor the Herrings frae bonnie *Loch Ryan*,
That's a feast for a hungry man;
And at e'en when we sit by our fire,
We're as free as a King and a Queen,
There's na tax on my bonnie wee bairns,
Nor a cess on my Jeanie's blue een.

Chorus—Wi' their freedom, &c.

Our parrich is no taxed I am sure,
I rent a wee field down by *Kells*,
Jeanie spares a wee lock to the poor,
And we've nearly enouch for oursel's;
I grant ye, the salt's a wee dear,
But wha can make a' pleasures meet,
And we only want salt it is clear,
Because that the meal is so sweet.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

My *Jeanie* cares little for braws,
Yet on *Sabbath* there's few trigger drest,
But I dinna think much o' her claes,
For when she's least on she leuks best.
I make gude coarse sarks, to the bairns
And what's aboon them's nae great care,
We're little the waur I weel ken,
To begin in the world rather bare.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

Then awa wi' Reformers like these,
W'll trust in the hand made us poor,
And that's a' the greatest can say,
For in *Him* they are only secure!
It's neither our *King* nor our *Princes*,
Make the ills that we poor folk maun bear,
And when Death struck the *Pride* o' the *Land*
It was then they first caused us a tear.*

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

Then soon may the time come again,
My forebearers saw lang syne,
When I may throw up my bonnet
For ane o' the *Stewart* line!
For Sir Willie, wha thought o' our hills †
When he fought amang *Pyrennee* bras,

* Death of the Princess Charlotte.

† Lieut. General the Honourable Sir William Stewart, brother to the Earl of Gal-
loway. His services which have been long and distinguished, have ever been accom-