

## SCOTCH REFORM.

AIR—WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'.

My name it is *Sawney McWay*,  
 And I am a wabster by tred,  
 I'm a burgess in *New-Galloway*,  
 And I sleep safe and sound in my bed;  
 They tell me I maun become free,  
 And they talk o' reform and distress—  
 But there's little the matter wi' me,  
 When I canna *fen out my distress*.

Wi' their Freedom, Reform and a;  
 They're scarcely a' worth a sang;  
 Wee'll soon put our *back tae the wa'*,  
 When we hae *discovered our wrang*.

I ken that the land was mair blythe;  
 When the castle and cot shared the soil;  
 When kindness made greatness unfelt,  
 And gratitude lightened oor toil;  
 When equal wi' a', but our Lords;  
 We formed but o' brithers a band,  
 And its them wha now speak of reform,  
 That hae broken the ties o' the land.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &amp;c.

'Tis the loon wi' his new fangled gear,  
 And the Lawyer cock-laird in his ha'  
 Mak auld Scotland sae dowie and wae,  
 And turn right and wrang into law.  
 They come to our *Glens* and our *braes*,  
 To be honoured they glower and they fret;  
 But they soon tak again their auld ways,  
 For our money is a' they'll e'er get.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &amp;c.

It's the honest and poor should be Loyal,  
 They hae little to loose mair than me,  
 The poor man toils o'er a' the Earth,  
 But in Britain they only are free;  
 Let them *cess* their fine meat, drink and claithing,  
 That only bring sickness and sin,  
 It's wi' them that's corrupted by these,  
 That I'll vote the *Reform* to begin.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &amp;c.