

Is there nane o' our Aldermen daur tak' the lead ?
Is there nane will rise up and with eloquence plead ?
Is there nane that with glory would cover himsel',
By trying to get us a steeple and bell ?

Up, Murison, up on your feet ; raise your hand—
Let the Mayor and the rest of them all understand,
When election day comes we will bid them farewell,
If they dinna provide us a steeple and bell.