

When they're pulling the rope they are standing in dreed  
That the hale fabrication will fa' on their heid.

It's of nae use of asking our Councillors ava  
For to get it repaired till it happens to fa';  
They need a' the siller aye now and again,  
To bring out some new-fangled schemes o' their ain.

The de'il tak' them a', not forgetting the Mayor,  
I think whiles mysel' that they dinna act fair;  
When they want to raise money—frae door unto door,  
They send round Tam Tindill and Peter Balfour.

I'll no misca' them when their duty they do—  
I believe in my saul they are honest and true;  
But if things were weel guided 'mang them for a spell,  
They might soon raise enough for a steeple and bell.

Is there nane o' our merchants got siller at a'  
Is there nae Geordie Peabodys 'mang them ava?  
If there is, it is time they cam' out o' their shell,  
And help us to get a new steeple and bell.

My blessing on him, aye, wha led the way first,  
That gave us a fountain to slaken our thirst;  
His name will be honor'd—I wish that there were  
A few more amang us like Archibald Kerr.

There are chances for ithers to get up their name—  
We're wanting a town-clock—wha'll give us that same?  
If our Council had ony respect for itsel',  
We would ne'er need their help for a steeple or bell.