

The bed-rock here, doon there is gold ;
 Some folks would manufacture lees
 To mak' a bawbee on a cheese.
 Shame on the man who salts a claim,
 A man he is—but just in name—
 NO MANHOOD'S IN HIM, HE'S A CHEAT,
 A SMOOTH, DISSEMBLING HYPOCRITE,
 WHO, IF HE COULD BUT GAIN HIS END,
 WOULD E'EN DECEIVE HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

There is a set o' men up here,
 Wha never work thro' a' the year,
 A kind o' serpents, crawlin' snakes,
 That fleece the miner o' his stakes ;
 They're gamblers—honest men some say,
 Tho' it's quite fair to cheat in play—
 IF IT'S NO KENT O'—I ne'er met
 An honest man a gambler yet !
 O, were I Judge in Cariboo,
 I'd see the laws were carried thro',
 I'd hae' the cairds o' every pack
 Tied up into a gunny sack,
 Wi' a' the gamblers chained thegither,
 And banished frae the creek forever.
 But, Sawney, there's anither clan,
 There's none o' them I'd ca' a man,
 They ca' them "jumpers"—my belief
 Is—"jumper" simply means a thief ;
 They jump folks' claims, and jump their lots,
 They jump the very pans and pots ;
 But wait a wee—for a' this evil—
 Their friend 'll jump them,
 He's the deevil !

And sae ye think o' comin' here,
 And leavin' a' your guids and gear,
 Your wife, and bairns, and hame ;
 Ah ! Sawney ! if ye wad listen to advice—
 And sae ye will, if ye be wise—
 This country's no for you ava'
 Sae bide at hame, and work awa'.
 Ye mauna think we honk up gold,
 As ye the tatties frae the mould.
 Gude faith, ye'll maybe honk a twal mo't,
 An' never even get a glisk o't !
 An' then, what comes o' us pair deevils ?
 We get as thin and lean as weevils ;
 O' wark we canna get a stroke,
 We're what they ca' out here "dead broke,"
 Which means we hinna e'en a groat.