

LOCAL PIECES.

A City Lyric.

"DEDICATED TO THE MAYOR AND MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION
OF THE CITY OF HAMILTON."

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, or else the devil will make a grandsire
of some of you.—*Shakspeare—Latest edition.*

THERE's a town in auld Scotland they ca' it Dunkeld,
Whaur they knocked down the steeple and fuddled the bell;
And I think the folks here would be doing what's right,
If they pulled down our bell and our belfry some night.

Our bell's little else but a tumblin'-tam—
In its very best days it was naught but a sham;
'The place where it hangs in would do very weel
For an auld huckster's hen-coop or fisherman's creel.

It's a shame and disgrace to our city, I trow,
That the auld crazy structure we dinna renew;
Some ane will be killed yet, o' that ye'll hear tell,
On some dark stormy night when they're ringing the bell.

Our policemen a' are afraid for to ring it—
It jiggles and joggles whenever they swing it;