

My cash took wings and flew awa',  
And left me e'en without a groat,  
But still an independent Scot.  
And sae I maun begin anew  
To fecht the ills o' Cariboo :  
"But freedom's battle once begun,  
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

Such, Sawney, is a mining life,  
Cases like mine are finco rife—  
In fac' there's dozens livin' here  
Hae seen hard times for mony a year ;  
Yet still they wrestle on thro' a',  
Tho' sometimes they do rin awa'.  
For whan a man can do nae better,  
He has to leave the creek a debtor—  
Altho' I think it is a flicht  
That's no just a'thegither richt ;  
HOOE'ER SAE PUIR A MAN MAY BE,  
HIS MOTTO SHOULD BE HONESTY.  
Still, here the miner on the whole  
Is a straight gaun' honest soul,  
Wha pays his debts baith fair and free,  
If he 's the cash to pay it wi' !

O' mining news I am but scant,  
There's naething on the creek but want ;  
In this cauld season o' the year,  
There's little ane can do up here—  
An' wark is at sae low a figure,  
As ane wad hardly pay a nigger !

There's naught but care on-ilka han',  
On every hour that passes. O !  
An' Sawney, man, we hae nae chance  
To spark among the lasses, O !

A warldly race that riches chase,  
Yet a' gangs tapselteerie, O !  
An' every hour we spend at e'en,  
Is spent without a dearie, O !

Last simmer we had lassies here  
Frae Germany—the burdies, O !  
And troth I wot, as I'm a Scot,  
They were the bonnie burdies, O !