

Some take great delight on the Corberry-hill,—  
 The prospect is pleasing, seen from the wind-mill—  
     But no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     You see the fish flounce in the net—  
     The corn springing up—potatoes set—  
 Ships sailing—herds grazing,—along the Nith banks,  
 Where the local militia are marching in ranks,  
     To the “Black Joke,” over daisies so white.

If down to the Kingholm, or New Quay you rove,  
 You hear the birds singing at sweet Mavis Grove,—  
     There's no walk like the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     What though you see the English side,—  
     Old Solway rolling in his tide,  
 And ready stript bathers plunge in from the banks,  
 Where the local militia are marching in ranks,  
     To the “Black Joke,” over the daisies so white.

If e'er the French conscripts should land on this coast,  
 The local militia would so take their post,  
     They'd ne'er walk on the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     Protecting all that's dear to man,  
     Though Bonaparte should lead their van,  
 Extended, from column, we'd charge them in ranks,  
 Like geese, send them cackling, all down the Nith  
     banks,  
     To the “Black Joke,” over daisies so white.

Or should he send over his young King of Rome,  
 Our loyal tub-dancers would soon send him home,  
     Besudsd o'er from the Dock of Dumfries ;—  
     And should they think such treatment *rough*,  
     We'd give them *polished steel* enough—  
 Like Graham of Balgowan, all down the Nith banks,  
 Our local militia should charge them in ranks,  
     To the “Black Joke,” over daisies so white.