

It's just the way o' this vile race,
'Gainst matters sma' they'll set their face ;
Sma' sins bring blasts o' dire disgrace :

Hook in high places ;
Oh ! then ye are the king, the ace,
Ane o' the graces.

It aft has come across my noddle,
Though ane should flitch a single bodle,
Aff to the big house he maun toddle

For lack o'clink,
Ye've miss'd the mark o' being a model,
Your name shall stink.

Be a great man, do as you like,
Though ye should rob the country's bike,
Ye're then a clever scheming tyke,

Your name shall last :
" Rax down the tinder box and strike
I'll hae a blast."

Hech ! Raleigh man we greatly bless thee,
I kenna weel how to address thee,
Although Queen Bess did sair distress thee ;

I'm sure the weed
Gae thee fell spunk, ere they could class thee
Amang the dead.

Ae thing I hate to see, bit bairns,
I maist could blotter out their hairns,
Wi' pipe in cheek, wi' e'en like starns,

They puff their best :
As the auld cocks craw, the young anes learn
To cock their crest.