

Guid gear's row'd up in bundles sma', there's nocht o' him to
spare,

I think mysel' we might hae waur than Johnnie for our Mayor.

But now ye fifteen "chosen ones" ye soon will take your
place,

Ye've got the honors that ye sought, ne'er bring them to
disgrace ;

Aye hae the city's weal at heart—act just by great and sma'

And if ye dinna do what's richt, the deevil tak' ye a' ;

Reduce our taxes, if you can, let that be your first care,

And gie' us cause to bless ye a', and him you choose for Mayor.