

THE BAILIES OF BONNIE DUNDEE

(Air, The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee,)

To the Bailies in council 'twas Mitchell who cried
It's as clear as the sun that the Provost has lied,
And his presence with us, all true men will agree,
Is a blot on the honour of Bonnie Dundee.

Then down with all fibbers, and show up all frauds
Intriguers and schemers and sly jourking lads,
Let not our town council a laughing stock be,
But keep a clean record in Bonnie Dundee.

But the Bailies they flout him, the councillors jeer,
And the tax-dodging Provost assumes a fine sneer,
Quoth he—It's not lying to twist truth a wee,
It's a time honoured custom in Bonnie Dundee.

Then down with the caith who dares to criticise,
The actions and words of a provost sae wise,
Browbeat him and bully him—let the fool see,
We'll permit no mere workman to rule in Dundee,

But a little bird out on the window sill hylts,
Here comes the tax gatherer, the Lord Provost wilts
And from the tax gatherer endeavoured to flee,
But,—the rest is well known in Bonnie Dundee.

Then down with all fibbers, and show up all frauds,
Intriguers and schemers and sly jourking lads,
Hit straight out nor spare them, whate'er their degree
And we'll drive all the rascals from Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee, Nov., 1904.

• ALVAN MARLAW.