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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

- The Social Class.

A glass of good Whisky I'll take when I'm weary
My blood ^{will} warm and my spirits will cheer,
And when I sit down I intend to be merry,
So fill up a bumper and send it round here.
I scarcely can take half an hour for my leisure
To tell you the truth I am wrought very fair,
My shade and my lassie is a my hale pleasure
We'll both take a rest and "we'll hae a drap mair".
Contented I sit and contented I labour,
Contented I drink and contented I sing,
I never gae out or dispute with my neighbors
For that is a mean and contentious thing.
There are few, very few, ever hear one complaining,
Though sometimes a load of oppression I wear,
But what is the use of a man ever repining
For, Ay when he tacks, he mair hae a drap mair.
'Tis little I know of the laws of this nation,
There's one thing I know that my debts I must pay;
While others are cursing the heavy taxation
But since it's the law we are bound to obey.
There's one thing I know very little of Politics
Little I know and as little I care,
Happy's the man that is free from all man's tricks,
Push round the lug and we'll hae a drap mair.
Now I want aye to my bonnie wee lassie
For fear in my absence that she should think lang,
Many a douch mile she is frae her mammy,
To keep her uneasy would be a great wrong.