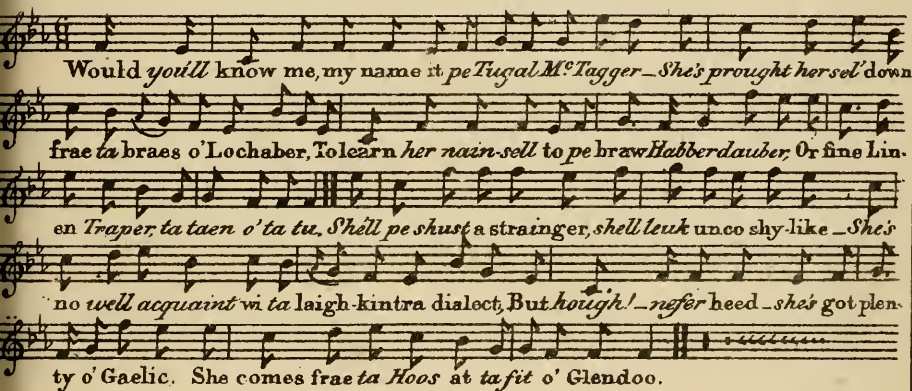
TUGAL M^c TAGGER.

But her kilt shell exchange for ta prau tandy truiser—
 Shell learn to ta lady to scrape an' to doo Sir,
 An' say to ta shantlemans—"hoo did you'll do Sir"—
 An' ten shell forgot her puir freens in Glendoo.
 An' when shell pe spokt ta laigh kintra jabber,
 Shell gie her sel' out for ta LAIRD O' LOCHAPER,
 Shust come for amusements, to turn Habberdauber—
 For tat will pe praver, tan herdin' ta ku.

She'll teuk a big Shop, an shell turnt a big dealer,
 She'll pe cautiont hersel' for tey'll no sought no bailer—
 But Tugal M^c Tagger hersel', maks a failure,
 Tey'll callt her a Pankrump—a trade shell not knew—
 Tey'll callt a creat meetings—shell leuk unco blate noo—
 Shell lain gang awa, but tey'll tellt her to wait noo—
 Tey'll spokt a lang times 'bout a creat estate noo
 Nae doot tey'll thocht shell pe ta Laird o' Glendoo.

Tey'll wrote a lang paper tey callt a Trust Deader—
 Tey'll ax her to sign—but hersel' no can read her—
 Tey'll sought Compongition—Ugh! oich! nefer heed her—
 Tere's no sic a word 'mongst ta hills o' Glendoo—
 Oich! had she her durk noo, hersel' could devour tem,
 Tey'll leuk her to shail when shell stood tare before tem,
 But faith shell got out on a hashimanagerum,
 An noo she's as free as ta winds o' Glendoo.

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