

THE FOUR-WHEELER.

I'LL put ma twa feet through yer biler,
 Ay, you wi' the rid motor caur!
 Scarin' ma horse wi' yir hooter,
 An' spilin' ma cab wi' yir glaur.
 An' the stink o' yir smoke's somethin' awfu';
 Div ye feed yir auld taxi wi' taur?

Nyafs like you are the ruin o' Glesca',
 'Twould mak' even an angel feel sair,
 Wi' yir flag stickin' oot o' yir shouther
 Tae show that you're wantin' a fare.
 An' the toffs say, "Awa' wi' yir growler:
 A taxi's the thing I prefer."

It's weeks since I earned a curdy.,
 I canna afford even beer
 Since you wi' yir auld hurdy-gurdy
 Came an' ended ma honest career.
 An' Wull's ribs are like girds on a barrel—
 Ye could strike matches on them gey near.

May yir sparkin' plugs stick in yir thrapple,
 Broken bottles stick intae each tyre,
 May yir petrol tank leak till it's empty,
 An' spile a' yir chance o' a hire;
 An' I hope that a spark frae yir ingin
 Will set the whole d——d thing on fire.

THE CAR CONDUCTOR.

ACH! A'd raither be a cairter wi' a horse an' coal
briquettes,

Or an interferin' polis catchin' bookies makin' bets,
But tae staun' a' day collectin' maiks an' gettin' tons
o' lup

Frae auld wives an' cheeky weemen—man, it fairly
feeds me up!

Wur first run in the mornin's wi' a lot o' silly goats
Doon tae Yoker an' Kilpatrick, whaur they mak'
the iron boats;

They smoke an' spit an' argy wha is likely tae get in,
Exceptin' when they're narkin' ower the heid o'
Jimmy Quinn.

But they're angels, bloomin' angels, compared wi'
whit A get.

In the efternune an' evenin'—mair pertickler if it's
wet;

Auld wives oot daein' shoppin', an' as nesty as can be
When they're cairret on tae Partick an' them wantin'
Polmadie.

Ach! A'd raither be a cairter wi' a horse an' coal
briquettes,

Or an interferin' polis catchin' bookies makin' bets,
For A'm seik o' cheeky weemen, wi' their impidence
an' fuss,

An' the Corporation, they can——richt, Wull:
here's the terminus!