

“The Cariboo”

And sae ye think o' coming here,
And leavin' a' your guid's and gear,
Your wife and bairns, and home, eh, Swaney,
If ye wad listen to advice,
And sae ye will if ye be wise-
Just bide at hame and work awa'
Ye mauna think we houk up gold,
As ye the tatties frae the mould.
Gude Faith, ye'll maybe houk a twa'l mot
And never ev'n get a glisk o't!
And then what comes o' us puir devils,
We get as thin and lean as weevils;
O' wark we canna get a stoke
We're what they ca' oot here 'dead broke',
Which means we henna e'en a groat
To line our stomach or our coat,
Sae doon the country we may gang,
And this is the burden o'oor sang.
To ilka ane that comes alang,
Freend, be advised and turn aboot,
For Cariboo is noo 'played oot'!

By James Anderson