



O N A

S C O T C H B A R D

G O N E T O T H E W E S T I N D I E S .

A' Ye wha live by fowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,

Come, mourn wi' me!

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,

An' owre the Sea.

'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,

In flinders flee :

He was her *Laureat* monie a year,

That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*

Lang-mustering up a bitter blast ;

A Jillet brak his heart at last,

Ill may she be!

So, took a birth afore the mast,

An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,

On scarce a bellyfu' o' *drummock*,

Wi' his proud, independant stomach,

Could ill agree ;

So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,

An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,

Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was *under hidin* ;

He dealt it free :

The *Muse* was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea!

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera *Diel*,
That's owre the Sea!

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie*!
Your native foil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost *gillie*,
Tho' owre the Sea!

