

ONA

SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

and Twoill Smill ha asian

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.

Lament him a' ye rantan core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wis him,

And in their dear petitions place him:

The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,

Wi' tearfu' e'e;

For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him

That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!

Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;

But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea!

Auld, cantie KYLE may weepers wear, An' stain them wi' the faut, saut tear:

Comp, mound wi me!

'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 Missortune'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 bammock,
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 bidin; 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 soil 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!

