



EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,  
A case that's still too common,  
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,  
The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,  
Whom we, this day, lament!  
We freely wad exchang'd the *wife*,  
An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,  
The *swap* we yet will do't;  
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,  
Thou'fe get the *saul* o' boot.

A N O T H E R.

One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,  
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so  
well,

*N.B. These 3 pieces are not in Dr. Curries  
Edition.  
P.W.*



In respect for the love and affection he'd  
show'd her,  
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up  
the Powder.

But Queen N\*\*\*\*\*, of a diff'rent  
complexion,  
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,  
Would have *eat* her dead lord, on a slender  
pretence,  
Not to show her respect, but—to *save the ex-  
pence.*



## E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter \* \* \* \* in Death does sleep;  
To H—ll, if he's gane thither,  
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,  
He'll haud it weel thegither.