

Burlesque Lament For The Absence Of William Creech, Publisher

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
 Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,
 Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
 Can yield ava,
 Her darling bird that she lo'es best-
 Willie's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,
 And had o' things an unco' sleight,
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 And trig an' braw:
 But now they'll busk her like a fright, -
 Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law:
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd;
 Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding schools,
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw;
 He wha could brush them down to mools-
 Willie's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Among them a';
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer;
 Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw!
 The adjutant o' a' the core-
 Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
 Mackenzie, Stewart, such a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa!

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
 Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin,
 By hoodie-craw;
 Grieg's gien his heart an unco kickin,
 Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum,
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
 Ilk self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum-
 Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,

And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be Slander's common speech;
A text for Infamy to preach;
And lastly, streakit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked Fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

Note To Mr. Renton Of Lamerton

Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,
Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl:
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. Burns