

Elegy On The Year 1788

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die-for that they're born:
 But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
 A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space,
 What dire events hae taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
 In what a pickle thou has left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 And my auld teethless, Bawtie's dead:
 The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks;
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil;
 The tither's something dour o' treadin,
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit,
 For Eighty-eight, he wished you weel,
 An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal;
 E'en monc a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses, dight your e'en,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen,
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
 How dowff an' daviely they creep;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For E'nburgh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now hast got thy Daddy's chair;
 Nae handcuff'd, mizl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
 But, like himsel, a full free agent,
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can.

January, 1, 1789.