

### Epitaph On Holy Willie

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay  
Taks up its last abode;  
His saul has ta'en some other way,  
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,  
Poor, silly body, see him;  
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,  
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,  
Has got him there before ye;  
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,  
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,  
For pity ye have nane;  
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,  
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,  
Look something to your credit;  
A coof like him wad stain your name,  
If it were kent ye did it.