

On A Scotch Bard, Gone To The West Indies

A' ye wha live by sowps 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 rantin 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 wiss 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 sairly 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 ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee:
 He was her Laureat mony a year,
 That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On a scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 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 hidin;
 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 cozie biel:
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee:
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Farewell, 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!