# ELEGY
## ON
# *MAGGY JOHNSTON.*

Who died *Anno* 1711.

*ULD REEKY* mourn in Sable Hue,
Let fouth of Tears dreep like *May* Dew,
To braw Tiponny bid Adieu,
*Which we with Greed*
Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
*But ah! she's dead.*

To tell the Truth, now *MAGGY* dang,
Of Customers she had a Bang;
For Lairds and Souters a did gang,
*To drink bedeen*
The Barn and Yard was aft sae Thrang
*We took the Green.*

And there by Dizens we lay down,
Syne sweetly ca'd the Healths arown,
To bonny Lasses black or brown,
*As we loo'd best.*
In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,
*And took our Rest.*

When in our Poutch we fand ſome Clinks,
And took a Turn o're *Bruntsfield* Links,
Aften, in *MAGGY*'s, at Hy-jinks,
*We guzled Scuds,*
Till we cou'd ſcarce wi hale-out Drinks
*Caſt aff our Duds.*

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow! but we were blyth and fain,
When ony had their Count miſtain,
*O it was nice,*
To hear us a cry, Pike your Bain
*And ſpell ye'r Dice.*

Fou cloſe we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,
And piſh and ſpew, and yesk and maunt,
*Right ſwaſh I trow,*
Then of auld Stories we did cant,
*Whan we were fou.*

Whan we were weary'd at the Gouff,
Then *MAGGY JOHNSTON*'s was our Houff,
Now a our Gameſters may ſit douff,
*Wi Hearts like Lead.*
Death wi his Rung rax'd her a Youff,
*And ſae ſhe died.*

Maun

Maun we be forc'd thy Skill to tine,
For which we will right ſair repine?
Or haſt thou left to Bairns of thine,
*The pauky Knack*
Of Brewing Ale amaiſt like Wine,
*That gar'd us crack?*

Sae brawly did a Peaſe-ſcon Toaſt
Biz i' the Queff, and flie the Froſt,
There we gat fou wi little Coſt,
*And muckle Speed;*
Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a loſt,
*Since* MAGGY's *dead.*

Ae Simmer Night I was ſae fou,
Amang the Riggs I gae'd to ſpew,
Syn down on a green Bawk I trow,
*I took a Nap,*
And ſoucht a Night Balillilow,
*As ſound's a Tap.*

And whan the Dawn begoud to glow,
I hirſl'd up my dizzy Pow,
Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-kow,
*Wi Bains ſae ſair,*
And ken'd nae mair, than if a Ew,
*How I came there.*

Some ſaid it was the Pith of Broom,
That ſhe ſtow'd in her Masking-loom,
Which in our Heads rais'd ſic a Foom,
*Or ſome wild Seed,*
Which aft the Chaping ſtoup did toom,
*But fill'd our Head.*

But now ſince 'tis ſae that we muſt
Not in the beſt Ale put our Truſt;
But, whan we'er auld, return to Duſt,
*Without Remead,*
Why ſhou'd we tak it in diſguſt,
*That* MAGGY's *dead?*

Of warldly Comforts ſhe was rife,
And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,
Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,
*Till ſhe was Stale,*
And ken'd to be a kanny Wife,
*At brewing Ale.*

Then farewell, *MAGGY*, douce and fell,
Of Brewers a thou boor the Bell;
Let a thy Goſſies yelp and yell,
*And without Feed,*
Gueſs whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,
*They're ſure ye're dead.*

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## EPITAPH.

*O Rare* MAGGY JOHNSTON.

# ELEGY

## ON

## *JOHN COWPER* Kirk-Treasurer's Man,

*Anno* 1714.

I Wairn ye a to greet and drone,
*JOHN COWPER*'s dead, Ohon, Ohon!
To fill his Post alake there's none,
*That with sic Speed,*
Cou'd sa'r Sculdudry out like *JOHN*;
*But now he's dead.*

He was right nacky in his Way,
And eydent baith be Night and Day,
He wi' the Lads his Part cou'd play,
*When right sare flee'd,*
He gart them good Bill-siller pay,
*But now he's dead.*

Of Whore-hunting he gat his Fill,
And made be't mony Pint and Gill;
Of his braw Post he thought nae Ill,
*Nor did nae need,*
Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill
*O't, since he's dead.*

Altho

Altho he was nae Man of Weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,
Durſt ſcarce afore his Face appear,
*But hide their Head.*
The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,
*And yet he's dead.*

Ay now to ſome Part far awa,
Alas! he's gane and left it a,
May be to ſome ſad Whilliwha
*O' fremit Blood,*
'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw
*Some Body good.*

Fy upon Death, he was to blame,
To whirle *JOHN* to his lang Hame:
But tho his Arſe be cauld, yet Fame,
*Wi' Tout of Trumpet,*
Shall tell how *COWPER*'s awfou Name
*Cou'd flie a Strumpet.*

He kend the Bawds and Louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reell,
He paukily on them cou'd ſteal,
*And ſpoil their Sport,*
Aft did they wiſh the muckle Deell
*Might tak him for't.*

But

But nee'r a ane of them he ſpar'd,
E'en tho there was a drunken Laird
To draw his Sword, and make a Faird
*In their Defence,*
*JOHN* quietly put them in the Guard
*To learn mair Senſe.*

There maun they ly till ſober grown,
The Lad nieſt Day his Fault maun own;
And to keep a Things huſh and lown
*He minds the Poor,*
Syne after a his Ready's flown,
*He damns the Whore.*

And ſhe, poor Jade, withoutten Din,
Is ſent to *Leith Wynd* Fit to ſpin,
With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,
*And hungry Wame,*
And ilky Month a well paid Skin
*To mak her tame.*

But now they may ſcoure up and down,
And ſafely gang their Waks arown,
Spreading the Clap throw a the Town,
*But Fear or Dread:*
For that great Kow to Bawd and Loun
JOHN COWPER's *dead.*

Shame

Shame faw ye'r Chandler Chafts, O Death!
For ſtapping of *JOHN COWPER*'s Breath;
The Loſs of him is publick Skaith,
*I dare well ſay.*
To quat the Grip he was right laith
*This mony a Day.*

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

OF Umquhile *JOHN* to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right ſhan;
But ſome tell odd Tales of the Man,
*For Fifty Head*
Can gi'e their Aith they've ſeen him gawn
*Since he was dead.*

Keek but up throw the *Stinking Style*,
On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
At the Kirk Door out frae an Iſle,
*It will appear*,
But tak good Tent ye dinna file
*Ye'r Breeks for Fear.*

For well we wat it is his Ghaiſt,
Wow, wad ſome Fouk that can do't beſt
Speak till't, and hear what it confeſt,
*'Tis a good Deed*
To ſend a wandering Saul to reſt
*Amang the Dead.*

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# ELEGY

## ON

## *Lucky* WOOD *in the* Cannongate,

*May* 1717.

O *Cannigate*, poor elritch Hole,
What Loſs, what Croſſes does thou thole?
*London* and Death gars thee look drole,
*And hing thy Head*,
Wow but thou has e'en a cauld Coal
*To blaw indeed*.

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen,
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,
And Echo ſhrill, that a may ken
*The waefou Thud*
Be rackleſs Death, wha came unſenn
*To Lucky Wood*.

She's

She's dead o're true, ſhe's dead and gane,
Left us and *Willy* Burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to ſob and mane,
*And rugg our Hair,*
Becauſe we'll ne'er ſee her again
*For evermair.*

She gae'd as fait as a new Prin,
And kept her Houſie ſnod and been,
Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,
*Like Siller Plate;*
She was a donſie Wife and clean,
*Without Debate.*

It did ane good to ſee her Stools,
Boord, Fireſide, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,
*Basket wi Bread.*
Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,
*Since Lucky's dead.*

She ne'er gae in a Lawin fauſe,
Nor Stoups a Froth aboon the Hauſe,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waus,
*But reaming Swats;*
She never ran ſour Jute, becauſe
*It gee's the Batts.*

She had the Gate ſae well to pleaſe,
With *gratis* Beef, dry Fiſh, or Cheeſe,
Which kept our Purſes ay at Eaſe,
*And Health in Tift,*
And lent her freſh Nine gallon Trees
*A hearty Lift.*

She gae us aft hail Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
*A braw Gooſe Pye,*
And was nae that good Belly Bawm,
*Nane dare deny.*

The Writer Lads ſow well may mind her,
Furthy was ſhe, her Luck deſign'd her
Their common Mither, ſure nane kinder
*Ever brake Bread;*
She has na left her Maik behind her,
*But now ſhe's dead.*

To the ſma Hours we aft ſat ſtill,
Nick'd round our Toaſts and Sniſhing-mill,
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,
*The beſt of Bread.*
Which aften coſt us mony a Gill
*To* Aikenhead.

Cou'd our ſaut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra*'s Lin,
That a the Warld might hear the Din
*Rair frae ilk Head*;
She was the Wale of a her Kin,
*But now ſhe's dead.*

O Lucky *WOOD* 'tis hard to bear
The Loſs; but Oh! we maun forbear:
Yet ſall thy Memory be dear
*While blooms a Tree,*
And after Ages Bairns will ſpear
*'Bout* THEE *and* ME.

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## EPITAPH.

BEneath this Sod
Lies Lucky *WOOD*,
Whom a Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na ſweer,
While ſhe winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for naithing.

# *Lucky* SPENCE's LAST ADVICE.

*THree Times the CARLINE grain'd and rifted,*
*Then frae the Cod her Pow she lifted,*
*In baudy Policy well gifted,*
When she now faun
*That Death na langer wad be shifted,*
She thus began;

MY loving Lasses, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi your Draunts and Droning deave me,
*But bring's a Gill;*
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
*'Tis 'gainst my Will.*

O black Ey'd *Bess*, and mim mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,
*For wham ye faill,*
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,
*Nor yet ye'r Tail.*

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice ; but ſtick to him like Glew,
*And whan ſet down,*
Drive at the Jango till he ſpew,
*Syn he'll ſleep ſoun.*

When he's aſleep, then dive and catch
His ready Caſh, his Rings or Watch ;
And gin he likes to light his Match
*At your Spunk Box,*
Ne'er ſtand to let the fumbling Wretch
*E'en take the Pox.*

Cleek a ye can be Hook or Crook,
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
Be ſure to truff his Pocket-book,
*Saxty Pund* Scots
Is nae deaf Nits : In little Bouk
*Lies great Bank-notes.*

To get a Menſe of whindging Fools,
That's frighted for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,
*Turn ſweer to pay,*
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools
*Anither Day.*

But daut Red-Coats, and let them ſcoup
Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup ;
To gee them up ye need na houp
*E'er to do well.*
They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,
*And play the Deel.*

There's

There's ae ſair Croſs attends the Craft,
That curſt Correction-houſe, where aft
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggins ſaft
*Makes black and blae,*
Enough to pit a Body daft;
*But what'll ye ſay.*

Nane gathers Gear withoutten Care,
Ilk Pleaſure has of Pain a Skare,
Suppoſe then they ſhould tirle ye bare,
*And gar ye ſike,*
E'en learn to thole; it's very fair
*Ye're Nibour like.*

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Loſſes,
Ye'r Milkwhite Teeth, and Cheeks like Roſes,
Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noſes
*Faws down wi Dads,*
To keep your Hearts up 'neath ſic Croſſes,
*Set up for Bauds.*

Wi well criſh'd Loofs I hae been canty;
Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
To try the auld Game Taunty Ranty,
*Like Cooſers keen,*
They took Advice of me your Aunty,
*If ye were clean.*

Then up I took my Siller Ca,
And whiſtl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
Roun'd in his Lug that there was a
*Poor Country Kate,*
As haleſom as the Well of *Spaw,*
*But unka blate.*

Sae

Sae whan e'er Company came in,
And were upo' a merry Pin,
I ſlade away wi' little Din
*And muckle Menſs;*
Left Conſcience Judge, it was a ane
*To Lucky* Spence.

My Benniſon come on good Doers,
Who ſpend their Caſh on Bawds and Whores
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
*For a ſair Snout.*
Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire ſmoors,
*And puts na out.*

My Maliſon light ilka Day
On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
But takes a Snack and rins away,
*May't be their Hap*
Never to want a Gonorhæa,
*Or rotten Clap.*

Laſs gi'e us in anither Gill,
A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
Let Death ſyne regiſtrate his Bill
*whan I want Senſe,*
I'll ſlip away with better Will,
*Quo Lucky* Spence.