

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haff

O' half his days ;

An' fends, beside, auld *Scotland's* caith

To her warft faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,

Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,

Poor, plackless devils like *myself*,

It sets you ill,

Wi' bitter, dearthfu' *wines* to mell,

Or foreign gill.

May *Gravels* round his blather wrench,

An' *Gouts* torment him, inch by inch,

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch

O' four disdain,

Out owre a glafs o' *Whisky-punch*

Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! foul o' plays an' pranks !

Accept a *Bardie's* gratefu' thanks !

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks

Are my poor Verses !