

THE
L I F E and D E A T H
O F T H E
Piper of Kilbarchan,
O R

*The Epitaph of Habbie Simpson
Who on his Dron bore bonny Flags
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimson,
And babbed when he blew his Bags,*

Kilbarchan now may say alas!
For she hath lost her game and grace:
Both Trixie and the Maiden-trace
But what remeed?
For no man can supply his place
Hab Simpson's dead,

Now who shal play the day it daws,
Or hunts up when the Cock he craws,
Or who can for our Kirk-towns Cause
stand us instead?
On Bag-pipes now no body blaws,
Sen Habbie's dead.

Or who shall cause our Shearers shear?
Who will bend up the Brags of weir?
Bring in the Bells, or good play Meir,
In time of need
Hab Simpson could what need you speir,
But now he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbours neist,
At Beltan and Saint Barchan's Feast,
He blew and then held up his Breast,
As he were weid,
But now we need not him arreist:
For Habbie's dead.

At Fairs he play'd before rhe Spear-men
All gayly graithed in their Gear-men
Steel Bonnets, Jasts and Swords so clear
Like any Bead, (then
Now who will play before such weir-men
Sen Habbie's dead.

At Clark-plays when he went to come
His pipe play'd trimly to the Drum:
Like Bikes of Bees he gart it bum,
And rund his Reed:
Now all our pipers may sing dumb
Sen Habbie's dead.

And at Horse-races many a day,
Before the Black, the Brown and Gray,
He gart his pipe when he did play,
Both skirl and skried:

Now all such pastim's quite away
Sen Habbie's dead.

He counted was a wail'd wight Man,
And fiercely at Foot-baill he ran:
At every Game the gree he wan,
For pith and speed?
The like of Habbie was not then,
But now he's dead.

And than beside his valiant Acts,
At Brydels he wan many placks
He babbed ay behind Folks Backs,
And shook his Head,

Now we want many merry Ctacks,
Sen Habbie's dead.

He was convoyer of the Bride,
With Kittock hanging at his side,
About the Kirk he thought a pride,
The Ring to lead?

But now she may go but a Guide?
For Habbie's dead.

So well's he kepted his Decorum,
And all the steps of Whip meg morum
He slew a Man, and wo's me for him,
and bare the feed-

But yet the man wan Fame before his
and was not dead.

Ay when he play'd the Lasses leugh,
To see him toothless, old and teuch?
He wan his pipe beside Barbeugh
Withoutten dread?

which after wan him Gear enough
But now he's dead.

Alas! for him my heart is sare,
For of his Springs I got a Share,
At every play, Race, Feast and Fair
But guile or Greed?

We need not look for piping mair,
Sen Habbie's dead.

F I N I S.