

E L E G I E

On *John Pringle*, Town-Piper of *Lauder*.

To the Tune of, *Lang Unken'd*.

[Done by *Maggie Riddel's Son*.]

O Gosh! what will come o' us now?
John Pringle's dead; and that I rew:
 Had ye but kend him sae wad you,
 Your Heart wad bleed.
 He couthsome, trusty was and true;
 But, Sirs, he's dead!

To gi'e a Tune he was nae sweit
 At *Pafch*, or ony Time a Year,
 Gi'e him a Waught of Ale or Bear,
 He made nae Doubt,
 He green'd for nae mair of your Gear
 But Soup about.

At Banquets, Bridels, Feasts and Fairs,
 His Chanterlill dang down aa Cares,
 He gart the Carles loup in Pairs,
 And gape and sing:
 The Littleanes spang'd upo' the Stairs
 Like ony Thing.

He made them yaal o' Lith and Limm,
 They danc'd 'till baith their Een grew dimm,
 Then frae the Legen to the Brimm
 He took his Scuds;
 Well did the Gentlemen like him,
 He gart them smudge.

Farmers ne'r loot him be in Straits,
 For ilka Spring be sure he gets
 A heaped Riddle fow o' Yets,
 To be a Melder;
 The Sheltie never wanted Baits
 Frae every Elder.

Now we that's young Chiells weeps and wails,
 Rying our Haffats wi' our Nails;
 We'll get nae mae auld gabbet Tales
 Frae him I doubt.
 He'll blaw nae mair at merry Mails,
 His Pipe's clean out.

At Bridels he held ay his Nain,
 And Bell'd-the-Cat wi' *Don. M'Clean*;
 Wha now's as canty, blyth and fain,
 As gi'n him Dollars.
 That his Antagonist is gane,
 And fled his Colloars.

In Winter Nights he wad nae hook
 To tell droll Tales like a Print Book,
 And atween Hands to tack a Tuck
 He was nae freff,

He fat in *Baillie Lauder's* Nook,
 And gart us gaff.

Blyth has he been wi' Ale and Punch,
 At *Lauder*, *Gallowsbeills* and *Dunce*,
 Chiells wad a gi'n his Bags a Punce
 Till they had footed:
 He wan his Hairft-Fee at *Terfonce*,
 And never louted.

At making of Lint-Wheels he dang,
 And made them ay baith tight and strang;
 Summer and Winter he was thrang,
 And hated Greed:
 For Pirns and Hecks whare will we gang,
 Now whan he's dead.

He'd shave your Beard the lee-lang Year,
 For ae scaa'd single Fow o' Bear;
 Good at it was he, I can swear,
 Wi' cliver Whittles;
 And *Castile* Soap, the best o' Gear,
 Lay in his Shottles.

Barber, Wheel-wright, and Piper too,
 For lack o' him what will we doo?
 Few like him e'er wan in a Croo,
 Sae free o' Fraud.
 Whan he was Fou his Drons plaid Boo,
 And Baw-wau'd.

Yoke he and *Habbie Symson's* Ghost,
 Upon *Elysium's* bonny Coast,
 Where there is neither Snaw nor Frost,
 They'll never sinder:
 They'll have a Chapin and a Toft,
 It's nae'ther Wonder.

Auld *Andrew Hair* that rings our Bell,
 Gart aa my Heart dunt like a Mell,
 Whan he gowl'd out that wae-fue Yell,
John Pringle's dead!
 I loord he had been stiff himfell,
 And cauld like Lead.

Well, *John*, since Death, that dole-fou Pest,
 Nae langer here wad let thee last,
 But 'mang the Dead did thee arrest,
 Wi' Mools to mingle,
 Aa we can say, we wish good Rest
 To thee, *John Pringle*.

F I N I S.