

# General Abercrombie's Elegy.

To which are added,

**JOHN O' BADENYON.**

AND

**ADDRESS TO SANDY**



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GENERAL ABERCROMBIE'S ELEGY.

Tune—Mourn for Melpomene.

On Egypt's dreary soil where Tyrants rule,  
Freedom's dear son, brave Abercrombie fell!  
Britons tis there your matchless hero lies  
A victim to the vengeance winged ball.

Ah hadst thou been content t' impart thy skill  
To British heroes under thy command,  
Thou might'st have been in life and safety still,  
To visit once again thy native land.

With dangers threatened and of dangers told,  
Thou valiant leader scorned a safe retreat:  
Midst fire and smoke and thunder rushee bold;  
In hopes thy triumph soon would be complete.

But thy intrepid soul and martial art  
Led thee to where the winged thunder broke,  
Fearless of danger from the assassin's dart,  
Firm and unshaken as a marble rock.

Fame's trumpet shall thy praise thro' ages sound,  
And please discernment with its grateful blast;  
Thy merit shall in hist'ry's page be found,  
When hoary headed Nature groans her last.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man,  
 Of twenty years or so,  
 I thought myself a handsome youth,  
 And fain the world would know.  
 In best attire I stept abroad,  
 With spirits brief and gay,  
 And here and there and every where,  
 Was like a morn in May.

I had no care nor fear of want,  
 But rambled up and down,  
 And for a beau I might have pass'd,  
 In country or in town.  
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,  
 And when I was alone,  
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself,  
 With John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,  
 A mistress I must find:  
 For love they say gives one an air,  
 And even improves the mind:  
 On Phyllis fair above the rest,  
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,  
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
 And I became her prize.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,  
 I offer'd many a vow.

And danced, and sung, and sighed and swore  
As other lovers do.

But when I came to breathe my flame,  
I found her cold as stone.

I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart betrayed,

With foolish hopes and vain,

To friendship's port I steer'd my course,

And laugh'd at severe pain.

A friend I got by lucky chance,

'Twas something like divine,

An honest friend's a precious gift,

And such a gift was mine.

And now whatever might betide,

A happy man was I,

In any strait I know to whom

I freely may apply.

A strait soon came, I tried my friend.

He heard and spurned my moan,

I tun'd away and pleased myself,

With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,

And would a patriot turn

Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,

And cry up Parson Horn.

Their manly courage I admired,

Approved their noble zeal,

Who has with public tongue and pen

Maintain'd the public weal.



But e'er a month or two was past,  
I found myself betrayed,

'Twas self and party after all.

For all the stir they made.

For when I saw the factious knaves

Insult the very throne,

I cursed them all and tun'd my pipe

To John of Badenyon.

What to do next I mused a while,

Still hoping to succeed,

I pitched on books for company,

And gravely tried to read.

I bought and borrow'd every where,

And studied night and day,

Ne'er mist what dean or doctor wrote,

That happened in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd,

The ornament of youth,

And carefully thro' many a page,

I hunted after truth.

Ten thousand various schemes I tried,

And yet was pleased with none,

I threw them by and tun'd my pipe

To John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every where,

Who want to make a show,

Take heed in time nor vainly hope

For happiness below.

What you may fancy pleasure here,

Is but an empty name.

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For girls and friends and books also,  
You'll find them all the same.

Then be advised and warning take,  
From such a man as me:  
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,  
Nor one of high degree.  
You'll find displeasure every where  
Then do as I have done,  
E'en tune your pipe and please yourself,  
With John of Badenyon.

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### ADDRESS TO SANDY.

AIR.—The Hills o' Glenorchy.

O SANDY what makes you grumble and growl,  
A mind discontented will ne'er do weel,  
It's nought but a harrowing out o' your soul,  
To think on, or whigge at the trade or the meal,  
What though ye should wainow like wine in a utter,  
Divested at ance o' your tea and your butter,  
Be silent or soon you will raise sic a clutter,  
As mak' you bansit, and run neck and heel.

A cog o' guine brose to a Scot was a feast,  
When Scotland stood single, but now when she's  
To her pauper'd sister she's alter'd her taste,  
To feed on richainties she now is inclin'd  
But she has nae siller then hew is she able,  
To place sic luxuries upon her table,

I donbt when she's run out the length o' her caole,  
 She'll hae to stop short or come happin behind.

The stout camlet claith that was worn by our dads  
 Is now thrown aside for best superfine,  
 Pelisses and great-coats instead o' the plaids,  
 An' beavers alas, for the jewels o' langsyne.  
 Our fathers were happier wi' brose and wi' bonnets  
 Than fools now-a-days wi' their silks, wine and  
 wannets,  
 An' lad, since our heads are gaun round like the  
 planets,  
 We'll surely rin daft if sic dainties we tyne,

A few years ago, in the midst o' war,  
 Our trade flourished finely and haughty were we  
 But now by the piper, we've gotten a scar,  
 Which we'll ne'er forget till the day that we die.  
 Our guineas and bullets flew thick in the struggle,  
 At length we prevail'd o'er the Corsican bogle,  
 But still I'm afraid that we shortly maun shogle,  
 Or shake like the leaf on the tall aspea tree.

Then sandy be silent, but dinna be sad,  
 Altho' ye are scrimpit o' mair than your tea,  
 Tho' meal should be costly and scarce to be had,  
 Ye e'en maun submit to the great pow'rs that be  
 Wi' bauchles for boots, an' your braw sunday coats  
 Turned threadbare, or covered wi' patches an' mois  
 Wi' brochan instead o' fat broth in your pots,  
 Be thankfu' and ken it's your duty to dree.

Altho' you should grumble it matters not much,  
 You ne'er will do better, an' that you will see,

The lads that are fens fed and haughty and rich,  
 Will mock at your cares nor regard ye a flee.  
 Ye mind when ye sent up petitions to Lunnon,  
 They laugh at your want and began wi' their punnin,  
 An' should ye grow furious you're sure o' a gunnin,  
 Or wizzens weel rax'd wi' the hemp on a tree.

Ye ken the bees foster and honour their drones,  
 An' birds wi' gay plumage demand aye esteem,  
 Be frank then an' frugal and honour your dons.  
 Altho' they three fourths o' your livings should claim.  
 It's this that will make ye respeckit an happy.  
 An' fortune may aid you altho' she's a taupie,  
 But rather chace knots in your niggard brose cappie  
 Than growl tho' your rulers in luxuries swim.

Ilk part o' creation is ruled by another,  
 The small birds maun yield to the hewlets and  
 hawks ;  
 Then though you may think a great man your  
 brither,

You dare not cry too at a deed that he acts.  
 Should grand Habeas Corpus be under suspension.  
 Be cautious and guard wi' the siricest attention  
 For then should ye twa or three seditious words  
 mention,  
 Ye'll get a dark dungeon or death for your cracks.

FINIS.