

Some Ram, no doubt, fill'd with malicious Hate,
 Had made the Captain suffer *Campbell's* Fate,
 And born him Company in his dying State.
 What made thee, *CAMPBELL*, take this foolish Course?
 Might not some Men have felt thy Musket's Force?
 Mightst thou not rather butcher'd Men in Sport,
 And forc'd them from this World to *Pluto's* Court?
 Then might a Pardon been for thee obtain'd,
 By the prevailing Interest of some Friend.
 But now, alas! no Favour could be found;
 A cursed Wedder brought thee to the Ground:
 Past all the Help of Friends thy Life was gone,
 None present to assist, nor to bemoan:
 Strange! that Sheep should have a Law, and Judges none!
 Let then on *Bobtail's* Bones be built a Tomb,
 (*Bobtail*, that boldly wrought the Villain's Doom)
 And this Inscription read by Ages yet to come.

“ **B**ENEATH these Stones a valiant Judge is laid,
 “ In Hills and Forrests brought to Light and bred,
 “ Who, like stout *SAMSON*, at his Death slew more,
 “ Than he had done in all his Life before.
 “ All Bags of Gold, all pow'rful Bribes he scorn'd;
 “ Two Horns his Front, a Fleece his Back adorn'd:
 “ And 'tis no Wonder that our Judge was horn'd;
 “ Horns now-a-Days are fashionable Things;
 “ Great Men wear Horns, and horn'd Men pass for Kings.
 “ But read a little more, and there you'll see,
 “ How Horns did with our Judge so well agree,
 “ Brought forth without the Honour of a Bed,
 “ Some Ewe his Mother, and some Ram his Dade,
 “ A sturdy Wedder, and a stout, 'twas said.
 “ Hence, to our sad Disgrace, it must be known,
 “ In future Ages, when this Age is gone,
 “ That while old *SCOTLAND's* Laws lay fast asleep,
 “ Sheep were our Judges, and our Judges Sheep.

F I N I S.