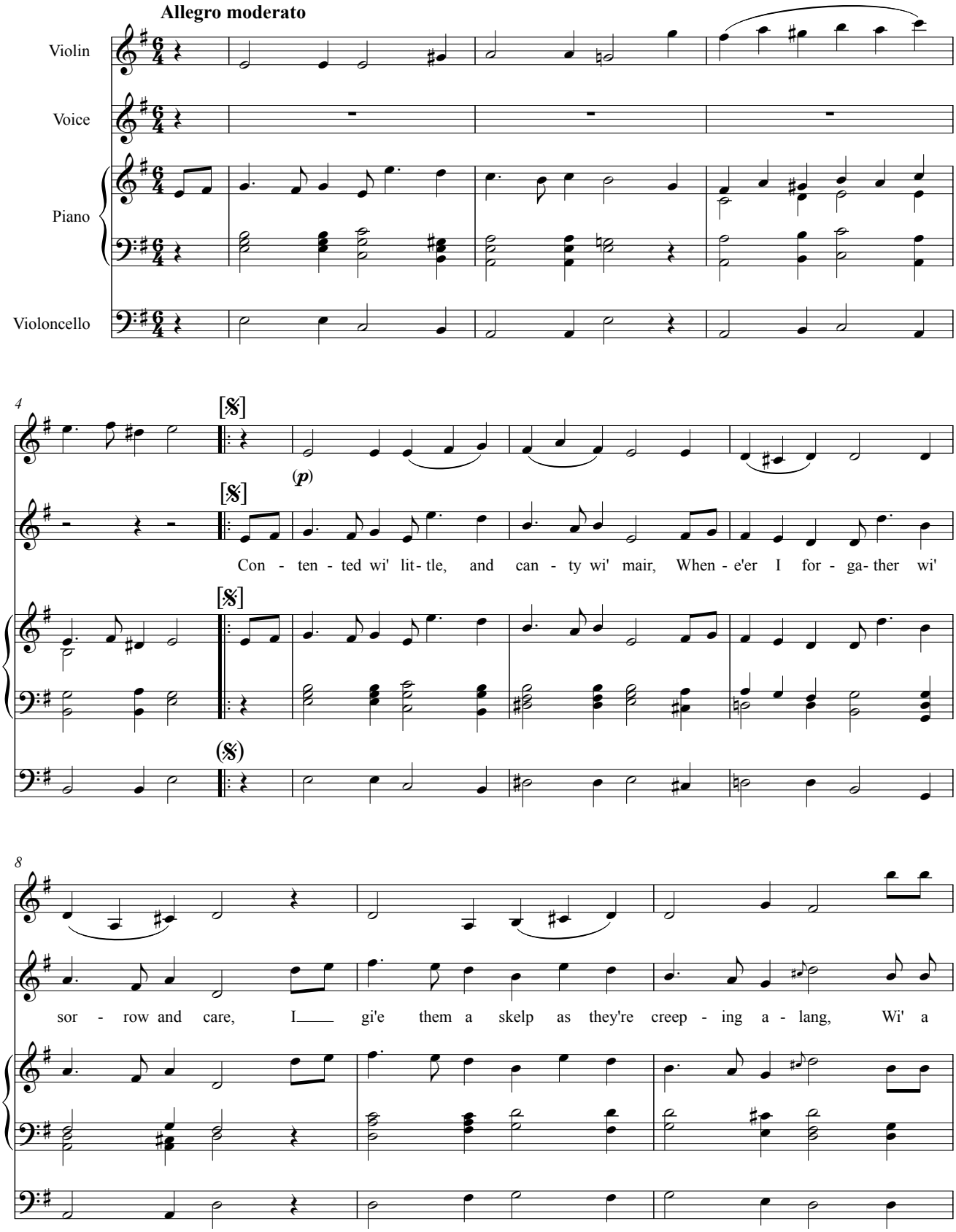
31. Lumps o' puddings

Koželuch
Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 65

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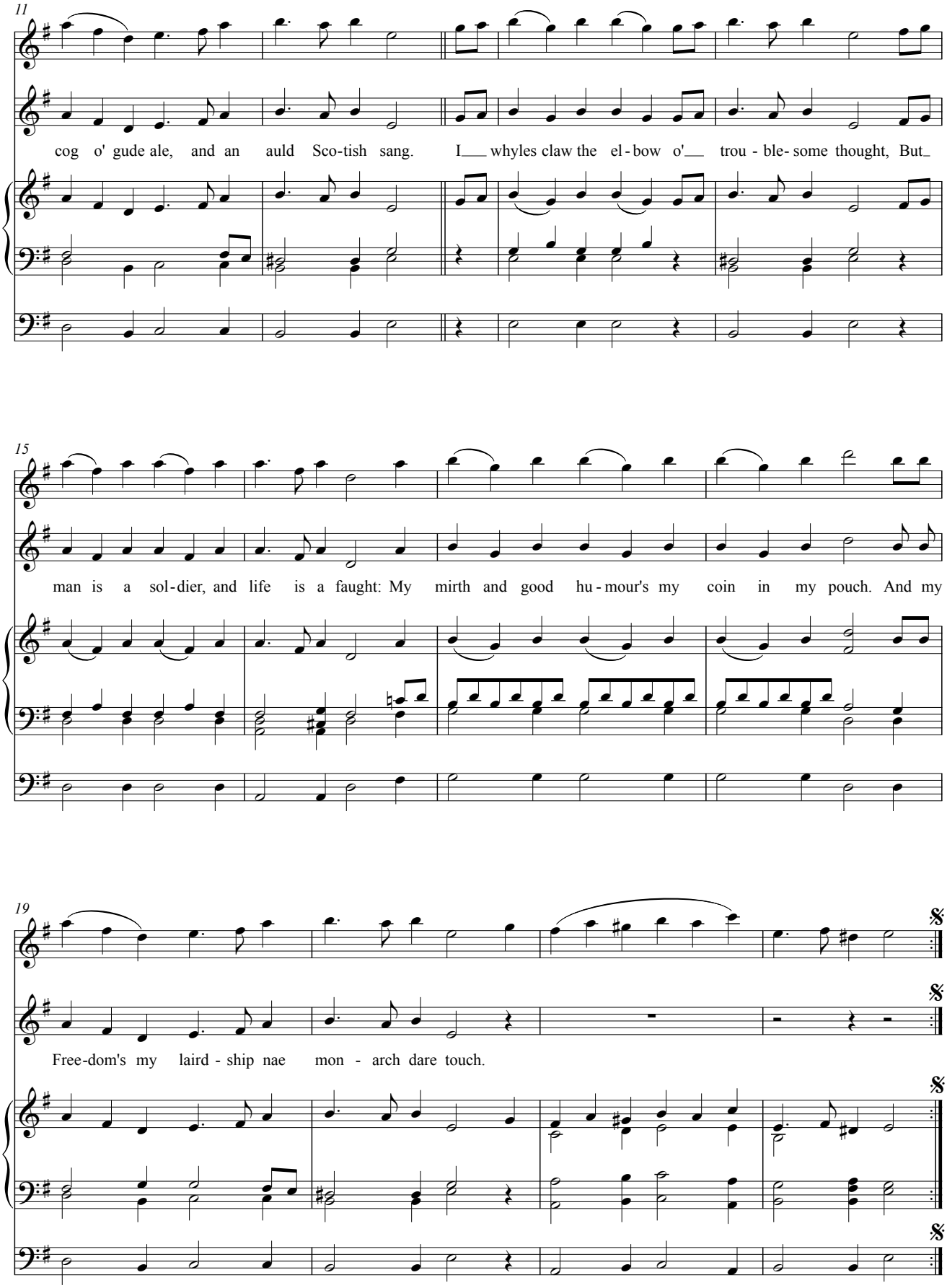
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CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - LUMPS O' PUDDINGS.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my FREEDOM'S my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A townmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"

PHO! POX O' THIS NONSENSE, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien; what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
But we honest fellows - 's death! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six:
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul;
Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
"May mirth and good fellowship always abound!"
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

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