



P E N A N C E.

A Drunken old Scot by the rigorous sentence
 Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool of repentance.
 Mefs John to his conscience his vices put home,
 And his danger in this, and the world that's to come.
 Thou reprobate mortal; why, dost not thou know
 Whither, after your death, all you drunkards must go?
 Must go when we're dead? why Sir, you may swear,
 We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer.



The M I S T A K E.

By the Same.

A Cannon ball, one bloody day,
 Took a poor sailor's leg away;
 And, as on 'his comrade's back he made off,
 A second fairly took his head off.
 The fellow, on this odd emergence,
 Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.

Z — ds! cries the Doctor, are you drunk,
 To bring me here an headless trunk?

A lying dog! cries Jack, — he said
 His leg was off, and not his head.