

A Border Ballad

Oh, I haven't got long to live, for we all
Die soon, e'en those who live longest;
And the poorest and weakest are taking their chance
Along with the richest and strongest.
So its heigho for a glass and a song,
And a bright eye over the table,
And a dog for the hunt when the game is flush,
And the pick of a gentleman's stable.

There is Dimmock o' Dune, he was here yesternight,
But he's rotting to-day on Glen Arragh;
'Twas the hand o' MacPherson that gave him the blow,
And the vultures shall feast on his marrow.
But its heigho for a brave old song
And a glass while we are able;
Here's a health to death and another cup
To the bright eye over the table.

I can show a broad back and a jolly deep chest,

But who argues now on appearance?

A blow or a thrust or a stumble at best

May send me to-day to my clearance.

Then its heigho for the things I love,

My mother'll be soon wearing sable,

But give me my horse and my dog and my glass,

And a bright eye over the table.