

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR

THE HISTORY

O'

WILL & JEAN:

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

EIGHTH EDITION.

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth; and
thy want as an armed man. PROV.

STIRLING:

PRINTED BY C. RANDALL.

AND SOLD BY P. HILL, A. GUTHRIE, EDINBURGH. BRASM
& REID, A. MACAULEY, GLASGOW. G.
CALDWALL & A. CAMERON, PAISLEY.

1795.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351

LECTURE 1

1.1

1.2

1.3

1.4

1.5

1.6

WILL & JEAN.

WHA was ance like WILLIE GAIRLACE,

Wha in neeboring town, or farm ?

Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,

Deadly strength was in his arm !

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin, or wrastle ?

Throw the sledge, or tofs the bar ?

Hap what wou'd, he stood a Castle

Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu'

Wi' the bauld, he bauld cou'd be ;

But to friends wha had their handfu'

Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,

Wha' wi' Jeanie cou'd compare ?——

Thoufands had mair brows and filler,

But war ony half fae fair ?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,

Glinting owre DEMAITS* brow :

Sweet ! wi' opening charms adorning

STRIVLIN's lovely plain below !

* One of the Ochil Hills near Stirling.

Kind and gentle was her nature ;
 At ilk place she bore the bell ;——
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !
 But her LOOK nae tongue can tell !
 Sic was JEAN whan Will first mawing
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;
 Flew like fire, and just whan fa'ing
 Kept her on his manly breast.
 Light he bare her pale as ashes
 Cross the meadow fragrant, green !
 Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
 Watching fad her opening een.
 Sic was WILL, whan poor Jean fainting
 Drapt into a lover's arms ;
 Waken'd to his fast lamenting ;
 Sigh'd, and bluss'd a thousand charms.
 Soon they loo'd, and soon war buckl'd ;
 Nane took time to think and rue.——
 YOUTH and WORTH and BEAUTY cuppl'd
 Luve had never less to do.
 THREE short years flew by fu' canty,
 Jean and Will thought them but ANE ;
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
 Ilka year a dainty wean.
 Will wrought fair ; but aye wi' pleasure ;
 Jean the hale day span and sang ;
 WILL AND WEANS her constant treasure,
 Blest wi' them nae day seem'd lang ;

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride !——

But at this time NEWS and WHISKY
 Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,
 Hame returning frae the fair,
 Ow'r-took TAM a neebour billie,
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
 Calmly smil'd the sober een ;
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green ;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
 Canty HAIRST was just begun,
 And on mountain, tree and water
 Glinted fast the settin' Sun.

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowpin
 Mark'd the hale, but cou'd nae bide ;
 Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin ;
 Baith wish'd for their ain fire-side.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking owre the news in town,
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye
 Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

FORTUNE wha but seldom listens
 To poor Merit's modest pray'r ;
 And on fools pours needless blessings,
 Harken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a' Hown wha's bonny burnie
 Whimperin row'd its chrystal flood,
 Near the road whar trav'lers turn aye,
 Neat and bield a Cot-houie flood.

White the wa's wi' roof new theeckit
 Window broads, juist painted red ;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Haffins seen and haffins hid.

Up the gavel end thick spreading
 Crap the claspin Ivy green,
 Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin
 Rais'd a' round a cozey screen.

Down below a flow'ry meadow
 Join'd the burnies winding line ;——
 Here it was, that Howe the widow
 This sam day, fet up her sign.

Brattling down the brae and near its
 Bottom, Will first maryelin fees
PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS
 Painted bright between twa trees.

“ Godfake ! Tam here's walth for drinking :—

“ Wha can this new comer be ?——

“ Hoot ! quo' Tam there's drouth in thinking—

“ Let's in, Will, and fyne we'll see.”

Nae mair time they took to speak or
 Think o' ought but reaming jugs ;
 Till three times in humming liquor
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockned now, refresh'd and talking

In cam Meg (weel skill'd to please)

“Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;——

“Ye maun taste my bread and cheefe.”

Thanks quo' Will;—I canna tarry

“Pick mirk night is setting in,”

“JEAN poor thing's! her lane and eery——

“I maun to the road and rin.”

Hoot! quo' Tam what's a' the hurry?

Hame's now, scarce a mile o' gate——

Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie:

Lord! I'm sure its no fae late!

Will o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,

Baith fell to and ate their fill,——

“Tam! quo' Will in meer discretion

“We maun hae the WIDOW'S GILL.”

After ae gill cam anither——

Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,

Bang cam in MAT SMITH and's brither,

GEORDIE BROWN and SANDIE SHAW.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,

Now sat down wi' double glée,

Ilk gill aye grew sweet and sweeter;——

Will gat hame 'tween TWA and THREE.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;

Will neist mornin blam'd TAM LOWES,

But ere lang, an Owkly meetin

Was fet up at Maggie Howe's.

But nae man o' sober thinkin
 Ere will say that things can thrive,
 If there's spent in owkly drinkin,
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun ay hae CONVERSATION,
 Ilka social soul allows;

But in this REFORMIN NATION,
 Wha can speak without the NEWS ?

NEWS FIRST meant for state Physicians,
 Deeply skill'd in Courtly drugs ;

NOW WHEN A' ARE POLITICIANS,
 Just to fet folk by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha cou'd get nae light
 On some things that should be clear,

Found ere lang the fau't, and ae night
 Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-houfe
 Swith ! by post the papers fled !

Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-houfe,
 Every time the News are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,——

“ THINGS ARE NO GA'EN RIGHT QUO TAM,

“ LET US AFTENER MEET THIGITHER ;

“ TWICE A OWK'S NO WORTH A D——N.”

Maist things hae a sma' beginnin,

But wha kens how things will end ?

OWKLY clubs are nae great finnin

Gin folk hae enough to spend.

See them now in grave CONVENTION

To mak a' things SQUARE AND EVEN

Or at least wi' firm intention,

To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,

Gathering a' the news that fell ;

Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,

Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, DRINK's deadly poison

Bare ilk firm resolve awa ;

On the ither, JEAN's condition

Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow !

Weel he saw her bleaching cheek !

Mark'd the smite she strave to borrow

Whan, poor thing, she cou'd nae speak !

Jean, at first, took little heed o'

OWKLY clubs mang three or four,

Thought, kind soul ! that Will had need o'

Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that NIGHTLY meetings

Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;

Whan she found that hard earn'd gettings

Now on drink war thrown awa.

Saw her Will wha ance sae cheerie

Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,

Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer ay,

To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom ; and sprightly ee ;
 And o' LUVE and HAME grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee ;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ?
 Wha condemn her forrows meek ?
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 Bleach'd her lately crimfon'd cheek.

WILL, wha lang had rued and swither'd,
 (Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)
 Mark'd the roses as they wither'd
 Fast on Jeanies lovely face !

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward racking
 A' the wyte lay wi' himsell,—
 Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin,—
 D——n'd the club and news to hell !

But alas ! whan HABIT'S ROOTED,
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;
 Will's resolves, war aye nonsuited,
 PROMIS'D aye, but aye gat fou.

Aye at first at the convening
 Moraliz'd on what was right,—
 Yet on clavers entertaining
 Doz'd and drank till broad day light.

Things at length draw near an ending,
 Cash rins out ; Jean quite unhappy
 Sees that Will is now past mending,
 Tynes a' heart, and tak's a—DRAPPY.

Ilka drink deserves a pofey,

PORT maks men rude ; CLARET civil

BEER mak s Britons stout and rofy,

WHISKY mak's ilk wife—a Devil.

JANE, wha lately bare affliction

Wi' fae meek and mild an air,

School'd by Whisky, learns new tricks soon,

Flyt's, and storms, and rug's Will's hair.

JANE, fae late the tenderest mither,

Fond ó' ilk dear daüted wean!

Now, heart harden'd a' thegither

Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

JANE wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye

In her hame spun, thrifty wark ;

Now sells a' her braw's for whiskie

To her last gown, coat and fark!

RABBY BURNS, in mony a ditty

Loudly sings in whisky's praise,

Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity,

E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia

E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste.

Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,

WHISKIE's ill will skaith her maist!

“ Wha was ance like WILLIE GAIRLACE

“ Wha in neeboring town or farm ?

“ Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,

“ Deadly strength was in his arm

“ Whan he first saw JEANIE MILLER,
 “ Wha wi’ Jeanie cou’d compare ?
 “ Thousands had mair brows and filler,
 “ But were ony half fac fair ?”

See them now—how chang’d wi’ DRINKING !
 A’ their youthfu’ beauty gane !—
 Daver’d, doited daiz’d and blinking ;
 Worne to perfect skin and bane !

In the cauld month o’ November
 (CLAISE, and CASH, and CREDIT out)
 Cowring owre a dying ember,
 Wi’ ilk face as white’s a clout.

Bond and bill, and debts a’ stoppit,
 Ilka sheaf felt on the bent ;
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit
 Now to pay the Laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here !
 No a friend their cause to plead !—
 He taen on to be a sodger,
 She wi’ weans to beg her bread !

*O’ a’ the ills poor Caledonia
 E’er yet pree’d, or e’er will taste,
 Brew’d in Hell’s black Pandemonia,
 WHISKY’S ill will skaith-her maist !*

F I N I S .