15.

RAISING THE WIND;

OR,

HABBIE SIMPSON & HIS WIFE

BAITH DEAD.

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY JOHN ANDREWS,

IN THE EXCHANGE ROOMS, MOSS STREET.

PAISLEY:

PRINTED BY CALDWELL AND SON, NEW STRLET.

1842.

RAISING THE WIND, &c.

I pit nae doot but ye a' heard tell o' Habb Simpson, the Piper o' Kilbarchan, bit I'm thinking that ye ever heard the story that I' gaun to tell ye about him and his wife Jan Weel, ye see, it sae happen'd, that Habbie, li mony mae noo a days, was gayan fond o' a w drap o' the blue, and as the story gangs, sae w his wife; so that it gayan aften happened, th when Habbie yoket the fuddle, Janet, she yok it to. Noo it's an auld Scotch saying and a tr ane, that when a caunel is lichtet at baith end it sune burns dune—an' it was sae verified in t present case, for Habbie waukening ae mornin after a hard fuddle, says to Janet, "Rise, woma and see if ye can get me hauf a gill; for oh! m head is just likin' to split." "Hauf a gill!" qu Janet, "whaur wad I get it, when there's no plack in a' the house? and as for takin' it on, ken that's clean o' the quastion; sae ye maun ji lie still and thole the best way ye can." "Oh Janet," cries Habbie again, "ye're no amiss scheming; is there nae way ava ye can think to raise the wun?" "I'll tell ye what I'll do quo' Janet, "I'll awa to the Laird o' Johnston and I'll tell him that ye're dead, and as ye're great favourite o' his, I'm sure I'll get somethin frae him, to help to bury ye." "Od, that 'ill c grand, quo' Habbie."

So up gets Janet, and awa to the Laird's house; whau ringing the bell, the door was opened by the lady, wha seeing Janet sae pitifu' lukin', she says, "Keep us a' the day, is there ony thing wrang at hame, that ye hae come here sae sune in the morning?" Wrang!" quo' Janet, (dichtin' her een wi' the tail o' her apron,) "a's wrang thegither, my lady; isna oor Habbie deed?" Habbie deed!" quo' the lady in surprise. "A weel a wat, is he," quo' Janet, "an' a sair trial it is to me, lady, for there no as muckle in the house this morning, as wad feed a sparrow; an' whaur to get ony thing I'm sure I dinna ken. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever it should come to this o't." "Compose yersel', Janet," quo' the lady, "and come yer wa's ben, and we's see what can be dune." Sae in gangs Janet wi' the lady, an' gets a basket wi' some biscuit and speerits, an' ither articles needfu' for sic an occasion; an' thanking the lady for her kindness, comes awa hame to Habbie fu' blythely, whan doon they sat; nor did they rise till they made an end to the contents o' the basket. Noo, as the auld sang sings, the mair ye drink, the drier ye turn, for they were nae sooner dune, than Habbie says, "Losh, Janet, that was real guid; can ye no get some mair o't." "Na, na," quo' Janet, "I hae played ma part; it's your turn noo." "Oh, very weel," quo' Habbie, "if it's my turn noo, ye maun jist be speed next." "Od, I hae nae objections, quo' she, 'sae awa ye gang, and let us see what ye can do." Weel, awa gangs Habbie, and meeting the Laird just coming hame frae a hunting party, he says, "This is a fine day, Laird." "A fine day

Habbie," quo' the Laird: hoo is a' wi' ye? are no coming up to play us a spring on the pipes night?" "It wadna leuk vera weel, Laird, me to be seen playing on the pipes at your hou and my ain wife lying a corpse at ham "What! is Janet deed?" quo' the Lai "Atweel is she," quo' Habbie; "and I'm s it couldna hae happent on a waur time, there neither meat nor siller iu the house; a hoo to get her decently aneath the yird I'm s I dinna ken." "Dinna vex yoursel' about tha quo' the Laird, (giving him some money) "th is a trifle for you, in the mean time, and come to the house by and by, and I shall see what c he done for you." Habbie thanked the Laird his kindness, bade him good day, and cam' a hame, gayan weel pleast wi' what he had gott and sen's Janet oot wi' the bottle for mair whus to carry on the spree. In the mean time, ha gangs the Laird, whaur the first thing that heard, was, that Habbie Simpson was de "Na, na," quo' he, "it's no Habbie; its o Janet." "It's Habbie," quo' the Lady, "was Janet here this morning hersel', and telt me and didna she get awa some speerits and bisc as she said there was naething in the house "And didna I meet Habbie, just as I was com hame, when he telt me Janet was deed. Bit see how it is—they are at their auld tricks aga Bit come, we'll awa to Habbie's, and see wh they are about." In the mean time, Habbie a Janet are fuddlin' awa in fine style, and lauch heartily at the way they had raised the wu when Janet cries, "Gude preserve us, Habb

what's to be dune noo: I declare if that's no the Laird and the Lady; and they are comin' straught here." "I dinna ken," quo' Habbie, "what to do, unless we be baith deed." Sae in the bed they gaed; an' they were nae suner doon than the Laird and Lady cam' in, and seeing Habbie and Janet in the bed, he says, "Waes me, isna that an awfu' sicht to see; the man and the wife baith deed?—bit I wad gie five shillings this moment, for to ken which of the twa deed first." The words were nae suner oot o' his mouth, than up jumps Habbie, cryin' "It was me, Laird; noo gie me the five shillings." It is needless to add, that the Laird gave Habbie the money, and had many a hearty laugh, when he thought on the way which Habbie and his wife had taken to raise the wind.

ELEGY ON JAMIE GEMMELL.

Knights of thumle far an' near,
Unto my tale pray lend an ear,
It frae your e'e will draw a tear
Wi' muckle speed,
As soon the waefu' tale ye hear,
That Jamie's dead.

O reader, cam' he e'er to thee,
An' winkin' at you wi' his e'e,
Saying, Will tu gie me a bawbee
To get a glass?
For whilk ye wad in a moment see
Him on his arse?

Or hae ye seen him on the street,
Wi' twa auld bauchles on his feet,
Gaun toddlin' through the rain and weet,
Like wan'ring Jew,
To see gin he wad chance to meet
A frien' sae true,

As bid him come and get a gill,
Or yet a drink o' nappy yill?
For Jamie weel could drink his fill
O' them I trew,
And laith was he to rise, until
He did get fou.

Or hae ye seen him sittin' crackin'
In Tammy's tap-room ower a chapin'?
For to keep a' the company lauchin'
He wasna laith,
By tellin' them he breeks wad mak' them
Without the claith.

Or hae ye taen him to your hame,
To mak' claes for yersel' or wean?
An' bottle by his side has lain,
O' reemin' nappy,
That Jamie ilka noo and then
Micht tak' a drappy?

For Jamie weel could use the thumle,
An' was wi' needle aye fu' nimle,
An' ne'er about the price wad grumle
O' ony job;
But aft wad drink until he'd tumle
Clean aff the broad.

But noo, alas! puir Jamie's gane,
Like mony mae, to his lang hame;
An' in the cauld kirk yard is lain
Past a' remeid,
Nae mair for to return again,
Sin' he is dead.

Nae mair about the corse ye'll see him,
Nae mair a bawbee will ye gie him,
Nae mair his hat he'll gar flee frae him
Upon the street,
An' cry, Noo Jamie Gemmell gie them
The tailor's leap.

But noo I maun lay down my pen,
An' to my verses mak' an en',
Whaure'er he's gaen weel may he fen,
An' let ilk chiel
Unto this prayer say amen.
Sae fare ye weel.

EPITAPH.

Here in this kirk-yard
There lieth interr'd
  The body of wee Jamie Gemmell,
Who on earth was aye frisky
Wi' drinkin' o' whisky;
An' wi' needle an' thread
  Was fu' nimle.

But ae day, alas!
When takin' a glass,
Death cam, and awa
  Wi' him jumpet.
An' noo here he lies,
Till the dead shall arise,
At the soun' o' the
  Archangel's trumpet.