

**RAISING THE WIND ;**

OR,

**HABBIE SYMPSON & HIS WIFE**

**BAITH DEID.**

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

**BY JOHN ANDREWS,**

IN THE

**EXCHANGEROOMS, MOSS STREET.**

TOGETHER WITH THE

**LYFE AND DEITHE**

OF

**HABBIE SIMPSON,**

**THE FAMOUS PYPER OF KILBARCHAN.**

WRITTEN BY ROBERT SEMPILL, OF BELLTREIS, BETWEEN

THE YEARS 1630 AND 1640.

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# RAISING THE WIND

## RAISING THE WIND, &c.

I put nae doubt bot ye a' heard tell o' Habbie Simpson, the Pyper o' Kilbarchan, bot I'm no thinking that ye e'er heard the storie that I am gaun to tell ye about him and his wife Janet. Weel, ye see, it sae happenit, that Habbie, like monie mae noo a-days was gayan fond o' a wee drap o' the blue, and as the storie gangs, sae was his wife; sae it aften happened, when Habbie yokit the fuddle, Janet yokit it tae. Noo it's an auld Scotch saying and a true ane, that when a cannel's lichted at baith ends, it sune burns dune—an' it was sae verified in the present caise, for Habbie waukening ae morning after a heavie fuddle, says to Janet, "Rise, wuman, and see if ye can get me hauf a gill; for oh! ma heid is jist likin to split." "Hauf a gill!" quo' Janet, "whaar wud I get it, when there's no a plack in a' the house; and as for takin' it on, ye ken that's clean out o' the quastion; sae ye maun jist lie still and thole the best way ye can." "Oh! Janet, cries Habbie, ye're no amiss at scheming; is there nae way ava ye can think o' to raise the winn?" "I'll tell ye what I'll dae, quo' Janet, I'll awa to the Laird o' Johnston, and I'll tell him that ye're deid, and as ye're a great favourite o' his I'm sure I'll get something frae him, to help to burie ye." "Od, that I'll do graun," quo' Habbie. So up gets Janet, and awa to the Laird's house; when rapping the knocker, the door was opened by the leddie,

wha seeing Janet sae pitifu' lukin', she says, "Keep us a' the day, are thaire onie 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 the gither, my leddie; is na oor Habbie deid?" "Habbie deid!" quo' the lady in surprise. "A weel a wat, is he," quo' Janet, "an a sair trial it is to me, leddie, for thaire no as muckle in the house this morning as woud feid a sparrow; an' whaur to get onything, I'm sure I dinna ken. Oh deir! oh deir! that ever it should come to this o't," Compose yoursel' Janet," quo' the leddie, "and come yer was ben an' we's see what can be dune." Sae in gangs Janet wi' the leddie, an' gets a basket wi' some biscuits and speerits, an' uther articles needfu' for sic an occasion; an' thanking the leddie for her kindness, comes awa hame to Habbie fu' blithelie, whan doune 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 sunner 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 wee!", quo' Habbie, "if it's my turn noo, ye maun jist be deid next." "Od, I hae nae objections," quo' she; sae awa ye gang and let us see what ye can dae." Weel, awa gangs Habbie, an' meeting the Laird jist coming hame frae a hunting partie, he says, "this is a fine day, Laird." "A fine day, Habbie," quo' the Laird: "hoo is a' wi' ye? are ye no coming



np to play us a spring on the pypes the nicht ?”  
“ It wadna leuk verra weel, Laird, for to be seen  
playing on the pypes at your house, and my ain  
wife lying deid at hame.” “What! is Janet  
deid ?” quo’ the Laird. “Atweel is she’ quo’  
Habbie ; and I’m sure it couldna hae happent on  
a waur time, for they’re neither meat nor siller in  
the house ; and hoo to get her decently aneath the  
yird I’m sure I dinna ken.” “Dinna vex yoursel’  
about that,” quo’ the Laird, (giving him some  
money,) “there is a trifle for you, in the mean time,  
and come up to the house by and by and I shall  
see what can be done for you” Habbie thanked the  
Laird for his kindness, bade him guid day, and  
cam’ awa hame gayen weel pleast wi’ what he had  
gotten, and sent Janet awa wi’ the bottle for mair  
whusky, to carry on the spree. In the mean time,  
hame gangs the Laird, when the first thing he  
heard, was, that Habbie Simpson was deid. “Na  
‘na,” quo’ he, “its no Habbie ; its only Janet.”  
“ Its Habbie’ quo’ the Leddie “wasna Janet heir  
this morning hersel’. and telt me ?—and didna she  
get awa some speerits and bakes, as she said  
there was naething in the house ?” And didna I  
meet Habbie, jist as I was comin’ hame, when he  
telt me Janet was deid. Bot I see how it is— they  
are at their auld tricks again. Bit come, weel  
awa to Habbie’s, and see what they are about.”  
In the meantime Habbie and Janet are fuddlin’ awa  
in fine style, and lauchin’ heartily at the way they  
had raised the winn. when Janet cries “gude pre-  
serve, us Habbie, what’s to be dune noo : I declare



**Lyfe & Deeth of Habbie Sympson,**  
**THE FAMOUS PIPER OF KILBARCHAN.**

Written by Robert Semple, of Belltress, in the year  
1598.

KILBARCHAN now may say Alace!  
For seho hes lost hir game and grace,  
Baith "Trixie" and the "Maiden-trace."  
But quhat remeid?  
For nae man can supply his place,  
Hab Simpson's deid.

Now quha sall play "The day it dawis,"  
Or, "Hunt up quhen the Cock he craws,"  
Or, quha can for Kirk-townies caus,

Stan us in steid?

On bagpypis now nae body blawis,  
Sen Habbie's deid.

Or, quha will cause our secheirers seheir,  
Quha will hang up the braigs of weir,  
Bring in the bellis or gude play Meir,  
In tyme of neid?

Hab Simpson eoud. Quhat neid ze speir?  
But now he's deid.

Sa kyndlie to his nychbour neist,  
At Beltano and Saet Barchan's feast,  
He blew and then hald up his breist  
As he war weid, [wud]  
But now we neid not him arreist  
For Habbie's deid.

At fairis he playit befor the speir-men,  
 All gaillie graithit in thair geir, puhen  
 Steil Bonetis, Jackis and Swordis sae clear then,  
 Like ony beid ;  
 Now quha sall play befor sic weir-men,  
 Sen Habbie's deid ?

At Clark-playis quhen he wont to cum,  
 His pype playit trimlie to the drum,  
 Lyke bikes of beis he gart it bum,  
 And tuneit his reed ;  
 But now onr pypis may a' sing dum,  
 Sen Habbie's deid ?

And at hors races mony a day  
 Befor the black, the brown, and gray,  
 He gart his pypis quhen he did play  
 Baith skirl and scried,  
 Now all sic pastymis quite away,  
 Sen Habbie's deid.

He countit was, a weild wicht man,  
 And ferslie at fute-ball he ran,  
 At every game the grie he wan,  
 For pith and speid,  
 The lyke of Habbie wasna than,  
 But now he's deid.

And then besyde his valziant actis,  
 At bridalis he wan mony plackis,  
 He bobbit aye behint fowks bakis,  
 And schuke his heid,  
 Now we want mony merrie crakis,  
 Sen Habbie's deid.



He was convoyer o' the bryde,  
 Wi' kittock [dirk] hingane at his syde,  
 About the Kirk he thocht a pryde,  
 The ring to lead,  
 Now we maun gae bet ony guyde,  
 For Habbie's deid.

Sa weill's he keipit his docorum,  
 And all the stotis of *Quhip Meg Morum*;  
 He slew a man, and waes me for him,  
 And bare the feid;  
 And zit the man wan hame befoire him,  
 And wasna deid.

Aye quhan he playit the lassis leuch,  
 To sie him teithless, auld and teuch,  
 He wan his pypis besyde Bar-cleuch,  
 Without in dreid,  
 Quhilk efter wan him geir eneuch,  
 But now he's deid.

Aye quhan he playit the gaitlings gedderit,  
 And quhan he spak the carill bledderit,  
 On Sabbath-dayis his cape was fedderit,  
 A seimlie weid!  
 In the kirk yeard his meir stude tedderit,  
 Quhar he ljis dead.

Alace! for him my heart is sair,  
 For of his springis I got a skair.  
 At everie play, race, feist and fair,  
 Bot gyle or greid,  
 We neid not leuk for pyping mair,  
 Sen Habbie's deid.