

RAB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

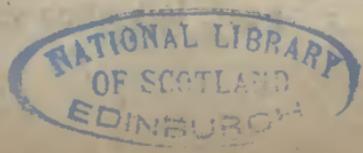
verses, occasioned by seeing two men sawing
Timber, in the open field, in defiance
of a furious storm.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON,

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1827.



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BY MISS MARY WILSON.

THE FIRST PART OF THIS TALE WAS PUBLISHED IN 1820.

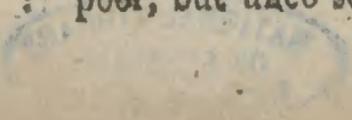
AND THE SECOND PART IN 1821.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY W. LEITCH.

BY MISS MARY WILSON.

INTRODUCTION.

HECH! but 'tis awfu' like io rise up here,
 Where sic a sight o' learn'd folks' pows appeer;
 Sae mony peircing een a' fix'd on aine,
 Is maist enough to freese me to a stane!
 mercy—mony thanks to fste,
 a poor, but unco seldom hlate-



(*Speaking to the President.*)

This question, Sir, has been right weel disputet
 and meikle, weel-a-wat's been said about it;
 aiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
 and gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
 ha'e sent frae ilka side their sharpe opinion,
 and peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingen*.

I winna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,
 but only crave your patience to a Tale:
 which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
 as I perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chief,
 whose stomach kend nae fare but milk and meal;
 his wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
 and twa big sons, amaist as heigh's himsel,
 the ab was a gleg, smart cock, with powdered pas-
 sangan, a slow, fear'd, bashfu', simple hash,

* The question had been spoken up on both sides before this Tale
 was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce Rab,
 At Greek and Latin, grew a very dab :
 He beat a' round about him, fair and clean,
 And ilk ane courted him to be their frien' ;
 Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinner,
 But cnrs'd poor Ringan for a hum-drum winner.

Rab talked now in sic a lofty strain,
 As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain ;
 He ca'd the Kirk the Church, the yirth the Globe
 And chang'd his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob.
 Where'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
 The haill discourse was murder'd wi' his tongue.
 On friends and foes wi' impudence he set,
 And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he met.

The college now to Rab, grew douf and dull
 He scorn'd wi' books stapify his skull ;
 But whirl'd to Plays and Balls and sic like places,
 And rear'd awa' at Fairs and Kintra Races ;
 Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,
 And cast a horse, and rade a race himsel' ;
 Drank night and day, and syne, when mortai fu'
 Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow ;

st a' his siller wi some gambling sparks,
 ad pawn'd for punch his Bible and his sarks;
 l, driven at last to own he had enough,
 ed hame a' rags to haud his father's pleugh.

Poor hum-drum Ringan play'd anither part,
 r Ringan wanted neither wit nor art:
 mony a far aff place he kent the gate;
 s deep, deep learned, but unco, unco blite.
 kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
 w mony rake wad lave the ocean toom;
 ere a' the swallows gaed in time o' snaw,
 at gars the thunders roar and tempests blaw;
 ere lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun;
 w a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
 short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
 cou'dna speak o' aught but ringan kent.

ae meikle learning wi' see little pride,
 n gain'd the love o' a' the kintra side;
 l Death, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
 e parish Minister—a poor dull ca'f,
 gan was sought he cou'dna' say them nay,
 d there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,
 That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
 Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
 It guides alike, in Commerce or at College;
 Struggles the bursts of passion to controul,
 Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul;
 Defies the deep laid stratageme of guile,
 And gives each innocence a sweeter smile;
 Enobles all the little worth we have,
 And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the difference then, between
 twain!

Since pleasure ever is pursu'd by pain.
 Pleasure's a Syren, with inviting arms,
 Sweet is her voice, and powerful are her charms
 Lur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground
 Joy wings our steps, and music warbles round
 Lull'd in her arms, we lose the flying hours,
 And lie embosom'd 'midst her blooming bow
 'Till—arm'd with death, she watches our undo
 Stabs, while she sings, and triumphs in our ru

VERSES,

occasioned by seeing two men sawing timber, in the open field, in defiance of a furious storm.

friends, for G—dsake! quat your wark,
 ye think to war a wind sae stark;
 your Saw-pit stoeps, like wands, are shaking,
 the very planks and deals are quaking;
 ye're tempting Providence, I swear,
 to raise your graith sae madly here.
 Now, now ye're gone!—Anither blast
 will come that, and a' your sawing's past!
 Come down, ye Sinner! grip the Saw
 till ye see death, or, troth, ye'll be awa'.
 Na, ye'll saw, tho' hail and sleet
 will cathe owre your breast, and freeze your feet.
 Hear how it roars, and rings the bells;
 the Carts are tum'ling round themsel's;
 the tile and thack, and turf up-whirls;
 the yon brick lum!—down, down it hurls
 that wha's yon staggering owre the brae,
 with a lade o' bottl'd strae;
 who he will, poor luckless b—h!
 will see his strae and him's baith in the ditch.

The sciates are hurling down in hun'ers,
 The dadding door and winnock thun'ers,
 But, ho! my hat my hat's awa'!
 L.—d help's! the Sawpit's down and a'!
 Rax me your hand—hech! how he granes,
 I fear your legs are broken banes.
 I tauld you this; but, dei'l mak' matter!
 Ye thought it a' but idle clatter;
 Now, see! ye misbelieving sinners!
 Your bloody shins— your Saw in flinners;
 And round about yaur lugs the ruin,
 That your demented folly drew on.

Experience ne'er sae sicker tells us,
 As when she lifts her rung and fells us.

FINIS.