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THE HISTORY OF

WILL AND JEAN:

OR,

THE SAD EFFECTS OF

DRUNKENNESS.



GLASGOW: OF SCOTLAND

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THE HISTORY

OF

OF

WILL AND JEAN.

WHa was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom was in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrestle,
Throw the sledge or toss the bar,
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu,
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu,
Purse and service aye war free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair brāws and siller,
But was ony half so fair?

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell,
Sic a bloom, and shāpe, 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 when fa'ing,
 Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
 Cross the meadow fragrant, green,
 Placed her on the new mown rashes,
 Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,
 Drap into a lover's arms;
 Wakened to his saft lamenting,
 Sighed and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon was buckled
 Nane took time to think and rue:
 Youth, and worth, and beauty, coupled,
 Love 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 sair, but aye wi' pleasure;
 Jean the hale day span and sang;
 Will and weans her constant treasure,
 Blest wi' them, nae day seemed 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 when Willie,
 Hame returning frae the fair,
 O'ertook Tam, a neebour billie,
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
 Calnly smiled the sober e'en,
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
 Skelping barefit owre the green :

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
 Canty hairst was just begun,
 And on mountain, tree, and water,
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' louping,
 Mark't the hale, but could nae bide ;
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,—
 Baith wished for their ain fire side.

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking owre the news in town ;
 The mair they crack't, the mair ilk youth aye
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
 To poor Merit's modest prayer,
 And on fools pours needless blessings,
 Harkened to our drouthy pair.

In a howm, wha's bonny burnie
 Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
 Near the road whar travellers turn aye,
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood ;

White the wa's wi' roof new theekit,
 Window broads just painted red ;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Hafpins seen and hafpins hid.

Down below a flowery meadow
 Joined the burnie's winding line
 Here it was that Howe the widow
 That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
 Bottom, Will first marvelling sees,
 "PORTER, ALE, & BRITISH SPIRITS,"
 Painted bright between twa trees.

Huzza, Tam ! here's walth for drinking :
 Wha can this new comer be ?
 Hout, quo Tam, there's drouth in thinking,
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.

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

Slockened now, refreshed and talking,
 In cam Meg (weel skilled to please),
 Sirs, ye're surely tired wi' walking,—
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.

Thanks, quo Will, I canna tarry,
 Pick-mirk night is setting in ;
 Jean, puir thing's her lane and eery—
 I maun to the road and rin.

Hout, quo Tam, what's a' the hurry?
 Hame's now scarce a mile of gate—
 Come, sit down, Jean winna wearie:
 Hout, I'm sure it's no sae late

Will owrecome wi' Tam's oration
 Baith fell to and ate their fill;
 Tam, quo Will, in mere 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.

Neebours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
 Now sat down wi' double glee,
 Ilk gill ayé grew sweet and sweeter,
 Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, puir thing, had lang been greeting;
 Will, niest morning blamed Tam Lowes,
 But ere lang an owkly meeting
 Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

Maist things hae a sma beginning,
 But wha kens how things will end?
 Owkly clubs are nae great sinning,
 Gin folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man of sobēr thinking
 E'er will say that things can thrive,
 If there's spent in owkly drinking
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,
 Ilka social soul allows ;
 But in this reforming nation
 Wha can speak without the NEWS ?

Maggie's club wha could get nae light
 On some things that should be clear,
 Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
 Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house
 Swith by post the papers fled ;
 Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house
 Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
 Things are no gaun right, quo Tam,
 Let us aftener meet thegither,
 Twice a owk's no worth the gaun

See them now in grave convention,
 To make a' things square and even,
 Or at least wi' firm intention
 To drink six nights out o' seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinking,
 Gathering a' the news that fell,
 Will, wha wasna yet past thinking,
 Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, driuk's deadly poison
 Bare ilk firm resolve awa ;
 On the ither, Jean's condition
 Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow ;
 Weel he saw her bleaching cheek ;
 Marked the smile he strave to borrow,
 Whan, puir thing, she couldna speak.

Jean, at first took little head o'
 Owkly clubs 'mang three or four,
 Thought, kind soul, that Will had need o'
 Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings,
 Sat and drank frae sax till twa,
 When she found that hard earned gettings
 Now on drink war thrown awa ;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheery
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
 Now grown mauchless, dowf, and swear aye
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom and sprightly e'e ;
 And of love and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee ;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ;
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek,
 Or the tears that now ilk evening
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek ?

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
 (Aye ashamed of past disgrace) ;
 Marked the roses as they withered
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

Marked, and felt wi' inward racking
 A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,
 Swore neist night he'd mak a breaking—
 D—d the club and news to hell!

But alas! when habit's rooted
 Few hae pith the root to pu';
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,—
 Promised aye—but aye gat fu'.

Aye at first at the convening
 Moralized on what was right;
 Yet on clavers entertaining
 Dozed and drank till broad day-light.

Things at length drew near an ending
 Cash rins out—Jean quite unhappy,
 Sees that Will is now past mending
 'Tynes a' heart, and taks a drappy.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
 Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
 Fond of ilk dear dauted wean;
 Now heart-hardened at hegither,
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, looked to busk aye
 In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,
 Now sells a' her braws for whisky,
 To her last gown, coat, and sark.

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 wared sic lays.

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
 Ever preed or e'er will taste,
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
 Whisky's ill will skaitb her maist.

See them now! how changed wi' drinking!
 A' their youthful beauty gane!
 Davered, doited, daized, and blinking,
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month of November,
 (Claise, and cash, and credit out,)
 Covering owre a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond, and bill, and debts a' stoppit,
 Ilka sheaf solt on the bent,
 Cattle, beds, and blankits 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.

THE UPSHOT OF THE HISTORY

OH! that folk wad weel consider
 What it is to tyne a name,
 What this warl's athegither,
 If bereft of honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour
 Hardships ne'er breed sorrows smart,
 If bright conscience taks upon her
 To shed sunshine round the heart.

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,
 Guilty shame will ay look down;
 What maun then shame, want, and sorrow,
 Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,
 Ance sae happy, guid, and fair,
 Left by Will, neist morning drearie
 Taks the road of black despair;

Cauld the blast, the day was sleeting,
 Pouch and purse without a plack,
 In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
 And the third tied on her back

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
 Ance sae sonsie, ance sae sweet!
 What a change!—unhoused and beggared,
 Starving—without claise or meat.

Far frae ilk kent spot she wanderèd,
 Skulking like a guilty thief;
 Here and there uncertain daundered,
 Stupified wi' shame and grief.

But soon' shame for bygone errors,
 Fled owre fast for e'e to trace,
 Whan grim death, wi' a his terrors,
 Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face.

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
 Baith down drapt, and down Jean sat!
 Daized and doited now nae langer
 Thought and felt, but bursting grat.

Gloaming fast wi' mirky shadow
 Crap owre distant hill and plain;
 Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,
 Adding fearful thoughts to pain.

Round and round, in wild distraction,
 Jeanie turned her tearful e'e
 Round and round for some protection!
 Face nor house she couldna see.

Dark and darker grew the night' aye,
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud;
 Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
 Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started,
 Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair;
 Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
 Through the gloom of dark despair.

Fast owre fallowed lea she brattled,
 Deep she wade through bog and burn,
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
 Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud 'mang scenes of Simple Nature,
 Stately, auld, a mansion stood
 On a bank, whase sylvan feature,
 Smiled out ower the roaring flood.

Simmer here, in varied beauty,
 Late her flowery mantlè spread,
 Whar auld chesnut, ake and yew tree
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' Wintèr's ravage,
 A' their gaudy livery cast,
 Wood and glen in wailings savage.
 Sung and howled to ilka blast.

Darkness stalked wi' fancy terror,
 Mountains moved and castle rocked,
 Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
 Reached the door and loudly knocked

Wha thus rudely waks the sleeping?
 Cried a voice wi' angry grane;
 Help! oh help! quo Jeanie, weeping,
 Help my infants or they're gane.

Nipt wi' cauld, wi' hunger fainting,
 Baith lay speechless on the lea!
 Help! quo Jeanie, loud lamenting,
 Help my lammies, or they'll die.

Wha thus travels cauld and hungry,
 Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
 Beggars, cried the voice mair angry,
 Beggars wi' their brats I ween.

Beggars now, alas! wha lately
 Helpt the beggar and the poor;
 Fye, gudeman, cried ane discreetly,
 Taunt na poortith at the door.

Sic a night and tale thegither
 Plead for mair than anger's din;
 Rise Joek, cried the pitying mither,
 Rise and let the wretched in.

Beggar now, alas! wha lately
 Helpt the beggar and the poor!
 Enter, quo the youth, discreetly,
 While up flew the open door.

Beggar, or what else, sad mourner,
 Enter without fear or dread;
 Here, thank God, there's ayé a corner
 [To defend the houseless head.

For your bairnies cease repining;
 If in life ye'll see them soon;
 Aff he flew; and brightly shining
 Through the dark clouds, brak the moon.

Here, for ae night's kind protection,
 Leave we Jean and weans awhile,
 Tracing Will in ilk direction,
 Far frae Britain's fostering isle.

Far frae scenes of fastening pleasure,
 Love's delights and beauty's charms;
 Far frae friendship's social leisure,
 Plunged in murdering WAR's alarms.

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
 Or ambition's feverish brain,
 That sae aft, wi' melancholy,
 Turns, sweet PEACE! thy joys to pain,

That wi' a' thy charms enticing
 To the e'e and to the heart,
 (Ilk endearing bliss despising),
 Tempts weak man frae thee to part.

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
 Credit, clase, or ought beside,
 Leaves his ance loved Jeanie Miller,
 And sweet bairns to warld wide.

Leaves his native cozy dwelling,
 Sheltered haughs and birken braes,
 Greenswaird howes and dainty mailing,
 Ance his profit, pride, and praise.

Decked wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
 Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain,
 Fleeced and flattered, roosed and buskit,
 Wow but Will was wondrous fain.

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,
 How could Thought her station keep?
 Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
 Dozed Reflection fast asleep.

But when shipt to toils and dangers,
 Wi' the cauld grund for his bed—
 Compassed round wi' faes and strangers,
 Soon Will's dreams of fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dyed banners
 Waving, to the widow's moan,
 Will saw Glory's boasted honours
 End in life's expiring groan.

Round Valenciennes' strong walled city,
 Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
 Will (though dauntless) saw wi' pity,
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain.

Fired by freedom's burning fever,
 Gallia's rack Death's slaughtering knell,
 Frae the Scheldt to Rhine's deep river,
 Britons fought—but Britons fell.

Fell unaided, though cemented
 By the faith of friendship's laws;
 Fell unpitied! unlamented!
 Bluiding in a thankless cause.

In the thrang of comrades deeing,
 Fighting foremost of them a',
 Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
 And took Willie's leg in twa.

Thrice frae aff the grund he started,
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain,
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
 Sighed—and sank 'mid heaps of slain.

Erskine, wha ne'er slighted merit,
 Marked him 'mid the bloody fray ;
 Save that gallant daring spirit,
 Twice he saved my life the day.

Battle fast on battle raging,
 Wed our stalwart youths awa,
 Day by day new faes engaging,
 Forced the weary back to fa'.

Driven at last frae post to pillar,
 Left by friends wha ne'er proved true,
 Tricked by knaves wha pouched our siller,
 What could worn-out valour do ?

Myriads dark, like gathering thunder,
 Bursting, spread owre land and sea ;
 Left alane, alas ! nae wonder
 Britain's sons were forced to flee.

Cross the Ware and Yssel frozen,
 Deep through bogs and drifted snaw,
 Wounded, weak, and spent, our chosen
 Gallant men now faint and fa.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
 Without cover, bed, or bedding,
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay.

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
 (Left behind, wi' hundred mair,)
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
 Wasting on a bed of care.

Wouuds, and pain, and burning fever,
 Doctors cured wi' healing art ;
 Cured, alas ! but never, never,
 Cooled the fever at his heart.

For, whan a' war sound and sleeping,
 Still and on, baith ear and late,
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,
 Mourning owre his hapless fate.

A' his gowden prospects vanished,
 A' his dreams of warlike fame,
 A' his glittering phantoms banished,
 Will could think of nought but hame.

Think of nought but rural quiet,
 Rural labour, rural ploys ;
 Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
 War, and a' its murdering joys.

Back to Britain's fertile garden,
 Will's returned (exchanged for faes),
 Wi' ae leg, and no a farden,
 Friend or credit, meat or claise.

Lang through country, burgh, and city
 Crippling on a wooden leg,
 Gathering alms frae melting pity,
 See poor Gairlace forced to beg.

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,
 Now to langer beg thinks shame,
 Dreams ance mair of smiling plenty,
 Dreams of former joys, and hame.

Hame, and a' its fond attractions,
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
 While the thoughts of dear connections,
 Swell his heart and blind his e'e.

Monster! wha could hae neglected
 Three sma' infants and a wife,
 Naked, starving, unprotected,
 Them too dearer ance than life

Villain! wha wi' graceless folly,
 Ruined her he ought to save!
 Changed her joys to melancholy,
 Beggary, and—perhaps a grave.

Starting, wi' remorse distracted,
 Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,
 Up he banged, and sair afflicted,
 Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth,
 On a cart or in a waggon,
 Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired at e'ening, stepping hooly,
 Pondering on his thraward fate,
 In the bonny month of July,
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Aft the southland breeze was blawing,
 Sweetly sighed the green ake wood,
 Loud the din of streams fast fa'ing,
 Strack the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating,
 Linties sang on ilka tree,
 Frae the west the sun, near setting,
 Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny,
 Craigs and water, woods and glen,
 Roslin's banks! unpeered by ony,
 Save the muse's Hawthorn den.

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
 Will (though hardly fit to gang,)
 Wandered on through scenes inviting,
 Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
 On a fragrant strawberry steep,
 Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
 Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

Soldier, rise! the dews of e'ening
 Gathering fa' wi' deadly skaith!
 Wounded soldier! if complaining
 Sleep nae here to catch your death.

Traveller, waken!—night advancing,
 Cleeds wi' gray the neebouring hill;
 Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing
 A' the woods are mute and still.

What hae I, cried Willie, waking;
 What hae I frae night to dree?
 Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking
 Light's nae brightning hope to me.

House nor hame, nor farm nor steading,
 Wife nor bairns hae I to see,
 House nor hame, nor bed nor bedding,
 What hae I frae night to dree?

Sair, alas! and sad and many
 Are the ills poor mortals share,
 Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,
 Yield nae, Soldier, to despair.

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
 If Hope's brightning beams should fail?
 See, though night comes, dark and eerie,
 Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale.

There, though walth and waste ne'er riot,
 Humbler joys their comforts shed,
 Labour—health—content and quiet—
 Mourner! there ye'se get a bed.

Wife 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
 There, alas! ye need nae seek---
 Yet their bairns, ilk care beguiling,
 Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek.

A' her earthly pride and pleasure
 Left to cheer her widow'd lot,
 A' her warldly walth and treasure
 To adorn her lanely cot!

Cheer, then, Soldier, midst affliction
 Brightning joys will aften shine;
 Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection---
 Trust to providence divine!

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river
 Cool, when simmer's sunbeams dart,
 Cam ilk word, and cooled the fever
 That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow,
 Listening to his guide before,
 Owre green know and gowany hallow;
 Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, though humble;
 Decked wi' hinnysuckle round;
 Clear below Esk's waters rumble,
 Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melvill's towers, sae white and stately,
 Dim by gloaming glint to view;
 Thro' Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly,
 Skies sae red and lift sae blue!

Entering now in transport mingle,
 Mither fond and happy wean,
 Smiling round a canty ingle,
 Blessing on a clean hearth stane.

Soldier, welcome!---come, be cheery---
 Here ye'se rest, and take your bed-
 Faint, waes me! ye seem, and weary,
 Pale's your cheek, sae lately red.

Changed I am, sighed Willie till her;
 Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be:
 Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
 Nought of Willie Gairlace see?

Hae ye marked the dewes of morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
 Quickly fa, whan, without warning,
 Rough blasts cam and shook the spray.

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
 Drap when pierced by Death mair fleet?
 Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet.

After three lang years' affliction
 (A' their ways now hushed to rest,
 Jean ance mair, in fond affection
 Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad, sad suffering,
 How she wandered, starving poor,
 Gleaming Pity's scanty offerings;
 Wi' three bairns, frae door to door.

How she served---and toiled,---and fevered,
 Lost her health and syne her bread;
 How that grief, when scarce recovered,
 Took her brain and turned her head.

How she wandered round the country
 Mony a live-lang night her lane;
 Till at last an angel's bounty
 Brought her senses back again.

Gae her meat---and claise---and siller;
 Gae her bairnie's wark and lear;
 Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
 Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, heark'ning, wiped his e'en aye;---
 'Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
 'But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie!
 'Wha, quo Jeanie, 'but Buccleugh!

'Here, supported---cheered---and cherished
 'Nine blessed months I've lived and mair;
 Seen these infants clad and nourished,
 Dried my tears and tint despair.

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
 Light the lanesome hours gae round;
 Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinnin'.
 Brings yon angel's helping pound!

Eight pounds mair, cried Willie, fondly,
 Eight pounds mair, will do nae harm,
 And, O Jean, gin friends war kindly,
 Eight pounds soon might stock a farm.

There ance mair to thrive by ploughing,
 Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
 Idle waste and drucken ruin,
 War, and a' its murdering joys!

Thrice he kissed his lang lost treasure;
 Thrice ilka bairn---but could nae speak;
 Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,
 Streamed in silence down his cheek.

