

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR, THE
THE HISTORY

Sad effects of Drunkenness,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF

WILL AND JEAN.

WHA WAS ONCE LIKE WILLIE GARTAGE,

WHA IN NEIGHBOURING TOWN OR TOWN,

Beauty's bloom was in his face,

Dearly strength and health he had,

Brew'd in hell's black pandemonia,

Whisky's ill will skaith her naist!

THROW THE STONE OR Toss THE GAIT,

HAD WHAT SHOULD, HE STOOD A CASTLE,

OR FOR SHELTER OR FOR WAR.



THAT WAR ONLY SHALL SEE FAIR?

'S WAS HER NATURE;

THE BELL:

FALKIRK:

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SCOTLAND'S SKATH

THE HISTORY

OF

WILL AND JEAN.

WILL AND JEAN

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

Wha wi' will could rin or wrastle,
Throw the sledge or toss the bar;
Hap what should, 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 handsu',
Purse and service aye war free.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Who wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair brows and siller,
But war ony half sae fair?

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell:
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her look no 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's fragrant green,
 Placed her on the new mawn rashes,
 Watching sad her opening een.

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

Soon they loo'd, and soon war buckl'd,
 Nane took time to think and rue :
 Youth, and worth, and beauty coupled,
 I uve ha l 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 pleasure ;
 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 neighbour billie,
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
 Calmly smiled the so'ber e'en,
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
 Skelping barefit on the green :

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
 Canty hairst was just begun,
 And on the 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 ane 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 cyrst il flood,
 Near the road whar travellers turn ay,
 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,
 Haffins seen and haffins hid.

Down below, a flowery meadow
 Join'd 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 marveling 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 tir'd 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, quō Tam, what's a' the hurry?
 Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
 Come, sit down, Jean winna wearie :
 Hout, I'm sure it's no sœ late.

Will o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
 Baith fell to and ate their fill ;
 Tam, quō Will, in mere discretion,
 We maun ha'e the widow's gill.

After æ 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 aye grew sweet and sweeter :
 Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, puir thing, had lang been greeting ;
 Will, neist morning, blamed Tam Lowes.
 But ere lang an owkly meeting
 at Maogv Howe's

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

But nae man of sober 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 ha'e 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 e'er lang the fault, and ae night
 Club'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' week's no worth the gauk.

See them now in grave contention,
 To mak a' things square and even,
 Or at least wi firm contention
 To drink sax 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 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 smothered sorrow;
 Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;
 Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
 Whan, poor thing, she couldna speak.

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

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

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

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom and spritly ee;
 And of love and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly from his family flee.

Wha could blame her heart's complaining;
 Wha condemn her furrows meek,
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 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 make a breaking—
 D—d the club and news to hell!

But, alas! when habits rooted,
 Few ha'e pith the root to pu';
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,—
 Promised aye—but aye got 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' grew 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.

Jane, sae late the tenderest mither,
 Fond of ilk dear dauted wean;
 Now, hard-hearted a' the gither,
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, liked 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
 E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste ;
 Brew'd in hell's black pandemonia,
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist !

See them now ! how changed wi' drinking !
 A' their youthfu' 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,)
 Cowering owre a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout !

Bonds and bill, and debts a' stoppit,
 Ilka sheaf selt 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 ta'en on to be a sodger,
 She wi' weans to beg her bread.

To her last gown, coat and ask,
 Now sells a her draws for whisky,
 In her dame'spud, thirly wark,
 Lead, wha' wogis, likid to busk aye

THE UPSHOT OF THE HISTORY.

OH! that folk wad weel consider

What it is to tyne a name;
 What this world is a' thegither,
 If bereft of honest fame!

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

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,
 Guilty shame will aye 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 beggard,
 Starving—without claise or meat.

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

But soon shame for bygane errors,
 Fled owerfast for ee 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!
 Daised and doited, now nae langer
 Thought and felt, but bursting grat.

Gloaming fast, wi' mirky shadow,
 Crap o'er 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 ee,
 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 o'er fallowed lea she brattled,
 Deep she wade through bog and burn,
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
 Till she reached the hope 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 there, in varied beauty,
 Late her flow'ry mantle spread,
 Whar auld chesnut, ake, and yew tree,
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' Winter'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 castles rocked;
 Jean half dead wi' toil and horror,
 Reached the door and loudly knocked.

Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?
 Cry'd a voice wi' angry grane:
 Help! oh help! quo' Jeanie, weeping,
 Help my infants, or they're gane.

Nipt wi' canld, wi' hunger fainting,
 Baith lie 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.
 Eye, gudeman, cried ane discreetly,
 Taunt nae poortith at our door.

Sic a night and tale thegither,
 Plead for mair than anger's din:
 Rise Jock, 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 opening door.

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

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

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 saftening pleasure,
 Luve'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 bless despising,)
 Tempts weak man from thee to part.

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
 Credit, claes, 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 Valenciens' strong walled city,
 Thick o'er 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,
 Briton's fought—but Briton's 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,
 Mark'd 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 away;
 Day by day new foes 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 sillew
 What could worn out valour do!

Myriads dark, like gathering thunder,
 Bursting, spread o'er 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' hundreds mair,)
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
 Wasting on a bed of care.

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

For, whan a' were 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 its murdering joys.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden,
 Will's returned, (exchanged for faes,)
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
 Friend or credit, meat nor 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 ee.

Monster! wha could ha'e 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 flagging,
 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.

Soft 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 bleeting,
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,
Craig and water, woods and glen,
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the muses hawthorn den.

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will, (though hardly fit to gang),
Wandering 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 scaith!
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep nae here to catch your death!

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

What ha'e I, cried Willie, waking,
 What ha'e I frae night to dree?
 Morn, through clouds in splend' rbreaking,
 Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

House nor hame, nor farm nor stedding,
 Wife nor bairns ha'e 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 ha'e nae,
 Yield nae, Soldier, to despair:

What's this life sae wae and wearie,
 If Hope's bright'ning 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' bairnie; smiling,
 There, alas! ye needna seek—
 Yet there 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
 Bright'ning joys will aften shine;
 Virtue aye claims heaven's protection, —
 Trust to providence divine!

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

Silent stept he ou, poor fallow,
 Listening to his guide before,
 Owre green knowe and gowany hallow,
 Till he reached the cot-house.

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

Melville'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 happy ingle,
 Blessing on a clean hearth-stone:

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?
 Ha'e ye marked the dews of morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
 Quickly fa', whan, without warning,
 Rough blasts cam' and shook the spray.
 Ha'e you seen the bird fast fleeing
 Drap, when pierced by death main fleet?
 Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet.
 After three lang years' affliction,
 (A' their waes now hushed to rest,)
 Jean lance mair, in fond affection,
 Claps her Willie to her breast.
 Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings,
 How she wandering, starving, poor,
 Gleaning 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 lanè;
 Till at last an angel's bounty
 Brought her senses back again.

Gae her meat—and claise and—siller ;
 Gae her bairnies wark and lair ;
 Lastly, ga'e this cot-house till her,
 Wi' four sterling pounds a year.
 Willie, hark'ning, wiped his een aye ;—
 Oh! what sins ha'e 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 an mair ;
 Seen these infants clad and nourished,
 Dried my tears and tint despair :
 Some times serving, some times spinning,
 Light the lanesome hours gae round ;
 Lightly too, ilk quarter rinning,
 Brings your angel's helping pound !
 Eight pounds mair, cried Willie, fondly,
 Eight pounds mair, will do nae harm,
 And, O Jean, gin friends were 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 ilk bairn—but could nae speak ;
 Tears of luv, and hope, and pleasure,
 Streamed in silence down his cheek.