

Wabster Willie

Narrator.

Great tales are told of men of old
Who forged our Scottish nation
Of royal Bruce and Wallace bold
And lairds of noble station
Wi warlike clans our lands were filled
And yet their glory fades
Compared to those whose hands were skilled
The men that plied the trades
And frae the East coast tae the West
Frae Cheviots tae Scrabster
There's ne'er a trade can match nor best
The honest Scottish wabster.
His tartans and his Harris Tweed
The famous hodden grey
Hae served ten centuries o' need
And cled us to this day
So as a mark of our respect
To this most noble clan
Our story for tonight reflects
On one such artisan
His country hoose a but an ben
Nae palace but his castle
A prince among the Tweed-dale men
Our hero Willie Wastle.

Willie Wastle

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed
The spot they ca'd it Linkumtodie
Willie was a wabster guid
Could Stown a clue wi onie body.
He had a wife was dour and din
O, Tinkler Madgie was her mother
Sic a wife a Wille had
I wad na gie a button for her
She had an e'e (she has but ane)
The cat has twa the very colour
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump
A clapper tougue was deave a miller
A whiskin beard about her mou
Her nose and chin they threaten ither
Sic a wife a Wille had
I wad na gie a button for her
She's bow-hough'd, she's hen shinned
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter
She's twisted right, she's twisted left
Tae balance fair in ilka quarter
She has a hump upon her back
The twin o' that upon her shouther
Sic a wife a Wille had
I wad na gie a button for her
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits
An wi her loof her face a-washin
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig

She dights her grunzie wi a hushion
Her wallie nieves like midden creels
Her face was fyle the Logan Water
Sic a wife a Wille had
I wadna gie a button for her

Wife.

You sir, are ye clean insane
I'll tell ye this fur starters
If you've been at that still again
I'll hae yur guts fur garters

Willie.

Now, now my darlin dinna fret
Ye ken fine I'm teetotal
Ma pur old gut's been that upset
It's jist ma med'cine bottle

Wife.

Well heed me weel if that's a lie
You'll no can sit fur blisters
Now you hae mind and feed thae kye
I'm off doon tae see ma sister's

Narrator.

She's barely oot and doon the track
Tae Wastle's great relief
When twa come sneaking in the back
As stealthy as a thief
The first o' them's named Alan Shiel
A well known local rake
A drunkard and a neredaeweel
Forever on the take
The tither ane's called Robert Don
Or so his stage name goes
Rab McDonald tae his fiends
He's precious few o those

Rab.

Good evening Willie, how are you
We thought we'd have a visit
The rumour's out you've made a brew
Ripe for sampling is it?

Willie.

Rab and Alan, by my sooth,
I'm fairly glad tae see ye
Thon rumour-monger spak the truth
I'll hae a sample wi ye.

Wabster Willie

Here's a bottle

Here's a bottle and twa honest men
What could ye wish for more man
Wha kens before this life may end
What his share may be o' care man
Then catch the moments as they fly
And use them as ye ought man
Believe me, happiness is shy
And comes not aye when sought man.

Alan.

Lord Almighty whit a belt
The kick in that stuff's frightening
That's quite the sairest jolt I've felt
Since I was struck wi lightning

Willie Brewed

*O, Willie Brewed a peck o maut
And Rab and Alan cam tae prie
Three blyther hearts that lee-land night
Ye was na found in Christendie*

Chorus.

**We are na fou, we're no that fou
But just a drappie in oor e'e
The cock may crawl, the day may daw
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.**

Here are we met three merry boys
Three merry boys I trow are we
And monie a night we've merry been
And monie mair wee hope to be.

It is the moon, I ken her horn
Blinkin in the lit sae hie
She shines sae bright tae wyle us hame
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

Wha first tae rise to gang awa
A cuckold coward loun is he
Wha last beside his chair shall fa
He is the king amang us three

Willie.

Come on now fellows gies yur news
You're aye the local sages
Any word o Peggy Hughes
I've no seen hur fur ages

Rab.

Why yes we have, she asked for you
We met her just tonight
And when we told her of your brew
She asked for an invite

Willie.

O help ma boob, oh heck oh jings
You've never asked her here
Aggie thinks we had a thing
She'll split her ear to ear

Rab.

That we have my timid friend
And if I'm not mistaken
That's her just come round the bend
To do some mischief making
Peggy oh my bonnie lass
It's been far far too long
Come sit by me and have a glass
Or grace us with a song

Alan.

Now then Peggy tell the truth
Is it true whit they say
Twas Willie Wastle as a youth
That stole your flower away.

Peggy.

Alan Shiel you've sic a mooth
Could swallow the Atlantic
You make is sound so damned uncouth
Instead o' dead romantic

To the weavers gin you go

My heart was andce sae blythe and free
As simmer days were lang
But a bonie Tweedale weavin lad
He gart me change my sang.

Chorus

**To the weavers gin you go fair maids
To the weavers gin you go
I reed ye right gae neer at night
To the weavers gin you go**

My mither sent me tae the toon
Tae warp a plaiden wab
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie Tweedale waeavin lad
Sat workin at his loom
He took my heart as wi a net
Wi every knot and thrum

I sat beside my warpin-wheel
And Aye I ca'd it roun
But every knot and every knock
My heart it gae a stoun

Wabster Willie

The moon ws sinkin in the west
Wi visage pale and wan
As my bonnie Tweedale weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said and what was done
Shame fa me gin I tell
For a my span o' life may run
I'll keep them tae mysel.

Rab.

Upon my soul, the secret's out
This weavin's just a cover
From this account there's little doubt
He's Tweedale's greatest lover.

Peggy

Haud yur tongue and spare yur lash
You've flushed ma Willie's cheeks
Now I'm gan oot tae mak a splash
Afore I wet ma breeks.

Alan.

If word o this should get about
And Aggie got to hear
I think masel there's little doubt
She'd split *him* ear tae ear.
Yes Willie boy if I were you
Consumed wi sair regret
I'd fill ma friends wi that there brew
Tae help them tae forget

Wife.

Well, well now here's a bonnie pass
The devils prepin' school
Three drunken sinners tae a class
Twa wasters and a fool

Rab.

Sticks and stones may break my bones
A actor's like a mule
He bears his part and never moans
The hero or the fool

Sir wisdom's a fool when he's fu **Chorus.**

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fu
Sir knave is a fool in a session
He's there but a prentice I trow
But I am a fool by profession
My grannie she bought me a book
And I held awa tae the school
I fear I my talent mistook
But what will ye hae of a fool/
For drink I would venture my neck

A hizzie's the half o my craft
But what could ye other expect
An actor must sometimes act daft
I ance was tied up like a stirk
For civilly swearing and quaffing
I ance was abused in the kirk
For towsing a lass at the daffin.
And now my confusion I'll tell
For faith I'm confoundedly dry
The chiel that's a fool to himsel
Guid Lord he's far dafter than I

Wife.

I'll gie ye fool ya bloody queer
I'll pull yur lugs apart
Well help ma boab what have we here
If no the district tart

Peggy

I'll gie ye tart, you ugly cow
Whaur will you get a face
If ever auld McPhersons sow
Should want its arse replaced
One glance at you wad mak it clear
For anyone to see
Why my auld darling Willie here
Wad rather be wi me.

Wife.

So steal ma man, is that yur game
You brazen, painted trollop
You big toon whore's are a the same
I'll fetch ye sic a wallop. (Fight!)

Rab.

My goodness how the time has flown
In truth it's been a pleasure
We'll leave you people on your own
Good friends are such a treasure

Wife.

And as for you boy, come the morn
I'll gie ye sic cumuppance
I'll mak the wish ye'd ne'er been born
You future's no worth tuppence

Narrator.

The wee bit sense in Willie's heid
Has flown south with the swallows
But if a morals what ye need
The moral is as follows
Avoid strong drink and heed your wife
For marriage vows are holy
It maybe won't extend your life
But time will pass more slowly.