THE PLAY O THE WATHER

By

John Heywood

Translated and adapted by Edwin Stiven

Performance Script for Nutshell Theatre Company
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John Heywood and “The Play of the Weather”

Translator’s Note

John Heywood was connected with the court of Henry VIII and his morality tale, “The Play of the Weather” was first performed as an “interlude” for the entertainment of the King and his court in 1527.

It is one of a number of such morality plays which he wrote, and staged, with his own small company of boy actors. His work was very popular - popular enough to be published for general consumption - and from today’s perspective, what is most interesting about it is that it provides a link between Medieval Folk Dramas and Modern Theatre.

Heywood’s main contribution to this evolution is probably in the development of character on the stage. In this he was undoubtedly influenced by Chaucer, and he also shares Chaucer’s bawdy wit and love of satire. His characterisation certainly makes a huge leap forward from that of the early Morality Plays, and he completely eschews the moral didacticism of these and the Mystery Plays.

In fact, the only moral lesson which I can discern in the original play is that of the importance of seeking wise counsel - perhaps a message to the headstrong and impetuous King Henry.

But for me, the real attraction in translating and updating the play was its apparent similarity to what little we know of Scots Pre-Reformation drama, and therefore to attempt to recreate that style of drama in a Scottish context.

The most obvious way of doing this is in the use of Scots language – which incidentally is almost entirely modern rather than old or medieval Scots – and by adapting Heywood’s original to emphasise the anarchic style of Scots drama of that date. Thus Heywood’s “Merry Report” becomes “Merry Courant”, a Scots term for a “revel”, and his role is one of “Master of the Revels” in the genre of characters such as “The Abbot of Bon Accord” who led the Scottish Folk Dramas of the period.

An added attraction is that the weather, and our management of the earth’s climate is actually now an intensely moral issue, in a way that would have astonished Heywood and his contemporaries. But at the end of the day, this play has little to say to us about morality. It may however have a lot to say about immorality.

Eddie Stiven
Players

Wather Girl
Jupiter..............................................................a God
Merry Courant.................Master of the Revels
Laird
Merchant
Keeper
Water-Miller
Wind-Miller
Dame
Launder
Boy
Sandy the Soond Man (non-speaking)
Hallo there! Well we really huv been haein some wather
Goin by yer calls, some of yese are in a richt lather
The gentlemen in particular are seemin tae get het up
As lang as this lovely sunshine disnae want tae let up
And no, for thaim that e-mailed and texted,

I really think it’s quite rude

Tae spier¹ that I could dae the wather
staunin here in the nude
Onywey ower here in Rossy² the day
it’s really been a brammer
We’ve been on the beach aa day,
me and Wullie ahent the camera

Wullie wis haein a rare auld time
playin wi his frisbee
And gin his girlfriend is watchin
she’ll agree he haunles it nicely
Top temp’rature the day, a blisterin twinty nine
That’s ower eichty for youse auld yins
I howp ye’re haein a richt guid time
Espescially Jimmy Michie wha phoned in frae Newmilns
Wha said he liked yisterday’s sun-frock
and the doacter hud gied him new pills
I wis niver oot the bikini the day,
until we were camin on air
Sandy the Soond-man helped me wi that,

he’s doublin wi Wardrobe, Make-up and Hair

¹ Spier/ask
² Rossy/Rothesay
Sae here is the prospect fur this evenin and the morn
Mair sun tae cam, it’ll gang on het and warm
Exceptin fur Shetland whaur ye’ll see a wee bittie rain
And in the Western Isles it’ll be muckle\(^3\) the same
Frae Thurso tae Berwick will be covert wi haar
And there micht be some thunner roon aboot Braemar
For youse yins in the Borders it’ll be a bit fresher
They’ll be some mornin mist in Skye

and drachie\(^4\) ower in Ross-shire
The midgie coont in Achiltibuie is gonnie be quite fearfu
And there’s a fair bit o pollen roon aboot Fife
that’ll mak the sneeshers\(^5\) quite tearfu
The nicht aa you Patrick Moores kin gie yer telescopes a
twiddlin
For there’s an unco\(^6\) byordinar\(^7\) arrangement up in the
heivens
Aa the planets wull be gaithered roon Saturn in a huddlin
And Jupiter’s in as close as he’s been

syne\(^8\) fifteen twinty seiven\(^9\)
The astronomers are tellin me that’s mibby the reason
That aa o oor wather his been getting oot o season
The morn we’ll be bringin yer wather

frae the ferry pier in Brodick
Wullie and Sandy wull be luikin efter me again

brocht tae ye by CalMac and Anita Roddick

\(^3\) muckle/much
\(^4\) damp
\(^5\) sneeshers/sneezers
\(^6\) unfamiliar
\(^7\) unusual
\(^8\) since
\(^9\) since
LX. Dark

TX. Thunder roll & sound of heavy rain.

Omnes  Yestreen I saw a watergaw
No yin, but three, all in a raw
They rase frae the hills in a shimmerin licht
And in that circumference it shone unco bricht
A bleeze-fire o howp, that made me jalouse
That man micht yet hae the wather he chuse
And as I watched I lost aa ma fears
And I thoch tae masell, it’s the daunce o the spheres.

Enter Jupiter

Jupiter  Owre lang nou, in truith we maun declare
The auncient realm whaurin our ain self hes reigned
Whatna honours and praises, gien tae us, nae mair
Nor we deserve, whatna glories gained
Aff ilka cratur that hes peyd its dues unstrained
For abune aa gods, sinsyne10 oor noble faither’s faa
We Jupiter wis aey foremaist mang them aa.
And gin11 as that’s the case, as shairly it is
Mair honoured than in ony ither case
Wha wad disclaim or hae the neck tae deny
That oor regality is regairdit in ony ither wey?
For syne the day that heiven and yird12 were thrown
Stuid we ne’er in sic triumphal renown
As we dae nou, e’en tho we say it wursell.
Frae whilk heich13 vantage, in truith tae tell

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9 The date of the original performance of Heywood’s play
10 sinsyne/since
11 gin/if
12 earth
We maun frae time tae time mak oor wey doon
Tae see hou ilka body fares amang the warld’s room;
A test tae mak, and we the spierin alchemist
That we in lordship will be pruived the first
And ye, oor subjects, will honour us ilk day
Upon yer bendit knees, for that’s the wey ye pray.
And nou tae this maitter tak tent that we micht see
Afore oor presence here in oor ain pairlament
Baith gods and goddesses of ilka degree
Hae gaithered aroon us by common consent
For the pitten tae richts o certain complaints
That fester amang them withoot restraint
And fearfu miscaain wi curses personal
Tae wit, we nummerate in these maist special:
Oor foersaid faither Saturn, and Phoebus the sun
Eolus the wind-god and Pheobe, the moon,
There’s ither yins tae, but thon fower by name
Hae set tae ilk ither wi sic flytin and sweirin
Aa guid fowks wad gan reid at the wards they declaim
And the mair they gan at it, the mair we are fearin
That oot their gyres they’ll be birlin their wulkies
Tae the sair alarum o baith men and monkies.
Sic a tulzie as this wis amang us aa
The first tae steir wis the auld yin, faither Saturn
His broo wi cranreuch rimed, his beard as white as snaa
He raisit up his neive\textsuperscript{19}, and gied his throne a batterin,

“Whaur wad ye be without the frost!?” he hootit

“Naither air nor land wad fare lang without it!

And baith man and beast wad shin fin theirsells hoastin\textsuperscript{20},

Gin it werena for me gien the yird a gid frostin!”

But then Pheobus, ye could haurdly say without warnin,

Meltit aa o his wark wi his beams ilka mornin

And his wee sister Pheobe made mair o a commotion

By warmin the shores wi the tides o the ocean

Whereupon Eolus, no wantin left oot o the fun

Said there was nane could owrecam aathing better than him

For when he wis mindit tae let his blasts blaw

He wad dree\textsuperscript{21} naither sunshine, mune-glaumerie\textsuperscript{22} or snaw

Settin ilk at ilk ither and himsel at aa three

That’s whey there’s nae wey these fower kin agree

Argiein the toss wi ilk ither, backlins and fore

Ragin and rammyin in a helluva splore\textsuperscript{23}

That wis the wey o’t, a richt tirrivee\textsuperscript{24}

And aa that could be dune wis tae fin a referee

That’s whaur we cam in at their invitation

Tae see whit could be dune in the wey o arbitration

Atweill then the ootcam at the feenish up wis this

That we wad be chairged fur tae mak a hale list

O the wather that wis wantit on heiven and yird -

Wi a proper recompense for expenses incurred -

\textsuperscript{19} fist \textsuperscript{20} coughing \textsuperscript{21} suffer \textsuperscript{22} moon magic \textsuperscript{23} quarrel \textsuperscript{24} rage
And we wad cam doon tae tak a guid soondin
Tae see gin the wather is properly tuned in
Tae the needs o ilk mortal; poor yin or rich yin
And tak tent o thaim that are never dune bitchin
For we ken that the wather isna aey tae yer pleasin –
It’s ower wet or ower dry, it’s het or it’s freezin -
And sae whit we need is tae canvas the opeenions
O ilka lad and lassie in the hale o oor dominions
That we, up in heiven, will ken then whit’s best
And the airdiein atween us will be settled at last
Richt then. Wha ’mang ye aa kin mak this declaration
Gangin roon abody in the hale o the nation
That Jupiter will hear yer needs fur yer wathers
Whether it be honest or jist a load o blathers?
Wha in this gaitherin then wull be oor toon-crier?
Merry Courant
Brother haud up yer licht a wee tad higher
Ma lord, I beseech ye, luik ower tae me furst
And I wat that yer lordship winna fin me the warst.
Jupiter
Whitna gaen-aboot-body is this that I see?
Merry
The guidman that ye seek, yer lordship, it’s me
Jupiter
A guidman! I wadna gie the name tae sic a fellae
Fur yer duds are gey creashie and yer bunnet’s aa skelly.
Whit name dae they cry ye and whit is it ye want?
Merry
I’ll start aff wi ma name sire, they cry me Merry Courant.
Jupiter
Ye are haurdly a man that kin bring us sober reason,
Yer garb is o a fule, nor is yer mainner pleasin.

25 itinerant beggar
26 clothes
27 greasy
28 A Revel
Merry
Whit wey kin yer lordship no like ma mainner,
Ma fine style in claes, nor ma name naither?

Jup
It’s no hard at aa. In fact it’s a daudle.

Merry
This is the time for yaisin yer noddle!
Atweil then, as wyce as ye mak yersel oot tae be
And yet ye kin see nae wyceness\(^{29}\) in me
But seein as ye haud me in sic muckle scorn
I howp ye’ll aloo me tae blaw ma ain horn
And tae stert aff wi, I sall first attend
Tae tell ye whit I wis up tae afore I cam ben
For I jalousie\(^{30}\) wi ma mainner ye took a wee scunner
Tho whit wey should ye? It still maks me wunner
As nae ither buddy pit in fur yer joab that I could see
Sae ye kin haurdly be picky I think ye’ll agree
But e’en as it is, and the darg\(^{31}\) is wather-devinin
Whit maitter tho I weir sackclaiths or fine linen?
Whit’s needit fur the joab is the wit o a clairvoyant
And for that ye maunna luik past yer guid sairvant.
And as for ma name, let me tell ye o this instance
A fine spree that happened tae me this very day by chaunce
A merry courant, a revel atween me and a guid dame
A widow she wis, and merry at that, the very same
Wha’s guidman depairted frae her withoot ony warnin
Sae lusty wis he tae the last baith even and mornin
That she, at ma ingaen, wis sae pleased wi ma stature
And gied her sic a steir as is ma naiture
That when I gaed oot again, abin aathing else

\(^{29}\) wisdom
\(^{30}\) suspect/figure
She thankit me hertily for ringin her bells
And gin that I hadna gien them a guid skelpin
She wadna be spierin fur a saicent helpin
But in sic mainner I boarded and manned her
That I left her mair blythe than ever I fand her
Whatna chiel is sae thochtie, whatna knicht sae gallant
That staunds match for me, Maister Merry Courant?
And for yer design let me nou impress
For aa yer wathers I couldna care less
They dinna bother me, ye’l ne’er hear me moanin,
Sunlicht, munelicht, staurlicht or gloamin
Cauld or het, wat or dry, fire-flaucht or thunner
I’m oot in them aa, nae bield am I unner
Spates, sumps and blatterns, cranreuch or haar
I tak as I fin them, nae better nor waur
Temperate or distemperate, whate’er it micht be
I promise yer lordship, it’s aa wan tae me
Jupiter
Ach weel, son, considerin ye arena wan tae faff
No tae mention yer ability tae bring the best tidins
We mak ye oor sairvant and wull tell ye stracht aff
That ye maun deliver tae ilka toon these mindins:
Oor pleisure is that we wad ken whit wey the wather is
The whilk thing done, no maitter whit the blather is
Bring back ilk suitor here, ane o ilk persuasion
As sic ye judge yersel as micht occasion

31 task
32 lightning
33 shelter
34 floods
35 downpours
36 storms
A canty back-an-fore, withooten ony argy-bargyins;
Tak tent ye dinna birl ma lugs wi screechin harridans;
As for the lave, thaim that arena warth bringin,
Jist gie me an accoont o whilk wey they’re hingin.

Merry
Deed will I, ma lord, I’ll be the saul o discretion
Ye’ll get nae mair diplomacy frae the United Nations
Richt then, staun aside! Let yer First Meenister thru
That’s me fairly cam up in the warld nou
I better get aff and pit the ward doon tae Tony’s
And see gin I kin wangle some joabs fur ma cronies.

Jupiter
Atweil that’s aathing tentie nou we trust
The first sall be last and the last sall be first
And we kin blythely get aff tae wir chair
Tae see whit we may see, and hear whit we may hear
He moves off up stage or up high to a place of observation
Exit Merry

(MX. Song 1: “40 Different Wards fur Rain”)

Enter Merry wearing something ridiculous as a badge of office

Merry
Nou! Guid folks! Tak tent for that’s me back oan
Mak wey will ye please till I set at this throne
And dinna ony think me begge r mair, for I’ve been elevated
No quite tae the regal state sae dinna be ower nervy
I’m jist takkin nae snash, I’d like that first tae be stated
Or ye’ll fin yersel banished tae Troon, or even Kinlochbervie.
Ye dinna hae tae bou! It’s no that necessary
A wee bit nod o the heid will dae, and the ladies they kin

curtsy

\[^{37}\text{remainder}\]
\[^{38}\text{pay attention}\]
“Whit’s he been up tae?” I hear ye spier o ma dealins
Atweil I jist hud a jaunt roon the Lawlans and Heelans
North, sooth, east and wast; in ilka toon I did make fast
Traivlin the lenth and bridth o the land; steyin in Bed and
Break-fast
At Larbert, at Livingstone and in Lesmahago
At Bathgate, in Braemar, and at the Arran Show
At Ecclefechan and Ullapool even up in Elgin
At the Wheatsheaf in Symington, or the belli-hooi\textsuperscript{39} Glenelg Inn
At Newport, at Ness, and in Newton Stewart
At Dornie, at Dunvegan, and at Castle Duart
At Pitlochry and Prestwick and in Pittenweem
And in Kilmarnock where plays oor finest fitba team
At Knockintiber, up the river, and in Auchtermuchty
At Sliddery and Lendalfit, even up a gum tree;
The deil himself withooten mair leesure
Couldna gane hauf as faur as that I am siccar\textsuperscript{40}
But nou I hae tellt them and bade them tae chuse
For certes I carena wha win or wha lose
\textit{Enter Laird blowing a hunting horn}
Merry
Nou by ma troth that wis a guid stert
I thocht I wis hearin the auld guidwife’s fart
But it canna be that for sae I suppose
That guidwives’ horns soond mair in a man’s nose.
Laird
Tally ho! Tally ho! Wi horse and wi hound!
Merry
I wadna cry that within hearin o the Mound

\textsuperscript{39} riotous
\textsuperscript{40} certain
Sir ye be welcome, I’m a fan o the hunts
Tho there’s mony that think ye a richt bunch o culinary mendicants
Jolly good, ma dear chap, delighted tae hear it
Hoist up the flag and let us aa cheer it
Lat me discoorse on whit is the maitter
I’m here to share the hunters’ quaich with the noble Jupiter
To appraise him of oor met’rological needs anent oor recreation
As hithertae requestit in his recent proclamation.
That’s whit wis spiered for, ye hae it in truith
Tho I’d unnerstaun ye better without the bools in yer mooth.
Topping! Topping! Then lead the way onward
I shall follow you efter, a little to windward.
That’s no possible sir, I’m afraid we canna risk it
And dinna cry ma a toppin, I’m no sittin on a biscuit.
Whit wey then, sirrah, hou are we tae proceed?
Tell yer suit tae me, sir, and I sall tak guid heed
It is the God I wish to see, he’s mair of ma rank.
Gin I wis tae tak ye I widna be thanked
And naither wad ye e’en tho ye’re a toff
He’s no keen on rankers, ye’ll be tellt tae piss off.
Then let that be the ootcam, gin that it is
Tak me intae the God’s chamber and we’ll see whit he says
There’s ainlie yin here that gans intae his rooms
Sae jist you bide here and play wi yer thoombs.
Ma lord, we huv a laird ootby, a richt fancy talker
Gin I’m no mistak, they cry him Johnny Walker
Born eighteen twinty but he still seems quite able
And as ye will see he’s weirin a reid label.

Jupiter
Tell me his mind then, whit is his crack?
Tho we maun say, speakin personal, we’d prefer him in black.

Merry
It’s haurd tae say, sire, his heid’s fu o mince
And his mou’s fu o marbles, he’s makkin me wince.

Jupiter
Bring him in ben then, we’ll see whit he’s sayin
Ye canna heed the dunkey till ye hear him brayin

Merry
The god says that he’ll see ye then, but let me tell ye this
He’s no keen on horn-blawin, or takkin the piss.

Laird
Tis such a pity we hae tae thole the uncouth.

Merry
It’s nae waur than the drivel that cams oot your mooth.

Laird
I dinna talk drivel, sir, no tae ma knowledge
And I’ve been tutored in mainners, I went tae Fettes College.

Merry
That explains yer vowels then, and yer choice o claes.

Laird
Let me past, fitman 41, I’ve nae mair time for delays
Maist michty prince and god of ilka nation
May it please yer heeness tae tak tent o this suit
On behauf o the gentry, as laid doon in yer proclamation
That I, sir, am here tae tell ye braid oot
And as we are the maist elevated of your subjects
I am shair that yer due consideration will be nae object
We are, as ye sall ken, frae auncient and frae noble stock
That’s whit pits us up abin the common flock
No tae mention the maitter of oor priveleged schoolin
Whilk is designed to mak shair oor class remains rulin
Keepin Jock and Jenny Commoner firmly in their places
Helping us as we require in oor hoosehalds and oor chases

Sae, ma guid god, this is whit we are ettlin

That as we tak the stirrup-dram we’re in a canty fettlin

No weet, no cauld, no blawn aff the cuddy

Ridin oot owre grun that isna owre muddy

No rainin nor shooerin, be it smirrin or peltin

The wind caum and still, but the sun’s heat no meltin

As we follow the wild deer oer mountain and burn

The yelloch\textsuperscript{42} o the hounds and the cry o the horn.

Jupiter

Richt weel dae we hear yer spierin, guid laird

And we kin tell ye for certes we are nou prepared

Wi yer case, in the hale and in the particular

Bethankit fur yer time, and bein sic a stickler

Be shair that we’ll be mindit o aa o yer tale

Richt gled are we tae hear it in ilka detail

Laird

In heiven and in yird sire, honoured be thy name

It is ma howp that ilka man be treated jist the same

And sic as we that cam frae the aristocracy

I trust that ye’ll treat us wi equal democracy

Keepin in mind of coorse that we keep muckle hooses

That gie a rowth o labour tae the lower classes

For he that is heid o his hoosehald it is said

Is the yin that’s wantin sleep maist at nicht in his bed.

Merry

Nou I beseech yer lairdship, wha’s heid are ye?

Laird

Wha’s heid am I? I am heid o ye and heid o aa I see

Merry

Naw I think it true eneuch sae God help me

\textsuperscript{41} footman

\textsuperscript{42} yell/battle cry
That’s the wey it’s aey been syne the auldwife\textsuperscript{43} did whelp me.

A donnert\textsuperscript{44} lad they said, inclined tae fits

The sma’est thing kin set him aff and pit him oot his wits

Even as it is I fin masell in yin or twa minds

And that’s jist yin owre mony gin ye’ve ainnie goat wan heid

Doactors hae a ward for it I think ye’ll find

But e’en wi aa their doactorin I affen wiss masell deid

But nou, sinsyne this ither heid’s appeared

Things arena as sair as I hud previously feared

For nou I’ve a match for the contortionist’s skill

And kin pu aff a trick that the audience will thrill.

Laird

Whit’s that?

Merry

By God sir, syne ye cam hither

I kin fankle ma heid and ma erse up thegither!

This heid will sauve siller, by Saint Mary

Frae this time forrit I’ll need nae Pothekey

And ilka time nou when ma twa minds are flytin

Ma new heid sall gie ma erse a guid bitin

And efter aa this ma heid sall reverse

Like a bald man wha’s beardie and speaks oot his erse

Laird

Swappin yer heid for yer erse is an interestin game

But yin thing I kin tell ye, ye’ll luik muckle the same.

Merry

Weel said sir, ye arena lackin wit or mense

Let me pit ma heids thegither and lowp doon aff this fence.

Laird

Lowp doon whaur ye will, aa I wish tae ken is

Are ye speakin for us, or are ye speakin agin us?

\textsuperscript{43} midwife
\textsuperscript{44} witless
Merry  Hae nae doots sir that I’ll be stickin up for the gentry
Foreside or backside, I’m shair tae fin an entry.

Exit Laird

Enter Merchant

Merry  Here’s the meenister nou, weel met andwalcome by ma life,
I pray ye hou fares ma mistress, yer wife?

Merchant  Sir, for the meenistry and wife that ye spier
Ye’re mistaken on baith coonts, I hertily fear
But I’ll let that gang owre tho naethin be stupider
Gin ye bring me gin ye can, an audience wi Jupiter

Merry  Deed can I, yer reverance, or whitever ye be
Bide here gin ye will and we’ll see whit we’ll see.

Noble lord, a meenit, gin it please yer grace,
I hae a kind o man here wad meet ye face tae face,
A suit o claes he weirs, the finest that ye’ve seen
A meenister I wad say, or a hawker in velveteen.

Wan thing I kin tell ye, he’s no short o a groat.

Jup  Bring him owre then, son, and tak aff his coat.

Merry  I’m naethin but a skivvy, I’ll be sweepin the flair nixt,
That’s you then maister, yer interview’s fixed!

Merch  Maist michty prince that shines wi sun and moon,
Richt humbly I offer the respeck and affection
Of aa the guid merchantmen the hale warld aroon
In the howp that ye may honour us wi your devine

protection
Agin the daily dangers dreed by oor guids and gear
No tae mention oor lives and limbs that are aftimes pit in

fear
Weyed up agin the countless benefits our labours bring
The wealth we gender, for both commoner and king
For it is by our thoughtfulness, there came such-like good
As spices and sugars that preserve all our foods
As well as making them into such mouth-watering bakes
Like yer Tunnock’s Car’mel Wafers and famous Tea Cakes
Gin it were not for the merchants, the world would be poorer
Ilka journeyman wad be wanting a market for his labour
For however else wad the work of his hands
Be sold to the buyers in four distant lands
And so to conclude, we beg ye to dole out
The water that’s favourable our ships for to sail out
Winds fine and steady from windward to leeward
Sae we can set courses from landward to seaward
Storms in abeyance, calm water by-ordinary
For neither of these is canty for the mariner
For this, sire, your merchants will all sing your praise
And give thanks up to Jupiter on every sea.

Jupiter
Richt weel hae ye said sae, bethankit for aa that
Be shair that we’ll tak time tae bite aff and chaw that
We’ll consider this suit, it seems tae huv merit
Ye kin be shair o a judgement, but jist nou we’ll defer it

Merry
Nou sir, I jalouse, ye canna hope for better
Ye couldnae done mair than huv ye scrievit a letter
Yin thing I kin tell ye is ye’ve made a canty spierin

Merchant
I thank his grace for gien me this hearin.

Merry
Sir, whatna voyage dae ye intend next tae be on?
Merch  I trust that by Candlemas I will be in the Aegean.

Merry  The Aegean is it? Atweil better there than tied up in dock

Speakin personal I wad gan nae faurer nor the Bass Rock

[The Aegean is it? Atweil I doot I'll hae tae renege

Speakin personal I wad gan nae faurer nor the Ailsa Craig]

But were I tae gan wi ye ye could be of guid cheer

For ye could trust me in the Aegean jist as weel as here

And tho ye be a thoosan mile ower the ocean

I'll dae as muckle for ye here tae win yer promotion

As I had sailed wi ye in the bell-baggit breeks\textsuperscript{48}

Tae brave the wild tempest and troke\textsuperscript{49} wi the Greeks.

Merch  Gin there's tradin tae be dune, I'd raither ye were here

remainin

Tae troke wi the noble god, and me tae the Mediterranean

Jist ye keep mind o ma case and pit it for me brawly

And I'll bring ye a flagon o duty-free and a traditional

costume dolly.

Merry  Ye canna say fairer nor that ma freen for then we'll baith be

happy

May yer ship be soond, the winds be fair, and the sea no

ower chappy.

\textit{Enter Keeper}

Keeper  The Guid Lord be wi aa here gaithered in hope.

Merry  Mair mercy upon us, I wat it's the Pope!

Keeper  Ye flatter me sir, but no in this habit.

Merry  Wha are ye then? Ye maun be an Abbot.

Keeper  Naither Abbot nor Monk, I am nocht nor a Keeper

\textsuperscript{47} questioning
\textsuperscript{48} bell-bottomed trousers
And fain wad I speak wi the noble god, Jupiter.

Merry That ye canna dae sir, but I will say this
Ye kin tell me yer mind for I’m an officer o his.

Keeper Is that a fact, atweill that’s jist the ticket
For I’m here on behauf o keepers tae picket;
Keepers, Rangers, Beylies\(^{50}\) and Deer-Stalkers
Freends tae aa guid country folk exceptin mibbie hill-walkers

And poachers of coorse, the bane o oor lives
That rin aff wi the game and aftimes even oor wives
Thon skulkin gabirunyie men\(^{51}\), a richt clan o tykes
I’d snare them by the baa-stanes and string them up on dykes

It’s no an easy darg luikin efter game and its coorses
Mony are the hechlins\(^{52}\), and tuim\(^{53}\) are oor purses
There’s haurdly a wage in the joabs that we dae
We dae them for pleasure insteid o fur pay
But the pleasure’s no there when ye’re no warth yer hire
Een the kye are better aff that staun in the byre
Ye see the baur\(^{54}\) wi oor maisters is tae pey us in kind
A wee cot-hoose if ye’re lucky tae keep aff the wind
But the wind is yin thing we are no keen on stappin
For maist o oor wages fae the trees cans doon drappin
Firewid, the windblaa, the fruits o the trees;
Plooms and crab-aipples that faa doon in a breeze

\(^{49}\) trade/exchange
\(^{50}\) bailies
\(^{51}\) beggars/tramps
\(^{52}\) difficulties
\(^{53}\) empty
\(^{54}\) trick
That’s the biggest problem we maun mak him acquainted wi
There’s no as muckle wind as wid mak a feather bent wi
Tell ye the god, for peety’s sake, gin he kens o this at aa
Tae fill his chowks, stretch himsel up and gie a richt guid
blaa
And gin makin wind is a darg that he jist passes oot
Get yin o his flunkies tae set tae it and let the gases oot
For gin we keepers canna get the god tae dae some guid
We wad hire the Deil himsell tae thunner thru the wid
Soondin his horn wi a richt hooter-tooterin
And cowpin the trees wi an erse-rippin blooterin!
Merry  Weel said, Keeper, the truth I nou kin see
That keepers are sharilie mindit tae let their wind gae free
Sae dinna ye fash yersel nou at this partin
For I winna forget the keepers, nor their fartin
It maitters nocht tae me whitever the pitch
As lang as they’re halesome and no over rich
I sall tak yer bag o wind nou and gie it tae the goad
Jist mind ye dinna gan backlins as ye tak the road.
Keeper  I winna gan backlins, sir, as I’m mindit tae gan forrit
And speak wi the god masell for I’m laith tae let ye steir it
Staun aside, wull ye, and let me get past.
Merry  I canna dae that, son, for he winna be fashed.
Keeper  Then will I leave ye even as I fand ye
Merry  Dae as ye will. Nae man here has banned ye.

Exit Keeper
Enter Water Miller

55 cheeks
56 stretch
Water Miller

The Deil lauchs loodest for aa the warld’s gaen gyte
We cry oot for rain as the crops gizzens wither and the mill-dams dry
And we watter-millers kin ainline watch and wait
As oor mills staun idle and we staun idly by
The winds blaw sae lang they crack the cogs and wheels
We canna grind the baurley, we canna mak the meal
For the fermer kin tak nae multure profit, actually a kind of percentage frae his hairst
Till the flooer frae the corn by the miller is grist
And as ilka mither cries for bready for her bairns
Wha is it but the millers that maun dree the fairings reward/punishment?
At the end o the day we are nocht nor pair drudges
No muckle mair nor beggars exceptin for oor toll percentage
And tho it be sma there’s still mony an ane grudges
For the millin o a bushel, tae pey a parritch porridge bowl.
And yet it werena for the brak-douns we micht dae unco exceptionally/very
The millstanes, the trinnle boards, the cogs on the wheel
The floodgates, the hirstins, the trows and the happen various mechanical parts in a mill
The ludger, the peckin tools, the harp and the clapper
Millin wad be easy were it no sae hellish mechanical
For the time ye spend fixin things ye micht as weel be manacled
And as ilk-ane for ilk-ither is aey luikin oot
Aa the watter-millers huv sent me doon at the toot
In this alane tae spier fur, rain and mair rain
Cauld rain or het rain, as lang as it’s wet rain
This sall I spier o Jupiter in person
For I’m a richt dab haun at sic-like conversin

Merry
Sir, I’m shair I dinna doot yer abeelity
But I hae tae tell ye we haena the facility
For a gomeril⁶⁵ like ye tae gan intae the dookit⁶⁶ yet
It’s agin a the rules set doon in wir etiquette

WaterM
I wad tak tent when wards like gomeril ye’re pickin
For that’s the kind o crack that’ll get ye a guid kickin
I’ll hae ye ken that I am a maister o ma craft
And it wull tak mair nor the likes o ye tae pit me aff
I’m here for ma guild, for thegither we’ve bandit
And I’m siccar I winna gan hame empty-haundit
Frae morn tae nicht we millers slave, daein wir backs in
It’s no an easy darg ye ken, it’s sair and it’s raxin
And whit wad ye ken onywey ya bowfin⁶⁷ auld cadger⁶⁸?
Ye’ve as muckle mense o wark as a glaikit⁶⁹ geldin’s tadger⁷⁰

Merry
By the saints did ye ever hear sic a tale o dule⁷¹!
But aiblins⁷² kin the miller be takkin us fur a fool?
Ye cam in here wi the dolefu face like a lang streak o misery
Withoot as muckle as a by yer leave or ward o common

curtesy

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⁶⁵ fool
⁶⁶ dove-cot/booth
⁶⁷ smelly
⁶⁸ beggar
⁶⁹ foolish
⁷⁰ penis
⁷¹ sorrow
⁷² perhaps
It’s sair wi this, it’s sair wi that, it’s sair tae be a miller
But wan thing that I’ve noticed is, they’re niver lackin siller
And gin ye were wyce ye micht jist jalouse
That yer mainners are as coorse as a merket-day hoor’s
Ye cam breengin in here, unwantit, unbidden
Crawin for aathing like the cock o the midden!
Water M
I took ye fur a cadger, but I see nou that’s no yer bag
Ye haena the guile for a cadger, ye’re mair o a cadger’s nag
Merry
Whate’er that I be, I’m the yin that is ridin
It’s a yin horse race, that disna aloo ony visitors
I will dae the pleadin, the Big Yin dis the decidin
That’s hou the system warks, a closed shoap fur solicitors.
Water M
I howp ye dinna chairge solicitors’ rates
Merry
The service is free and there’s nae lang waits
Water M
That’ll hae tae dae then, I howp ye ken yer brief
Merry
I jalouse ye wantit rain, that wis ma belief
Ony kind o rain at aa as lang as it hud watter in’t
Water M
That’ll dae us fine. I think ye’ve takken the hint
But dinna forget as weel that we’re no wantin wind
Merry
I wisna aware yese were bothert wi wind
Water M
It dries oot the mill-dams, and raxes the gearin tae
Merry
I mind o it nou. That’ll get a hearin tae.

Enter Wather Girl and Sandy

Hallo there. Well here we are in Brodick huvin anither jolly
And this handsome man here is Sandy, haudin up ma brolly
I’m afraid that we’ve lost Wullie the cameraman, he’s
aw a hame
His girlfriend wis huvin a crisis, it really is a shame
So we hope ye’re getting it soarted, Wulliam, that goes fur me and Sandy
We’re getting on fine withoot ye, in fack we’re getting on jist dandy
Ahent the camera the day is Pete, he’s a stringer we got ower frae Loans
And he’s daein a richt guid joab, he’s a nice steady pair o hauns
In fack he’s a bit mair nacky, I jist thocht that I’d mak mention
He dis the soond an aa ye see, he’s got a haud o Sandy’s extension
Bit of a chynge in the wather the day, it’s keepin us on the keeve 73
Jist as well we’re in a nice hotel, en-suite and a TV
It’s because o a low pressure that we didnae spot, I guess we werena luikin
It’s pushin twa big fronts alang and the first yin’s gien us a drookin
I’m sorry tae tell ye it’ll be like this fur maist o the rest o the weekend
Except fur youse yins in Shetland, Orkney, Caithness and Sutherland
And it’s likely tae feel much caulder as weel, because o the wind that’s blowin
Twinty five mile an oor in Kintyre and no much sign o it slowin
Thanks tae aa the men who called in, askin aboot ma bikini
That yin wis a blue yin if ye must ken and ma ither yin is greeny
I’m afraid I canny weir it the day, or I’d catch ma daith o cauld
And I’ve naeb’dy tae show it aff tae, nou Wullie’s back in Cumbernauld
His girlfirend’s a tax inspector ye ken, I jalousie that tells ye somethin
They’re goin tae gie her a transfer nou tae somewhere up in Grampian
Talkin o which, owre in Stanehive\textsuperscript{74}, they’re getting a visit frae the Queen
And maybe the haar wull lift the day roon aboot Aiberdeen
Top temp’rature the day, it’ll be strugglin tae mak it tae seiven
It micht be somethin tae dae wi thon funny things goin on in the heivens
The morn we’re ower in Islay, I’m hopin me an Sandy kin cope
Brocht tae ye by Cally MacBrayne, and the Body Shoap.
\textit{Exit Wather Girl and Sandy}

\begin{center}
\textbf{Enter Wind Miller}
\end{center}

Wind Miller
Fit like! Here’s howpin yese haena yaised up aa the wather
For that will lea the like o me in a puckle\textsuperscript{75} o bother
A miller am I, but no o the watter kind
I’m a richt gaen miller that lives by the wind
And wi that bein the wey o’t we’re gettin some grief

\textsuperscript{73} on the alert
\textsuperscript{74} Stonehaven
For the winds that are sent us wadna fluster a leaf
Oor stanes haena budgit syne the last day o Yule
And oor sails huv been hingin like the heid on Christ’s mule

And the rain that we’ve hud! There’s been sic a lashin
That even auld Noah himsel wad be fashin
There’s nae end tae the watter that draps oot the lift
There maun be floods in heiven that the gods maun shift
And doonpours like that, as aab’dy kens, aa the breezes quells

Sae we huvna hud the wind for the birlin o oor sails
Oor mills huv stood like statues, they’ve haurdly gane roon
And we, the pair wind-millers, are stertin tae droon
Wha wad be a miller? It’s a trade that we aa rue
I’m shair we’d aa be better aff jist signin on the broo
Yet in days o langsyne, when grindin wis rowthie76, we millers made meal
We millers were as blythe as a tune on the moothie
As fast as corn wis hairstit77, we millers made meal
And aa wis hunky-dory amang the common weal
But let aa that pass, for I fear that oor pride
Is the root o the cares that the Guid Lord provides
And sae we humbly bring oorsells here for judgement
Tae see whitna penance will be the ootcam o this judgement
For the clack78 o the shires, and aiblins it’s jist blather
Is that a god has cam doon tae sort oot ab’dy’s wather.

Merry He’s here withoot doot, mixin wi the clamjamfry79

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75 little bit
76 plentiful
77 harvested
78 gossip
Tho he disna speak wi abody, bein kinna blate in company
He leaves aa that tae me, I’m heid o public relations
It’s an unco skeely joab, ye need a rowth o qualifications
I howp then sire ye hae gotten ma drift
We’re needin aa the rain-cluds banished frae the lift
And a fine steady wind, we dinna like it gowstin.
I hae it jist perjink, and dinna think I’m bowstin
I’m namely fur mindin aathing, I hae that kind o brain
I’ll mak shair I tell him that. (Beat) Whit wis yer trade again?
I’m a humble miller sire, a miller that lives by the wind
Atweil it’s jist a peety ye couldna get it tinned
Fur there’s anither gadgie here, a watter miller is he
It wad be fine and grand gin the twa o ye could jist see ee tae
By means of oor craft we micht staun as brithers
But ne’er in yin bed will we ere lie as lovers
We be o yin craft, but no o yin kind
I live by the watter and he by the wind
And jist as ye wad hae wind withoot let up
Sae wad I hae rain tae get a guid wet up
And it’s shairly plain tae aa gin ye pit the twa thegither
It’s no raither it is whither, but whither it is raither.
I thocht ye said it wis plain
Ye canna hae baith wind and rain
Whey no?
Yin aeyweys gets on tap in the strife.

79 common folk
80 shy
81 plenty of
82 exact
Merry It’s a wee bit like that wi me and the wife

WaterM Ye see when the rain sterts, it damps the wind doon
Yer gales turn tae breezes, yer breezes becam lown
Ersy-versy ye’ll notice when a wind’s getting up
Ony rain that is faain dries up tae a sput
When the yin’s camin on, the ither yin’s subsidin.

Merry In oor bed it’s aey the missus that’s ridin.

WaterM And sae I jalouse that nou that we’ve stertit
We’ll hae tae get this argiement soartit
And the yin that is waikest when we huv feenished
Leave aff his suit and content tae be banished

Merry That’s the wey tae dae it boays, the winner gets the gravy
The loser draps his breeks doon, jist like in the navy.

Wind Miller I’ faith that’s agreed, but then whit’s the position
For oor mills thru aa this will be oot o commission?
Syne that watter and wind are the fechters that tyauve
The whilk is the better we’ll hae first tae pruive.
And sae on the sea I sall nou mak ma case
Whaur ships yaise the wind tae get ilka place
And syne that the wind dis aa these ships blaw
Wha but the wind tae be praised abin aa?

WaterM Aye but supposin that here stude a muckle great tree
And neist a muckle wind richt up the glen did flee
When the wind has deed doon the tree wull still be staunin
But a ship on the sea will be takkin a richt stoundin
The sails and the riggin will be hingin in tatters
The sailors aa bokin, the bilge fu o watter

83 calm
84 struggle
But it’s easy eneuch gin nae wind is blawin
Tae caa yer ship onward by means o jist rowin
For naethin mair pleases the ship or the raft
Than the doucest\(^{87}\) o breezes and plenty o draft
For maist commonly the cause o ilk ither wrackin
Is owre muckle wind whaur the watter is lackin
And as for sea-wather I kin tell ye for certes
Ye’re better the Doldrums than the wild Roarin Forties.

Atweil gin ma reason in this winna staun
I will forsake the sea and loup back ontae land
For in ilka kirk whaur the congregation sings tae the lord
It’s the organ that keeps ilkane singin in the richt chord
And whit caws the organ? Is it watter or wind?
And it’s no jist yer organ that needs blawin ye’ll find
But yer bagpipes, yer trumpets, yer moothies and flutes
Withoot wind there is nane o them gien a toot
Fill up yer bagpipes wi watter and listen
And aa that ye’ll hear is the soond o them pissin.

I doot that ye arena quite ringin the bell
For ye’re crackin yer nuts wi the swing o a mell\(^{88}\)
The winds ye are speakin o hae blawn ye aa skelly
And huv as muckle tae dae wi’ t as the wind in yer belly
I wis speakin o winds frae east and frae wast
And no o the breath that cams oot o a kist\(^{89}\)
Be they mens’ kists or be they kists o whustles\(^{90}\)
They’re as muckle guid tae onyb’dy as regulations frae Brussels.

And as fur yer bagpipes, ye kin soond the retreat Fur jalousin like that is easy tae beat.

WindM Whit wey kin the wind be sae at faut aeyways?

Jist think on the roads, the highways and byways

Gie them a guid drookin and they’re covert wi glaur

Gie them some mair and there’s potholes and waur;

Landslides and scree-slides, floods and subsidence

They’re as bad as a battlefield, blaudit\textsuperscript{91} wi ordinance.

And ye ken whit they say aboot rain when it sterts

It’ll ruin yer baurley and bog doun yer cairts

Aa ye need’s a wat Hairst\textsuperscript{92} and ye’ll see fur yersell

That corn prices are spirallin oot o control

But gie us a dry yin and they’re camin back doun

And abody’s blythe then – even Chauncellor Broon.

WaterM Bide a wee wull ye and sit on yer erse

It isna the wind that ripens the hairst

E’en the wee bairnies kin get this in wan

There’s but yae thing that ripens corn and that is the sun

And as fur the wind that’s the warst o the flat’ners

It maks corn sae worthless ye couldn’t shift it in Ratners

WindM The grund winna yield, sir, when it is soakin

The craps kinna hize\textsuperscript{93} when they are chokin

They get foostie and aiten by rats and by mice

There’s but yae thing that grows in the wat and that’s rice.

WaterM Gin ye wad hae yer oats, hairstit and milled

\textsuperscript{91}blasted
\textsuperscript{92}harvest/Autumn
Yer land maun be ploed, harried\textsuperscript{94} and tilled,
Nane o whilk ye kin dae gin yer grun is aa stoorie\textsuperscript{95}
Or yer stooks’l be dry as the auld wife’s poat pourri
He that hes nae watter for the grain or the neep
Aiblins he kin sow, but ne’er kin he reap
Gin ye say that watter isna warth a docken
I tell ye without it ye’ll be wantin a drookin
And a drookin is yin thing that ilk sinner needs
For without it gien regular, he’ll burn in the gleeds\textsuperscript{96}
And be bowfin sae high wi odours diverse
As the foul winds that blaw frae oot o his erse.

\textbf{WindM} I jalousy that yer raison has gane fur a Burton
\textbf{WaterM} We’re talkin aboot wather here and no aboot fartin
\textbf{Merry} Eneuch, ye daft chiels\textsuperscript{98}, eneuch o yer clack
Ye hae jaloused and ye hae jaloused till white may be black
[Atween watter and wind there isna sic chusin
For ilk mill tae hae the thru-gaun it’s yaisin.
Whilk thing I kin tell by ma ain experience
For I hae o ma ain, and no faur frae hence
In a corner thegither, a couple o mills
Set doun in a bealach\textsuperscript{99}, atween twa big hills,
No o ma inheritance, but that o ma wife
The rump o a fiefdom that wis gien her for life;

\textsuperscript{93} lift
\textsuperscript{94} harrowed
\textsuperscript{95} dusty
\textsuperscript{96} embers/fires of Hell
\textsuperscript{97} armpit
\textsuperscript{98} lads
\textsuperscript{99} a burn, a lake
The yin is for wind, the tither for watter
And baith o them kin fairly ging at the batter,
For in a guid oor, I tell ye without leein,
The watter-gate, nae shinner open bein,
But **pump** gaes the windmill, richt at its back
The Diel wi his scourges couldna gie sic a crack
And e’en on the days that the happen is stoorie
Or the millstanes are saft as the baws on a toorie:\nI tell ye ma oats get helluva foostie
And the hale o ma mill is squaichin\(^{101}\) and roosty,
Gin ye dinna believe me, I’ll tell ye stracht aff,
Ye kin cam ower ae day and rub on her chaff.

**WaterM**
The test o the grain is the kernel no the hull.
**Merry**
There is nae sweeter grain tae be fand in a mill
Tho I hae tae tell ye afore we kin drap it
The wife’s watter mill is aften-time stappit.

**WaterM**
Sae wull she be, e’en tho ye brust\(^{102}\) yer banes,
Keep mind and be straucht when ye’re layin yer stanes
Tak tent o the ludger, and bewaur o yer runner
Fur gin yer ludger is skelly, ye winna hae dune her.
I’m thinking yer ludger micht need a new peckin.

**Merry**
Sae the wife tells me, that’s yin thing she’s aey checkin
Gin it wis up tae her she’d hae it pecked aa day
But as ye ken yersel millers maun peck while they may
I hae peckit sae aften ma stanes are jist dust
And the rest o ma gear is no fit tae brust,

\(^{99}\) “BE-YALLOCH”/pass (gaelic)
\(^{100}\) bobble-hat
\(^{101}\) squeaking
\(^{102}\) break
For wi peckin and peckin I’m sae owerwrocht
That ma guid peckin-tool is shrivelt tae nocht.
The wey things are, gin I stick nae better til her
The wife is sayin she’ll hae herself a new miller.
But let this be by wi, and nou tae the maitter
Ma mills arena wantin fur wind nor fur watter;
Nae mair dae your anes, as faur as I kin see
But seen as in this maitter ye canna agree]
(But) I sall pit it tae Jupiter himself for the judgin
And we’ll see then whas mill gings, and whas isna budgin.

WaterM I pray ye tae mind that ma suit is the best.
WindM And blythely will mine be pit tae the test.
Merry Gin I keep mind that ilk-ane is differ
The tulzie atween them kin ainlie get stiffer
Nou we’re weel shot o them baith wi this ruse
For ilk-ane the ither will shairly abuse.

Enter Dame

Dame Guid God amercy, th ey play at hunt the gowk!
And me no richt accustomed tae aa this press o fowk.
I ken-na whit wey I may gan intae his majestie.
Merry No, but ye ken, Dame, whit wey he may gan intae ye.
Dame I pray ye, guidman, let me in at the back-side.
Merry Aye will I dae that, and yer fore-side sae wide?
Bide a wee yet, for ye’re shairly in luck
I’ll fin ye an ingaun richt here in this neuk
Cam ye in here, Dame, afore ye gang hither
And we twa kin hae a wee kittlin thegither

103 [ ] This section was cut in performance
104 “hunt the cuckoo” the game of April Fool
Dame: As for you, sir, I hae nae time tae natter,
Ma comin here is tae speak wi Jupiter.

Merry: Staun at peace a meenit then and I sall pruive,
Whether the godheid kin be brocht tae ye in love.
Guid Lord! Sire! Luik ye doon frae the rafters!
Here’s a fine lusty dame, by the saints and martyrs!
And gin it be yer pleasure here tae score
Speak up and speak gleg or she’ll be oot the door!
I’ faith, I wat it wull be tae yer gain
Fur she fain wad speak wi yer lordship alane.

Jup: That’s no whit’s wantit, son, no at this juncture
Gin we blaw up her bags they will ainlie be punctured.
Hear her oot yersel and mak the hale list o’t
And cam back tae me later tae gie me the gist o’t.

Merry: I doot there’s no muckle future for the fairer sex
When e’en gods will spurn them and canna be vexed.
Mistress, ye canna speak wi the god.

Dame: No, whit’s wrang?

Merry: Because, by ma faith, his lordship is thrang
Wi a richt pressin task that needs tae be done,
E’en nou as we speak he is makin a moon!
He wis sayin that auld munes are no warth a fuck
For their guidness is squeezed oot like sweat thru a sock
[Whilk like in the Flood, did mak a great batter
As auld munes be leaky, they canna haud watter
But as tae this new mune, I wad wager a croon
Exceptin a few draps as she’s ganin doon
Ye’ll get nae mair rain until she is risin

105 tickling/snog
She’s made richt by Jove, it’s haurdly surprisin
And nae maitter that she be waxin or wanin
Ye couldna spier for a mair douce-like rainin
No blatterin the causeys\textsuperscript{106} like drummers gaen gyte\textsuperscript{107}
Or chokin the styvers\textsuperscript{108} wi watter and shite
But doucely like April wad sprinkle the flooers
Or May micht gie us occasional shooers.\textsuperscript{109}
This new mune sall dae mair guid in a week
Than an auld yin kin mak frae spring until neap
And wi aa these savins the god is employin
Ye’ll see then whit benisons\textsuperscript{110} we’ll aa be enjoyin
Sae dinna fash yersel, Dame, and be o guid cheer
For e’en tho in his presence ye canna appear
Tell me whit ails ye and then lea me alane
And aiblins I’ll think o ye mair when ye’re gane
Dame I’m no shair that that will dae me ony guid
For as ye are thinkin ye micht be getting wid
Or gaitherin ither kinnlin up fur tae stoke yer fire
It’s yer sympathy that’s wantit, no yer desire.
Merry There’s ma twa shooders here that ye kin greet on
Fur there’s twa things o yours that I’m quite sweet on.
Dame I suppose there’s nae herm ma story for tae tell
And ye, sir, kin keep yer haunds tae yersell
I am a woman, richt comely as ye kin see
Blessed am I wi beauty and ither assets tae
But the het sun in summer aey gets ma skin peelin

\textsuperscript{106} pavements
\textsuperscript{107} going mad
\textsuperscript{108} drains
\textsuperscript{109} [ ] cut in performance
And the cauld winds in winter I’m affa easy feelin
They nip at ma breists and set me tae shiverin
E’en in Spring and in Hairst they hae me jist quiverin
Merry I kin see that richt weel, I’m seein it double
Nae doot they maun gie ye some bother and trouble.
Dame They dae, sir, I assure ye, it’s really quite fashin
And sae I appeal tae yer mense and yer passion
Spier ye o Jupiter tae grant me I crave
The temperate wather that will help me win love
Nae sunshine, nae frost, nae snell winds blawin
But caum and gentle days, as douce as the dawin
Then ye will see us ladies blythely walkin
Buskit maist brawly and showin a stockin
Merry Busk as ye will dame, whit does it maitter?
I canna see whit wey it maks yer lives better.
Dame Gin we had wather tae walk as we may
Oor lives wad be blythefu, canty and gay
Yae pairt o the day tae tak tent o oor cleidin
Anither pairt then for discoorsin and readin
A few oors pit by tae eat and tae sleep
And that leaves the lave for walkin the street.
Merry Are ye shair ye arena in some kind o profession?
Dame I forgot. Forby there is Mass and Confession.
Merry Baith sairly needit. Whit aboot in the evenin?
Dame We’re aey keen tae spend it in dauncin and singin.
Merry I thocht that ye micht hae some sangs in that kist

\[110\] blessings
\[111\] bitter/severe
\[112\] dress
\[113\] clothing
1 Dame I’m nae singer sire, but I’m aey blythe tae list.
2 Merry Let’s hae a sang then, it’s no unco late
3 Dame Ye kin jyne in yersel gin ye’re no ower blate.
4 (MX. Song2, “Global Warmin”)
5 Dame Sir that was done weel, I hertily gie ye thanks
6 Merry The pleisure it gied me winna be pit in branks\(^1\)
7 Dame For ilka evenin it is aey ma hert’s first choosin
8 Merry Tae hae sic music caum the fire that’s in ma bosom.
9 Dame It’ll no be the first time that sic fires are dowsit
10 Merry For for it winna tak muckle for them tae be lowsit
11 Dame But this yin, I’ll wager, is tuggin at ma hert
12 Merry The wey thon breists are heavin, and her mou sae pert
13 Dame Ye’re welcome, dame, I’m gled I brocht ye sic bliss
14 Merry Gin ye want tae ken ma peyment, I’ll settle for a kiss.
15 Dame Kiss me, ye say! Sae ye fancy yer chaunces?
16 Merry Whey no? For wi kissin, yae thing advaunces.
17 Dame Kiss me then mistress, jist aince and it’s o’er
18 Merry For I ne’er desirit tae kiss ye afore.
19 (She turns her back)
20 (EnterLaunder)
21 Launder Atweil kissin afore is no kissin ahent
22 Launder I’ faith but that’s fine gin that is yer bent
23 Launder And gin ye wad waunner frae mou roon tae dowp\(^2\)
24 Launder I hae a guid erse on me here ye kin loup!
25 Merry Whit are ye wantin, ya interferin auld bitch?
26 Launder Comin frae an auld begger like ye, that’s rich.
27 Launder I’ll tell ye fur why, ya hoorin auld beast

\(^{114}\) harness
\(^{115}\) butt
I’m here fur tae warn ye ye’re aboot tae get fleeced
I saw ye slaverin owre this prinked up hizzie
Sae I jist thocht I’d tell ye afore ye got busy
That idle dames like this yin are aey on the mak
And frae eejits like ye they’ll hae aa they kin tak.
I dinna ken whit wey it’s aey in men’s naiitures
Tae slaver like dugs owre sic floonced-up craïters
When the likes o masell, that gies ye guid service;
The wey that we’re treated, ye dinna deserve us
But I’m shair that the god will easy see thru her
And winna be as daft as ettlin tae woo her.

Merry
I dinna ken aboot wooin, but he’s no keen on jinkin\textsuperscript{116}
It’s aiblins his staff winna strauchen I’m thinkin
But nae maitter, I’m shair he treats aa weemin the same
It’s nae differ tae him be they launderer or dame
Sae gie me yer crack and I sall endeavour
Tae pit aa afore the god withoot fear or favour.

Launder
Then, son, I’ll tell ye, dinna pit muckle store by that yin
She’s no spring poullet, but a big clockin fat yin
I heard by her tale she wad banish the sun
And then we pair launderers sall be shairly undone
There is nocht but the sun’s heat tae gie claiths their fairin
And a licht baumy breeze fur tae get them an airin
Tak tent o thon havers and ye’ll fin yersel lapse
It’s naethin but coorie-doos\textsuperscript{117} and jooglin o paps.

Dame
Atweill better is it that I’m makin ye jailous
For onythin ither frae your class wad jist fail us

\textsuperscript{116} jumping/jigging
\textsuperscript{117} sweet nothings
That’s whit we need tae hear frae the common quines
For e’en when they’re aa dressed up tae the nines
They still canna match wi their rouge and their cleidin
The beauty that cams wi grace and wi breedin.

Launder
I tell ye somethin, Dame, that when I wis a quine
There wisna a lad upon the road that didna think me fine
But as comely as I was, e’en that I had the mind
I wad ma maidenheid\textsuperscript{118} and ma beauty twined
Agin the fairest o ye gentle lasses
Had I no feared the perils and the passes
That cam tae thaim that live by beauty unabashed
And sae I set masell tae labour at the wash
For she that lives but by her luiks, in truith,
Maun dree the weird\textsuperscript{119} that cams in misspent youth
Whaur vice and idleset\textsuperscript{120} live side by side.
It is no yer luiks or beauty I deride
But the life that’s fu o wanton leesure
In whilk nae guidly woman can fin pleisure
For I tak tent that e’en when in aa yer swank
Amang yer dukes and earles and thaim o rank
Ye are but hoors and slaves tae ilka man’s command
As no a bauble on yer breist was placed by yer ain haund
For had ye ainline the fruits o yer wark
Ye’d gang skuddy-bare without a sark\textsuperscript{121}
Gin ye’d tak tent o me, ye’d gie up these clavers\textsuperscript{122}
And pit yersels insteid tae honest endeavours

\textsuperscript{118} virginity
\textsuperscript{119} suffer the fate
\textsuperscript{120} idleness
\textsuperscript{121} vest/shift
Better tae lose yae pairt o yer luiks
And tak up honest darg; pit by yer buiks,
Yer idleset\textsuperscript{123} and yer blethers, yer flooncy frocks
And troke them for labour, and labourers’ smocks
Whit wad ye hae, dame, that we be idle tae?
And aa live lives o leisure? Then whaur wad we be?
Wha then wad dae the wark? Wha wad launder?
Think ye that claes cam ready-washed instanter!?
Whit care ony o us whether ye be pale or daurk
Yer claes be perfumed, or fresh as the breeze?
I spier o ye again, wha wad dae the wark!?
As ye shut oot the life-gien sun, and hae us aa freeze?
A curse on yer mainners, yer gentlemen erse-lickers
Yer fake jewels and finery, fur-coats and nae knickers!
(Pause)
Sir, whit think ye o ma weyin up o this yin then?
Sic a rantin hoor, a priest wad say amen
Tae that. I ne’er did hear the like in aa ma days
But the twa o ye, I canna help but praise
Tae Jupiter and the sky, I sweir by Christ’s mither
For the Deil will tak the tane tae set aff the tither.
Promise me that the sun will shine bricht
And I will be gane for the rest o the nicht.
Get ye baith hence, I pray ye be be aff
Yer airgiements I’ve goat, sae dinna ye faff
And I’ll gie them tae the god, as shin as I’ve leisure
And wance they’ve been pit, I’ll ken his pleasure

\textsuperscript{122} gossip
\textsuperscript{123} idleness
And as shin as I ken it ye’ll be first tae hear
Baith o yese at wance, I howp that that’s clear.
Dame Sir, gin ye runkle\textsuperscript{124}, keep mind o me first.
Launder Then in this runklin, ma pairt sall be warst.
Merry Nou I sall spier that the Deil tak ye baith
Wha runkles in twas sall be cursed untae daith
But ye, ya bauld limmer\textsuperscript{125}, micht be runkled alane
And the ither yin tae kin be cowped jist the same.

Exit Dame

By yer dowp, callant, it’s yer stanes I sall runkle
Gin these maitters o oors end up in a fankle
Mony wards, Launder, and sma purpose tae them
That is the ootcam ye get when ye say them
The mair ye clash, the mair ye claiver
The mair ye hash, the mair ye haver
The mair ye haver, the mair ye’re thunderin
The storm cluds brakin abin yer launderin
Let the rains cam, be they near or faur
For a guid drookin, Launder, ye’d be nane the waur
The mair yer gab\textsuperscript{126} gaws, the mair ye talk pish
Ye gab it as muckle when hauden yer wheesht.
I ne’er met a man wi sic sma credibility
I’ll thank ye tae button it gin ye hae the ability
For sae help me god gin ye will hae it oot
I’ll cut it doon quick and hae it aff at the ruit
Whatna carlin\textsuperscript{127} is this? I ne’er heard the like

\textsuperscript{124} rumple/twist
\textsuperscript{125} loose woman
\textsuperscript{126} mouth
\textsuperscript{127} old hag
Yer tongue leas yer mou like a ferret frae a dyke
And jist as the snake slinks oot o her fissure
I spier whaur she launders? Nae doot in some pisher
Ye’ll wash nane o ma gear, in cludgie or in sink
For whate’er the watter, I’m shair it will shrink
I pray ye, gan hence, and gie me some rest
And I will tak yer message as I think best.

Whit wey wad the snake leave, afore it did bite ye?
The langer I bide, the mair I kin spite ye.
The langer ye’re here, the shinner I’ll get
Yer message be cauld when aince it wis het.
Whitna darg wis this I wis handit
When ilka slattern cries me a bandit?
Ilka man kens-na whit God’s service is
Nor I masell kent-it-na afore this
They that serve God may live like shinin lichts
Tho I sweir that the Deil’s men hae the better nichts
I ken-na whit God gies oot in his dole
But the servants o Satan hae muckle tae thole
A hunder times mair nor the pious and the priests
For e’en tho ye be the lowliest o beasts
Gin ye ever lack siller, the Deil soonds the horn
That sends ye stracht intae an ither man’s sporran
And that’s when the Ill-Ane gies ye promotion
For sic siller will aey cause sic a commotion
First, Pater Noster Que est in Celis
And then oot cam the sheriff’s men, runnin holus-bolus

128 toilet
129 suffer
They say that siller kin win ye the race
But when it’s swingin at yer baas, ye faa flat on yer face.

Enter Boy

Boy   Here am I, a boay, tae larn frae the wards o the wyce
I pray ye, sir, are ye the great god o the skies?
Mary   No son, I’m no, I’m jist wan o the laity
But I am sic a man that’s mistook for deity
And I kin tell ye gin ye want tae hae Jupiter’s lug
Jist haud forth tae me fur they cry me his dug.
Boy   I’ll tell ye, sir, it winna tak mony wards,
The chief o ma pliesures is the catchin o burds
Forby flinging snaa-baas at targes and sic-like
For the whilk purpose I hing them up on dykes
When ye speak wi Jupiter, I beg ye mak this spierin
That tae these desires he micht gie a hearin;
For yin, a frost that freezes hard and cauld
For twa, a rowth o snaa ower heath and hald.
Ice and snaa, us lads wad be blythe wi that
For then aff oor pals heids the snaa-baas kin stot
And a fair wind tae send burds intae oor nets
The soond o them skreichin is as guid as it gets:
Pairtriges and pheasants, capercaillie and doos
That oor mithers mak up intae game-pies and stews
Black-cock and wid-cock, Alloch and Broon
Aa namely for fleein jist aff the grun.
These are the sports that we fin maist pleasin
But tae dae them we’re needin the temp’ratures freezin

130 as well as
131 targets
Gin ye hae the god’s lug, sir, I pray ye tell him thus
And aa the lads like me will coont it as a plus.

Tell me laddie, wha sent ye hither?
A hunder lads that came thegither
The very meenit that the cry did soond
And went frae lug tae lug and aa aroon
That the great god himsell had set fit on the yird
Tae set doon tae sup wi plooman and laird.
The crack he hud, the boay wi the tidins,
Wis that ilka chiel could put up his mindins
As tae whitna wather he wad raither huv
And sae aa the lads thocht this wis a chaunce
Tae see gin we could fling doon a glove
That the wather fur laddies micht be advaunced
But wha tae send? Some said chuse yin that rings the
       dominie’s bell
Then ither said, better yin that’s yist tae haundlin himsel
Sae upon their agreement, wi a muckle great noise,
“Pit up Wee Dick!” cried aa the boys.
And sae by their assent, I am sent furth
Tae spier fur guid wather for aa I am worth
Guid wather that is, that laddies wull like
Frosty and freezy like snaa on a dyke
The whilk, I beg ye, tae spier o his Heeness
In the howp he may judge oor case tae be keenest.

Wather for laddies? The lord kens his mind.
Gin he canna gie wather he kin gie us in kind
Or gie us a len o a wee stour fur tae keep us goin
For there’s nae time we like better than when it’s snowin.

Merry

I couldna say, son, gin he’s intae sic troke

It micht be that will stick in his gizzard

Snaa-faas in Summer he micht think are a joke

And whatna dole wad ye spier on a blizzard?

But I will see whitna shiftins I kin mak

And ye’ll fin oot by the morn whit airt he will tak.

Boy

Maister, bethankit. That’s me. I’m awa.

Merry


Wha huv we nou? Whitna buddy wull be nixt?

We’ve hud them frae the toun, we’ve hud them frae the sticks

I tell ye in aa ma life I ne’er did open

Sic a bag o weasels, it’s a wunner I’m copin

Laddies! And weemen! And some queer luikin men

Thespian cross-dressers for aa that I ken

But gin nae ithercams afore this judicator

I’m aff tae the Big Yin tae pit an end tae the maitter

And no wan amang them the brichtest o thinkers

And gin nae wycer cams afore this judicator

I’m aff tae the Big Yin tae pit an end tae the maitter

Tak tent! Tak tent! Gin ony callant here

Is willin tae appear

For wather foul or clear

Cam ye oot and spier!

And be ye hale or dwably

---

132 young man
133 heavy snow fall
134 fit
135 unwell
Be ye soond or doitit\textsuperscript{136}  
Cam oot and tell us ably  
Ye tung maun no be bitit!  
Dinna haud back, I rede\textsuperscript{137} ye, dinna be blate  
Binna owre gleg\textsuperscript{138} at takkin the gate\textsuperscript{139}  
Whitiver ye say e’en tho it be havers  
Is better spat oot yer gab, covered wi slavers.  
I’m wastin ma breath staunin here it wad seem  
Nae ither cams forrit tae jyne in this team  
Time tae report and dischairge ma office  
I’d say we’ve been aa the wey thru the process.  
Lord! Are ye hearin? That’s me done the business  
And done it richt weel wi ma yaisual finesse  
I’m tellin ye it’s a fankle that will keep ye richt thrang\textsuperscript{140}  
It’s as tyuch\textsuperscript{141} as the proverbial titty  
There’s no even twa o them singin the same sang  
They’re as bad as a Holyrood committee.  
Jupiter Son, ye’ve been eident and ye’ve dune unco weel  
It’s a darg that will win ye promotion  
Dinna fash that ye canna square aff this wheel  
For we jalouse that we hae the solution  
As ye shin wull see. Jist tak tent o us nou  
And ilka suitor tae, that did for wather sue  
Sae lang as yese aa tak tent of whit yese are daein  
And yese dinna gang agley, then it gans without sayin

\textsuperscript{136} witless  
\textsuperscript{137} caution  
\textsuperscript{138} eager  
\textsuperscript{139} leaving  
\textsuperscript{140} busy  
\textsuperscript{141} tough
That we will mak shair that ilk ane o yese is seen tae
Accordin tae yer needs. Wi aa the fashin yese huv been tae
It’s nae mair nor less nor yese deserve
Dinna let it be said we gied ony o yese the body-swerve
For it is ever said, by gods as weel as men
Whitever gangs roon, cam aroon again.
The first man that spiered then, him wi the braw reid coat
He’ll hae his wather for huntin, dry but no ower hoat
And I’ll tell him forby gin he cocks up his lugs
That the goin will be guid for baith horses and dugs
As for the merchants that trade owerseas
We’ll mak shair that they hae a favourable breeze
And sae that this disna gie the hunters a rummelin
They’ll hae it at nicht when the hunters are slummerin
Forby when it cams it sall blatter thru the wids
And that will gie the keepers their graith\(^{142}\) and their guids:
Their windfa, their firewid, their apples and plooms
And that will shairly keep them frae gnashin their gooms
And as for the watter-millers I sall gie this mense\(^{143}\)
That it will yaisually be rainin doon in their glens
And for the wind-millers that bide up on the taps
They’ll be plenty guid breezes for cawin\(^{144}\) their flaps
Then aa the mills kin grind and churn oot the flooer
And apairt frae the brak-doons they winna lose an oor
As for the fair weemen, that close wather wad hae
I masell will mak siccar that they’ll hae that tae
For there’s naethin mair canty than tae see gaen oot walkin

\(^{142}\)equipment
\(^{143}\)knowledge
Sic braw-buskit dames in their silks and their stockins
And the ither dames tae, that live by the washin
Sall hae eneuch sun tae sauf them frae fashin
Their claiths will be dried oot afore they kin blink
And forby they’ll get leisure-time awa frae the sink
And as for the laddies that want things mair wintry
They’ll hae that in season owre the hale o the country
That is oor judgement, for the yird and the heivens
We howp that nane here will be left wi a grievance
For we’ve been thocht o abody, sae abody gains
The wather they wantit, frae sunshine tae rains
But lat this be a larnin for ilkane wha labours
There is nane that will heize up on tap o his neebours
Ilka darg that ye dae e’en tho it be skivvyin
Is warth jist the same when we dae the divvyin
Ilka craft that there is and ilka man’s station
Is meldit thegither tae mak the hale nation
Ilka seed kin be growthie, ilka flooer has her beauty
Luik efter yer neebour, it’s nae mair nor yer duty
Whether ye be rich or whether ye be puir
Ugsome or fair, up in years or in youth
Woman or man, daurk-skinned or fair
Ye are aa Jock Tamson’s bairns; that’s the truth.
We thank ye for bringin these suits tae us hither
And howp that ye’ll nou be in bonaccord thegither.
Merchant
Blessed are we that we can beir witness
Tae the mense o this god, his bounty and guidness
As ruler o the winds and king o the ocean
Frae this day forrit ye sall hae oor devotion

Water Miller And we watter-millers dae hertily accord

A tithe\(^{145}\) o oor meal we’ll gie in reward

Wind Miller Anither tithe frae here will be gien tae the god

For we are baith millers and peas in yae pod

Dame Gentle dames sic as I am dae thank ye maist fully

And frae this day forrit oor herts are thine truly

Launder Oor herts are as gentle, e’en tho oor backs be boued

Frea ilka warkin lass I say yer honour is avoued

Boy Grandfaither god, ye might be a devinity

But the neist brace o fowls that I catch I sall gie tae ye

And I promise ye mair that when winter cams roon

The first o the snawmen will be weirin yer croon

Merry Bethankit, yer majesty, for aa that ye’ve brocht tae us

The wather for ilk ane but maistly yer thochtiness

It’s no jist that we’ve larnit whit wathers kin gie us

But ye’ve let us see oorsells as e’en the gods dae see us.

Enter Wather Girl

Wather Girl Hallo there. Well here we are in Port Ellen

and this wind’s muckle waur than we said

Sandy wisnae weel on the ferry

he wis daein the five-finger spread

We’ve got gales o saxty mile an oor here the day

gowstin up tae eichte five

And the digs we’ve goat are no very nice

the producer booked us intae a dive

But the warst thing of aa we’ve jist heard doon the pier

is oor ferry hame’s been pit aff
I’m tellin ye I’ve hud aboot eneuch o this job
and that producer I’m takkin the shit aff
We huvnae got a cameraman nou
it’s jist Sandy daein the best that he kin
It’s as weel he’s ambi-whidyamacallit
fur he’s needin twa pair o haun
We’ve managed tae get aa wir e-mails tho
we got them roon the cyber café
We got wan frae a gay porn site, wan frae Wullie
and anither yin frae a scaffie
The scaffie wis sayin he wis watchin the staurs
last nicht afore he went on his shift
And he jaloused that the wather wad get better
by the wey the planets were in the lift
But the maist intrestin wan wis Wullie’s
I’m savin the best tae last
He says he’s sortin his life oot
and wavin cheerio tae the past
Him and Rosie, that’s the burd,
are buildin a kit-house in Buckie
But he’s plannin tae spend some weekends wi me
Wullie, you should be sae lucky!
I howp ye’re listenin in tae this Wulliam
fur I’m chyngin ma locks on Monday
And of coarse I winna tell naeb’dy
even tho yer bum’s oot the windae
The wather the day, it luiks like mair wind

145 tenth
146 Refuse Collector
at least oot here in Argyll
And as fur the rest o the country
it’ll no be very nice fur a while
Top temperature the day will be strugglin
tae get muckle higher than five
And we’re howpin it’s particularly stormy
roon aboot Queen Margaret Drive
That’s aa then frae me wi yer wather
we howp ye’ll tune in wance again
Brocht tae ye by the Body Shop
and Caledonian MacBrayne

Exit Wather Girl

Jupiter
Is wather made by gods, celestial and devine?
Gin it were, I rede ye, it wad aeyways be fine
But no jist fine for man, it is for nature that we care -
The turnin o the leaf, the lark in the caller\textsuperscript{148} air
Whit maitter the wather tae us? I gie ye this reason
It brings beauty and joy untæ ilka season
Whit wad be the Spring without the crocus that grows?
Or the scent o the Summer without bindwood\textsuperscript{149} and rose?
Kin ye think on a Hairst when the haws dinna reiden?
Or Winter that weirs-na the frost for her cleidin?
Is wather made by man then? I bid ye consider
The reek o yer lums, the waste in yer rivers
The wormwood, the kanker, the black stinkin dubs\textsuperscript{150}
The fire in the rain, the daith in the wids.

\textsuperscript{147} sky
\textsuperscript{148} fresh, rhymes with ‘palour’
\textsuperscript{149} honeysuckle
\textsuperscript{150} puddles
Yestreen I saw a watergaw\textsuperscript{151},

No yin, but three, all in a raw

They rase frae the hills in a shimmerin licht

And in that circumference it shone unco bricht

A bleeze-fire\textsuperscript{152} o howp, that made me jalous

That man micht yet hae the wather he chuse

And as I watched I lost aa ma fears

And I thocht tae masell, it’s the daunce o the spheres.\textsuperscript{i}

\textsuperscript{151} rainbow
\textsuperscript{152} beacon
Song 1  FORTY DIFFERENT WARDS FUR RAIN

(allegro)

The Scots invented mony things frae bikes tae tarmacadam
We’ve begatten famous thinkers, like Mrs Smith’s boy Adam
But wan thing we’ve cam up that brings us greater fame
We’ve got forty diffrent wards fur rain

Chorus
It’s blatterin, it’s bloosterin, it’s smirrin and it’s matterin
It’s gowsterin, it’s scowderin, it’s even splitter-splatterin
It’s camin doon in stair-rods, it’s rainin cats and dugs
It’s dreepy, it’s greetie, it’s dirlin roon yer lugs
It’s drookie, it’s drachie, it’s mauchie and it’s seepy
It’s peltin doon, it’s birlin roon, it’s drammie and it’s dreepy
It’s hammerin and it’s bleeterin, it’s plashin and it’s plooshin
It’s ragglish, it’s stragglish, it’s clashin and it’s skooshin
It’s stottin aff the paveys, it’s camin doon in buckets
It’s been rainin fur a twalvemonth and it isnae goin tae chuck it
It’s gousterous, it’s bloosterous, it’s rash and it is splooterie
It’s affen hard tae pin it doon even if ye’re footerie
It disnae bide aff lang till it’s camin doon again
We’ve got forty diffrent wards, (gie or tak a haunfu,)
We’ve got forty diffrent wards fur rain

We’ve hud missionaries and explorers like Davy Livingstone
And Alexander Graham Bell that cam up wi the telly-phone
There’s been writers and great poets, owre mony fur tae name
And we’ve got forty diffrent wards fur rain

Chorus

In the Sahara desert there’s a wheen o wards fur heat
The Eskimos huv twinty three fur kinds o snae and sleet
They’ve got lots o types o sunny, in Portugal and Spain
But we’ve got forty diffrent wards fur rain

Chorus
Song 2: GLOBAL WARMIN

(Bluesy accompaniment)

Why dis the sun keep disappearing frae sicht?
Why is it aeyweys rainin frae mornin til nicht?
Global warmin, it’s a warnin
Ye’d better tell yer grannie, she’ll hae tae ca canny
Ye’d better tell yer bidie-in\textsuperscript{153}, the warld hes turned ootsidie-in
Global warmin, it’s pittin the wather aa wrang.

They say the problem is the lums are ower reeky
They say the ozone layer is fu o holes an leaky
Global warmin, there’s mair stormin
Ye think it’s getting warmer, in fact it’s getting waur
It maks it wet and mauchie; windy, cauld and drauchie
Global warmin, it’s pittin the wather aa wrang

Even when yer switchin on the kettle fur yer tea
Ye’re burnin up mair fossil fuels, the experts aa agree
Global warmin, it’s habit formin
Spierin fur mair heat on, flinging anither peat on
We’ll hae tae try tae ban it afore it kills the planet
Global warmin, it’s pittin the wather aa wrang

Cuttin trees and burnin them, we really canny thole it
CO2 jist spewin oot, we’ll hae tae control it
Global warmin, global warmin
Pit some laggin roon yer pipes, it cams in different types
Get in the double-glazin, C R Smith are jist amazin
Global warmin, stoap pittin the wather aa wrang

\footnote{153 a live-in partner to whom one is not married}
1

**General Notes on Language**

The Scots I have used is modern with the odd word or turn of phrase to make it sound as if it might be older. The use of “gin” for “if” for example, and “I fain wad”. I haven’t used a standard orthography as I usually go for something fairly phonetic, and I mix up different forms of usage. “Yin, ane, wan, yae”…for “one” for example. This is partly because the characters come from different places in Scotland, and partly because it just gives more variety and greater freedom in writing the verse.

Generally speaking, ‘ou’ is pronounced ‘oo’, “Nou’, ‘bou’, etc

‘want’ rhymes with pant and rant, and it means ‘need’. ‘watter’ rhymes with ‘batter’. “Makin’ and ‘takin’ both rhyme with ‘sacking’. Sometimes I spell them with a double kk

The english short ‘o’ in ‘god’, ‘boy’, is generally lengthened to ‘goad’, boay’. Sometimes I’ve written it this way.

‘a’ is often pronounced ‘aw’ as in ‘abody’, ‘ba’ (for ball), ‘ca’ (which means ‘call’ or ‘drive’, or ‘turn’). Sometimes I spell it wth a double ‘aa’

The ‘g’ in ‘airgiein’, ‘argie-bargiein’, is like the g in ‘game’, and not in ‘gin’

‘ei’ is usually pronounced ‘ee’ as in ‘insteid’, ‘pleasure’, etc