

Watty's Wedding,
OR, THE
Old Maiden's Marriage.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE ANSWER TO
Gragal Machree,
Moll and her Mistress,
The Honest Sailor.



FALKIRK.
PRINTED & SOLD BY T. JOHNSTON
1817.

WATTY'S WEDDING.

BETTY gaed to Watty's weddin',
 wow but she was wondrous braw !
 A Dumbarton youth o' sax-and-thirty,
 just aboon't a year or twa,
 Wi' curl'd hair, and silken spencer,
 like a lassie in her teens,
 Thought nane ken'd her brow was wrinkl'd,
 nor saw the scores about her een.

There's nae sic cheats as mouly maidens,
 when for a man they're keenly bent,
 Mony a hundred plans they fa' on,
 mony a trap they do invent :
 Will, a raw young simple callan,
 his eighteen year had scarcely seen,
 Kend little o' the wyles o' women,
 whan on him she fix'd her een.

Whan she danc'd, she smil'd and caper'd,
 geck'd and tofs'd her head aroun',
 And sae bewitch'd him wi' her glances,
 Willie's heart began to foun.
 'Than he wou'd dance wi' nane but Betty,
 Betty ne'er refus'd to rise,
 And met him half-road wi' her kisses,
 a' to catch the youths' prize.

She saw the simple cuiff was gripped
 hard and fast into her net,
 O'er the lugs in love was Willie,
 the bridal day that night was fet.
 Hasty marriage ne'er was chancy,
 experience aft proves this owre true,
 If we would look before we loap ay,
 we seldom wou'd ha'e cause to rue.

New-married folks hae months o' pleasure,
 if they never shou'd hae mair,
 Willie's honey-moon was shorter,
 Betty soon began to swear.
 Three short weeks were scarcely over,
 when her birse began to rise,
 Quarrell'd a' thing, pleas'd wi' naething,
 but to wear the breeks she tries.

Flytin', ragin', constant growlin',
 were a' the comforts that he knew;
 But ay an hour or twa 'fore bed-time
 calmer than a lamb she grew.
 He threat'ned mony time to leave her,
 but that ne'er gard her change her tone,
 She aftentimes lent him a lounder,
 when her barlickhoods were on.

His youthfu' heart wi' grief was broken,
 aft he sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;
 But when his een began to open,
 soon reselv'd to break his chain:

He scorn'd to battle wi' a womnn,
 but fell upon a better scheme,
 Aff he funn'd, but ne'er return'd
 to this surly grumblin' dame.

XX

A N S W E R
 TO GRAGAL MACHREE.

HARD by a clear fountain, in the sweet
 month of May,
 In search of my true love I happ'ned to stray;
 I heard a young damsel there loudly complain,
 In sorrow, for parting from her darling swain.

O cruel parents, where-ever you be,
 That banish'd my darling sweet Jamie from me;
 No other man breathing my favour shall gain,
 The pride of all nature's my own darling swain.

Thro' lonely wild desarts and hills I'll roam,
 To wild birds and fishes I'll make my moan;
 All riches and grandeur I now will disdain,
 Thro' the world I'll wander for my darling
 swain.

His breath is more sweet than the roses
 in June!

His eyes are like diamonds, or orbs of the
moon!

His skin like clear amber just from the mine!
He's cut up to perfection my own darling swain.

My love he is proper, he's tall, and he's
trim!

There is none in the world that can equal
him!

All sorrow and trouble I'll endure without
pain,

Was I sure to meet with my darling swain.

My father he thought then his point for
to gain,

By parting his daughter from her darling
swain;

But, for to vex him, I ever will be
Jamie's true and constant young

Gragal Machree.

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MOLL AND HER MISTRESS.

SAYS Moll to her Mistress, I long to be marry'd,
For there is great danger in too long delay;
To see myself single, my mind is uneasy,
For marriage is pleasant, I hear people say:
Besides, I'm fifteen, my days are a-wasting,
Therefore I'm afraid lest my beauty decay;
The boys say they love me, in truth they're not jesting,
And oh! to be marry'd if this be the way.

When I am enclos'd in the arms of my lover,
 He yields me much pleasure, I think I am blest;
 He oftentimes kisses me over and over,
 He oftentimes squerzes me unto his breast!
 He says that his love to me is encreasing,
 Those raptures of pleasure shall never decay;
 I think it's but folly my time to be wasting,
 And oh! to be marry'd if this be the way.

He call'd me his jewel, his joy, and his treasure,
 Without me there's nothing can yield him delight;
 He'll do his endeavour to keep me quite easy,
 And comfort me always by day and by night:
 Therefore I do think there is nothing a-wanting,
 Could I but enjoy that happy day;
 And now I think it is time to be granting,
 And oh! to be marry'd if this be the way.

O foolish young girl, you talk to your knowledge,
 But little you know the danger you run;
 Before you're marry'd you think you have all things,
 And then you want ev'ry thing else but a man:
 Your husband will chide you, and say you are lazy,
 And swear that the tea takes the money away:
 Perhaps the next morning the Landlord will crave you,
 You ne'er wou'd a marry'd had you known the way.

And next, to your comfort, your apron's a-rising,
 And you must provide for the crying out;
 Blankets, and pins, and tapes must be wanting,
 Your clothes must be broken to make baby-clouts;

And nursing and spinning is all your employment,
 And twenty things more to do all the day;
 This is the fruit of your wedlock enjoyment,
 You ne'er wou'd a marry'd had you known the way.

Says Moll to her Mistress, I pray you give over;
 For I am resolved for to take a man;
 The richest ship that ever was loaden,
 Must take her chance of both rock and sand;
 Therefore I am fully resolved to marry,
 Let you and every one say what they may;
 I long for to taste of wedlock enjoyments,
 And oh! to be marry'd if this be the way.

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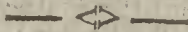
THE HONEST SAILOR.

THAT girl, who fain wou'd chuse a mate,
 shou'd ne'er in fondness fail her;
 May thank her lucky stars, if Fate
 shou'd splice her to a Sailor:
 He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
 the yellow boys to nail her;
 Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
 wou'd seek her honest Sailor.

If she be true, sure of his heart
 she never need bewail her;
 For tho' a thousand leagues apart,
 still constant is her Sailor:
 Tho' she be false, still he is kind,
 and comes with smiles to hail her;
 He trusting, as he trusts the wind,
 still faithless to her Sailor.

A butcher can procure her prog,
 three threads to drink, a taylor;
 What's that to biscuit, and to grog,
 procur'd her by her Sailor?
 She who wou'd such a mate refuse,
 ill-nature sure must ail her:
 Search round, and if you're wise, you'll
 to wed an honest Sailor. (chuse

F I N I S.



Falkirk.—T. Johnston, Printer.—1812