

WATTY

AND

MEG;

OR, THE

WIFE REFORM'D.

A TALE.



STIRLING:

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WATTY AND MEG.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawin'
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, weary't a' day sawin'
Dauners down to Mungo Blue's
Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi Pate Fanson o the hill,
Come awa quo Johnny, Watty!
Haith we shae anither gill.
Watty glad to see Jock Jabes,
And sae mony Leignours roun',
Kicket trae his shoon the snaw ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down,
Owre a broad wi' bannocks heaped,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roarin' ithers sleepit
Ithers quietly chews their cud.
Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
A the rest a racket hel,
A but watty, wha poor fallow,
Sat and srocket by himsel.
Mungo filled him up a toothfu,
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty puffin' out a mouthfu,
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.
What's the matter, Watty wi' you?
Troth your chatts are fa'ing in!
Something's wrang—I'm wae to see you—
Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin.

y, quo Watty, things are alter't,
 But it's past redemption now;
 —d! I wish I had seen ha'ner'd,
 When I married Maggy Howe!
 We've been poor, and vex't, and raggy,
 'Try'd wi' troubles no't that sma'
 hem I bore—but marrying Maggy
 Laid the cap-stane o' them a'.
 Night and day she's ever yeipin,
 Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
 Then she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin,
 Then she flies like fire on we
 ee ye, Mungo! when she'd clash ou.
 Wi' her everlasting clack,
 Whiles I've had my nieve in passio
 Lifted up to break her back!
 For gudesake, keep frae cuffets
 Mungo shook his head, and said,
 Feel I ken what sort o' life it's;
 Ken ye, Watty, how I did?
 After Bess and I were kippl't,
 Soon she grew like ony bear,
 Strake my shins, and when I tippl't,
 She harl't out my very hair.
 For a wee I quietly knucker't,
 But whan naething would prevail,
 Up my claes and cash I buckl't
 Bess! for ever fare ye weel.
 When her din grew less and less aye.

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Naith I gart her change her tune:
Now a better wife than Bessy
Never stept in leather shoon.
Try this, Watty, when ye see her
Raging like a roaring flood,
Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her;
That's the way to keep her gude.
Laughing, sangs, and alasses skirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof,
Done! quo Pate, and syns his earls
Nai't the dryster's wauket loof.
I the thrang o' stories telling,
Shaking hauns and ither cheer;
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
Mungo! is our Watty here?
Maggy's weel kend tongue and hurry,
Darted through him like a knife;
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scawlin wife.
Nasty, gude for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drunken sow!
Bringan wife and weans to ruin,
Drunken here wi' sic a crew!
De'il nor your twa legs were broken!
Sic a life nae flesh endures—
Tuitan like a slave to slocken
You, ye dyvour, and your whores!
Rise! ye drunken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire!

Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
 Fling your whisky in the fire.
 Watty, heard her tongue unhallow't
 Pay't his groat wi' little din;
 Left the house, while Maggy followed,
 Flyting a' the road behind.
 Fowk frae every door cam lampin,
 Maggy curst them ane an' a'.
 Clappit wi' her hands and stampin,
 Lost her boughles in the snaw.
 Hame, at length she turned the gavel,
 wi' a face as white s a clout,
 Raging like a very devil,
 Kickan stools and chairs about:
 Ye'll sit wi your limmers round you!
 hang you, sir! I'll be your death;
 Little hands my hauns confound you!
 but I cleave you to the teeth.
 Watty, wha midst this oration,
 eyed her whiles, but durstna speak,
 Sat like patient Resignation,
 trembling by the ingle cheek.
 Sad his wee drap brose he suppet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
 Quietly to his bed he slippit,
 sighin aften to himsel,
 Nane are free frae some vexation,
 ilk ane has his ills to dree;
 But through a the hale creation,

is a mortal vext like me,
 A night lang he r't wt and gauntet,
 sleep or rest he could na tak;
 Maggy aft wi horror hauntet,
 murther, startet at his back.
 Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
 up gat Watty warfa chiel,
 Kist his weans while they sleepit,
 waukens Meg, and sought fareweel.
 Fareweel Meg!—and O! may heaven
 keep you aye within his care;
 Watty's heart ye ve lang been greevin,
 now he'll never fash you mair.
 Happy could I been beside you,
 happy baith at morn and een:
 A time as did e'er beride you,
 Watty aye turned out your frien'.
 But ye ever like to see me,
 vext and sighan late and air;
 Fareweel Meg! I've sworn to lea thee,
 so thou'll never see me mair,
 Meg a sabban sae to lose him,
 sic a change had never wist;
 Held his huzun close to her bosom,
 while her heart was like to burst.
 O my Watty will ye lea me,
 friendless, helpless to despair!
 O! for this ae time fergie me:
 never will I vex you mair.

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Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken
A' your vows ten times a week;
No, no, Meg! see theres a token
gittering on my bennet cheek.
Owre the seas I march this morning,
listet, testet, sworn and a'
Forced by your confounded girning:
fareweel Meg! for I'm awa.
Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
gushed afresh and louder grew.
while the weans, wi' mourufu yammer,
round their sabban mitker flew.
Through the yirth I'll wander wi' you—
stay, O Watty! stay at hame,
Her- upon my knees I'll gie you
ony thing ye like to name.
See your poor young lamnies pleadin
wi' ye gang and break our heart?
No a house o'p' our head in,
no a friend to tak our part.
Ilka word came like a bullet.
Watty's heart began to shake;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
digoted baith his een and spake.
If ance mar I could by string,
lea the God-ers me stay sul,
wad ye swear to drap you il' ting?
yes, O Watty! yes I will.
Then, quo' Watty, mind be honest

aye to keep your stumper strive;
 Gin ye break this dreadful promise,
 never mair expect to thrive.

Mar, et Howe! this hour ye solemn
 swear by every thing that's gude,
 Never mair your spouse to scald him,
 while life warms your heart and blood.

That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me—
 ne'er put drunken to my name—
 Never out at evening steek me—
 never gloom when I come hame.

That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
 kick my shins, or rug my hair—
 Lastly, I'M TO KEEP THE SILLER,
 this upon your soul ye swear!

O—h! quo' Meg, Aweel quo' Watty,
 fareweel! faith I'll try the seas,
 O stand still, quo' Meg, and grat aye;
 any, ony way ye please.

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
 swore to a' thing owre again:
 Watty lap, and danced, and kist her;
 wow! but he was wondrous fain.
 Down he threw his staff victorious;
 aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
 Syne below the blankets, glorious,
 held anither HINNEY MOON.

THE END OF THE FINIS.