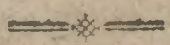


# WATTY & MEG,

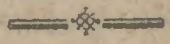
OR,

## The Wife Reform'd :

### A TALE.

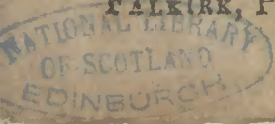


WE DREAM IN COURTSHIP,  
BUT IN WEDLOCK WAKE.



FALKIRK, Printed by T. JOHNSTON:

1816.



THE  
HUMOUROUS EXPLOITS  
OF  
WATTY AND MEG.

—○○○○○○, 3 ○○○○○○—

**K**EEN the frosty winds war blawin',  
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,  
Watty, weary't a' day fawin',  
Dannert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting crocky,  
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the hill,  
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty,  
Haith we'se ha'e anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,  
And fae mony neighbours roun',  
Kicket frae his shoon the sna'ba's,  
Syne ayent the fire fat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heaped,  
Cheese and stoups, and glasses stood;  
Some war roarin', ithers sleepit,  
Ithers quietly chews their cude.

Jock was fellin' Pate some tallow,  
A' the rest a racket hel',  
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow,  
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill't him up a toothfu',  
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;  
Watty puffin out a mouthfu',  
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grain.

“ What’s the matter, Watty, wi’ you ?  
 Trowth your chafts are fa’ing in !  
 Something’s wrang—I’m vext to see you—  
 Gudefafe ! but ye’re desp’rate thin.”

“ Ay, quo’ Watty, things are alter’t,  
 But it’s pail redemption now !  
 For O I wish I had been halter’d  
 When I marry’d Maggy Howe !

I’ve been poor, and vext, and raggy,  
 Try’t wi’ troubles no that sma’ ;  
 Them I bore—but marrying Maggy  
 Laid the capitane o’ them a’ !

Night and day she’s ever yelpin’,  
 Wi’ the weans she ne’er can ’gree ;  
 When she’s tir’d wi’ perfect skelpin’,  
 Then she rics like fire on me !

Se ye Mungo, then she’ll clash on  
 Wi’ her overlappin clack ;  
 Whyles I’ve had my nieve, in passion,  
 Listet up to break her back !”

“ O, for gudefafe, keep frae cuffets !”  
 Mungo shook his head and said ;  
 “ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it is !  
 Ken ye, Watty, how I did ?

After Bess and I were kippl’t,  
 Soon she grew like ony bear ?  
 Brak my shins, and wugh I tippl’t,  
 Harl’t out my very hair !

For a wee I quaitly knuckl’t,  
 But whan naething would prevail,  
 Up my claes and cash I buckl’t,  
 Bess, for ever fore you weel ;

Then her din grew less and less aye,  
 Haith I gart her change her tune:  
 Now a better wife than Bessy,  
 Never slept in leather shoon.

Try this, Watty—Whan 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 lasses' skirls,  
 Echo'd now out-thro' the roof;  
 Done! quo' Pate, and syne his erls  
 Nail't the Dryster's wauket loof.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,  
 Shakin hauns, and ither cheer,  
 Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,  
 Mungo is our Watty here?

Maggie's weel-kent tongue aind hurry,  
 Derted through him like a knife!  
 Up the door flew like a fury!  
 In came Watty's scawlin wife.

Scarcely had she cross'd the thrashold,  
 Till she rais'd a clam'rous din,  
 Which made Watty shak an' trimble,  
 For to hear her thus begin:

"Ye nasty, gude-for'naething being!  
 O ye sauffy, drunken sow!  
 Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,  
 Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

Devil nor your legs were broken!  
 Sic a life nae flesh endures—  
 Toilan like a slave, to storken  
 You, you dyvour, and your thores!

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 i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow't  
 Pay't his groat wi' little din;  
 Left the house, while Maggy fallow't,  
 Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door can, lampin',  
 Maggy curst them ane and a';  
 Claupit wi' her hauns, and stampin',  
 Lost her bauchles i' the sna'.

Hame at length she turn'd the gavel,  
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,  
 Raging like a very devil,  
 Kicken stools and chairs about!

"Ye'll fit wi' your limmers round you!  
 Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!  
 Little nauds my hands, confound you!  
 But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,  
 Ly'd her whiles, but durstna' speak,  
 Sat, like patient Resignation,  
 'Trim'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,  
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell;  
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,  
 Sighan af'eu to himsel'.

"Nane are free frae some vexation,  
 Ilk ane has his ills to dre;,  
 But, thro' a' the hale creation  
 Is a mortal vext like me?"

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,  
 Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak;  
 Maggy aft, wi' horror hauntet,  
 Mum'lan, startes at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,  
 Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,  
 Kiss his weans while they sleepit,  
 Waukent Meg, and sought forewel.

“Farewel, Meg!—And O may Heav'n  
 Keep you ay within his care;  
 Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin';  
 Now he'll never fash you mair!”

Happy cou'd I been beside you,  
 Happy baith at morn and e'en;  
 A' the ills did e'er betide you,  
 Watty ay turn'd out the frien'.

But ye ever like to see me  
 Vext and sighan, late and air:  
 Farewel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,  
 So thou'll never see mair?”

Meg a' sabban sae to lose him,  
 Sic a change had never wist,  
 Held his haun close to her bosom,  
 While her heart was like to burst.

“O my Watty! will ye lea' me  
 Frien'less, helpless, to despair?  
 O! for this ae time forgi'e me!  
 Never will I vex you mair.”

“Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken  
 Your vows ten times a-week  
 No, no, Meg!—See, there's a token  
 Glittering on my bonnet-check.

Owr the seas I march this morning,  
 Listet, tisset, sworn an' a';  
 Forc'd by your confounded girning!  
 Farewel Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour  
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,  
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yammer,  
 Round their sabban mother flew!

"Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you!  
 Stay, O Watty! stay at hame!  
 Here upon my knee, I'll gi'e you  
 Ony vow ye like to name!"

See your poor young lammies pleadin'!  
 Will ye gang and break our heart?  
 No a house to put our head in!  
 No a frien' to tak our part!"

Ilka word came like a bulle'!  
 Watty's heart begoud to shake!  
 On a kist he laid his wallet,  
 Dighted baith his een and spake:

"If ance mair I cou'd, by writing,  
 Tea' the fogers, and stay itill,  
 Wad you swear to drap your flyting?"  
 "Yes, O Watty! yes I will!"

"Then," quo' Watty; "mind be honest,  
 Aye to keep your temper strive;  
 Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,  
 Never mair expect to thrive.

"Marget Howe, this hour ye solemn'  
 "Swear by every thing that's gude,  
 "Ne'er again 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 e’ning seek me—

“ Never gloom when I come hame—

“ That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,

“ Kick my shins, or rug my hair—

“ Lally, I’m to keep the filler—

“ This, upon your soul, ye swear!”

“ Oh!” quo’ Meg—“ Aweel,” quo’ Watty,

“ Farewel! faith I’ll try the seas!

“ O stan’ still!” quo’ Meg, and grat ay;

“ Ony, ony way you please!”

Maggy syne, because he prest her,

Swore to a’thing owr again:

Watty lap, and danc’t, and kiss her!

Wow but he was wond’rous sair!

Down he threw his staff victorious!

Aff gaed bonnet, claes and shoon!

Syne below the blankets, glorious,

They enjoy’d the honey-moon!

F I N I S.

