

THE BETTER HALF

Last Hogmanay three canty chiels
Agreed wi' solemn vow
Tae meet for auld lang syn, an' keel
The auld year ower the knowe.
Tho' in a kintry far frae hame,
An' a' their butties tae,
Three blither herts ye couldna' fin'
Throughout the live-long day.

But "aft laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft an times alee,"
An' little thocht gaed ane o' them
Tae whit the end wad be;
But fegs, the end is sad tae tell,
Before the thirty-first,
The wife o' ane said, "Ma guid man,
Jist gang there if ye durst."

Puir lad, he wis sae hudden doon,
But aye his hert wis strang;
Said he, "Guid wife, ay'll gang ma gait.
Let it be short or lang."
But man, he reckoned not his hos,
For on the Sawbath day
She plestered mustard on his chest
As in his bed he lay.

Says she, "Yer throat's fair chokit up;
Ma man, yer gitin auld:
If ye gang oot a nicht like this
Ye'll get yer daith o' cauld;
Jist lie in bed an' tak' yer rest,
Ye'll gang some ither day;
I'll see nae cauld'll keep ye then
Gin I get askit tae.

"I'll cure yer cauld an' wrap ye up
So ye'll no' get anither;
Ye'll be aw richt the morn for
We're baith gaun oot thegither."
In spite o' aw his grunts an' groans,
She vowed he wadna leave 'er;
The chief in silence strode before,
An' darna cock his peaver.