

DOMESTIC SQUABBLES

SAYS Tam to Meg, "My lass, I see,
The bed's ower sma' for you an' me,
Sae frae this nicht, until I dee,
Ye' hae it a'.
'Tis better, since we canna gree,
I gang awa.

But mind, my lass, ye're getting auld,
An' faith ye'll find it unca cauld,
Nae kindly arms will now unfauld,
An' keep ye cosy,
As mine hae, gin the truth be tauld,
My rosy-posy.

For me, I winna tell a lee,
I own my faults an' failings free.
There's nane can tell as weel as me,
How much I grieve.
Still, when things seem to gang agley,
It's best to leave.

Sae fare ye weel, my bonnie doo,
Sound sleep and pleasant dreams to you,
But should your loneliness you rue,
Just let me ken,
I ablins may, if weel ye sue,
Ance mair come ben."