

# The Clydesdale wedding

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Flora's lament for Charly.

The banks of the Dee.

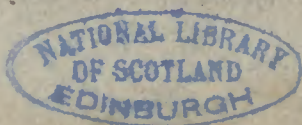
Go plaintive sounds.



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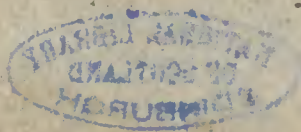
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THE CLYDESDALE WEDDING.

Come in man an' tell us your crack,  
I heard you was o'er at the weddin',  
Why truly indeed I was that,  
An' I lent them a hand at the beddin'.  
It's gudesake man how eam ye on,  
For Patie's a comical body,  
And mony a terrible day,  
We had wi' him courting the howdy.

Come on, man quoth he, we did weel,  
Ye ne'er saw the like o't. I'm thinkin';  
Wi' oupin' and dancin' and singin'  
An' fouth o' gude eatin' and drinkin'.  
It's no like the weddin's that's now,  
Whar there's nought but leaf bread & some butter,  
Wi' three cups o' jiblach o' tea,  
Sweeten'd up with a wee pickle sugar.

But there was plenty to eat,  
Aye an' kale ye might see while your able,  
Wi' a gude muckle o' Scottish haggis,  
To grace the head of the table.  
Besides there was mountains of beef,  
An' a heal bouk o' gude roasted mutten,  
An' Patie cried, Sirs, will ye eat,  
An' Will worried just like a glutton.



I declare tae ye, goodwife, I thought shame,

For the great greedy hash he sat next me :

An' we baith had to eat aff yae plate.

An' this was the way that he fix'd me ;

When the haggis was serv'd us a roun',

As muckle as might serv'd a dizen,

I scarcely got liftin my spoon,

Till he had it a' cram'd down his wizen.

Preserve us, quoth I, is it dune,

Says Will, but I'm fond o' a haggis,

But look man, see yonder ahoon,

There's plenty o' mutton and tatties ;

Nae fears but we'll a' get our fill,

For Patie's a braw hearty fallow,

But O man the haggis was gude,

For I'm sure that the half o't was tallow.

The bodies a' eat till they left,

But Will ay, an' that was the funniest,

For when he had thrapted up a

He cried out may the deil claw the clungest.

For I'm sure I hae gotten my fill ;

Quoth I am, here's a glass to digest it,

Weel here's tae ye Patie, cried Will.

For I'm sure we've a' been we l feasted.

Then Jock sang us bonny Tweedside,

And I am sang us Hooty and Fairly,

And Will sang the banks o' the Clyde.

And Jen sang the auld drucken carlie ;

Till the drink put the bees in their heads,

Then the lasses they cried out for dancin'.

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And ilka ane jump to their feet,  
And began a loupin and prancin'.

Then Tam ran and brought them blind Hughach,  
And he was to play them the fiddle,  
But some o' them fill'd him sae drunk,  
That he scarcely could gar it play diddle.  
For whiles he play'd screed wi' the hair.  
But as aft' wi' the stick he play'd scratle,  
Till away went the feet frae the chair,  
And he fell on his back wi' a rattle.

Then he swore they had knocked him down,  
Tho' dell a yae body was nea' him,  
And he up wi' his great muckle rang,  
And began a' cursin' and swearin'.  
But Tam for to mak up the peace,  
Ran and fill'd him a glass o' gude toddie,  
Crying Hughack drink this and p'ay up,  
Till I get a reel wi' the howdy.

The fun was a' naething till this,  
Young and auld they began a springin',  
Some hochen, some reelin', some wheelin',  
And some were just loupin' and flingin',  
Till wi' dancin' they a' got their fill,  
An' then we repair'd to the beddin',  
Gat fun wi' them mixin' their legs,  
And thus put an end to the weddin'.

#### FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLY.

Sweet is the rose that's budding on yon thorn,  
Down in yon valley so cheery;  
But sweeter is the flower does my bosom adorn,  
That springs from the breast of my dearie.

The lav'rock may whistle and sing o'er the lea,  
 Wi' a' its strains sae rarely ; !  
 But when will it bring such music to me,  
 As the voice o' my ain handsome Charlie.

The tears steal gently down frae my een, f  
 Nae dangers on earth then could fear me :  
 My heart throbbing beat and I heav'd up a sigh,  
 When the lad that I lov'd was near me.  
 Fu' trig wi' his bonny bonnet sae blue,  
 And his tartan dress sae rarely ;  
 A heart that was leal and to me ever true,  
 Was aye in the breast of my Charlie.

His lang quartered shoon, and his buckles sae clear,  
 On his shoulder was knotted the plaidie ;  
 Naething on earth was to me half sae dear,  
 As a sight of my ain Highland laddie.  
 Red was his cheeks and flaxen his hair,  
 Hanging down on his shoulders sae rarely ;  
 A blink o' his ee wi' a smile banish'd care,  
 Sae handsome then was my Charlie.

My laddie, ohon. was the flower o' them a',  
 For the loss of my mate I am eerie ;  
 For when that the pibroch began for to blaw,  
 'Twas then that I lost my dearie.  
 But waes me alas, wi' their slaughter and war,  
 'Twas then that he gaed awa fairly ;  
 And broad is the sea now that parts me afar,  
 Frae the love o' my ain handsome Charlie.

Ance my hours wi' pleasure was blest,  
 But now they are dull and eerie ;

And when on slumber's soft billows I rest,  
 I behold the sweet shade of my dearie,  
 But as long as I live, and as long as I breath,  
 I will sing to his memory rarely,  
 Till love is united by the arrows of death,  
 O Flora shall mourn for her Charlie.

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### THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer and sweetly the breezes were blowing;  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;  
 At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,  
 I set myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river  
 Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever,  
 For there I first gained the affection and favour  
 Of Jamie the pride and the flower of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning;  
 To quell the proud rebels for valiant is he,  
 And ah there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,  
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,  
 And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows,  
 The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore  
 him,  
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,  
 And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er  
 him,  
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying,  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

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GO PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

Go plaintive sounds! and to the fair,  
 My secret wounds impart,  
 Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,  
 Each motion in my heart.  
 But she methinks is list'ning now,  
 To some enchanting strain,  
 The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,  
 Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay  
 Howe'er my love repine,  
 Let that gay minute pass away,  
 The next perhaps is thine.  
 Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,  
 Your griefs shall soon be o'er,  
 Her cheek undimpled now has lost,  
 The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds. she now is yours.  
'Tis now your time to move ;  
Essoy to soften all her pow'rs,  
And be that softness, love  
Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done  
That anxious tender air  
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,  
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,  
Return each sprightly grace,  
I yield up to your charming reign,  
All that enchanting face.  
I take no outward shew amiss,  
Rove where they will, her eyes,  
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,  
So she but hear my sighs.

FINIS.