

The MORPETH Wedding

# G A R L A N D,

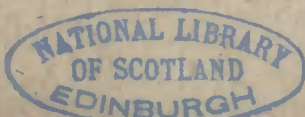
Beautify'd with several excellent

## New Songs.

1. The *Morpeth* Wedding; or, The House turn'd up-side down.
2. The fam'd young *Boufler*.
3. The Garden of Tyme.

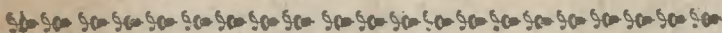


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The MORPETH GARLAND, &c.



*The Morpeth Wedding; or, The drunken Frolick.*

To the Tune of, *Gilly Crankey.*

THE like was never heard nor seen,  
 For oft Times I've been bidden,  
 'Tween *Morpeth, Benridge, and Bowlsgreen,*  
 But ne'er to such a Wedding.

There's ne'er a *Wight* I dare well say,  
 Seek *Tweed* and all the Border;  
 At Supper-time began the Fray,  
 At Midnight cry'd out Murder.

Then *Euddy* he click'd up the Cup,  
 Stout *Stephen* now have at thee;  
*Fockey* and *Fenny* drank it up,  
 And *Bessy* fetch'd Tobacco:

And *Roger* rave him by the Roof,  
 And he struck nearest Hand him;  
 Stout *Stephen* he's fell'd with a Cuff,  
 And on the Floor they fand him.

And tidey *Tom* lay on the Floor,  
 Which made him lose his Hold there;  
*Mischievous Martin*, with a Stool,  
 Fell'd *Francois* stark and cald there:

And

And she to him and he to her,  
 And they fell all together;  
 What Strife, what Dirdom, and what Din,  
 Boards fail'd, and all fell o'er there.

The harmless Calf began to blate,  
 And Hens fell of the Flake there;  
 And *Cappie's* Calf began to raer,  
 The Cow pull'd up her Stake there:

Mischieviously came by a Dog,  
 And click'd her by the Lips there;  
 With that the Cow did wag her Tail,  
 And she flung up her Hips there.

But had you heard the boist'rous Blaws  
*John Bucham's* Dog endured there;  
 Such Whanks the Trenchers took the Walls  
 And fearful Oaths were swore there.

The Pewter Spoons were Pistol Shot,  
 And Doublers they redounded;  
 With Bottles, Pots, and Candlesticks,  
 Few of them escap'd unwounded.

The Sparks flew from the Chimney Top,  
 The Country Lads cry'd Fire there;  
 The Barrels not held in one Drop,  
 Which dress'd the Meat like Mire there:

The doating Hens fell off the Baulks,  
 Which fifteen Days had sitten there,  
 The rotten Eggs fell down with Whacks,  
 And *Kistern Craggs* beslitten there.

The Cows rove all the Cloaths to Clouts,  
 The Drink stood all in Pools there;  
 The Scholar Lads cry'd with a Shout,  
 And swore they bated Bulls there.

The Rocks, the Reels, the Spinning Wheels,  
 The Sight full fore was grieved there;  
 With Hawks and Bells about their Heels,  
 Were cut at some Mischief there.

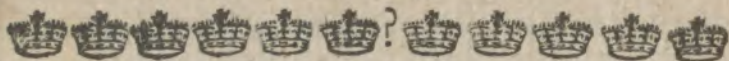
*John Anderson, John Jefferson,*  
 Fell in amongst the Strugglers;  
*Hob Anderson, Jeffrey Fellion,*  
 Dang down a Dozen of Dublers.

At last the Musick Murder cry'd,  
 And all the Women squeaked,  
 And *Fenny Jockey's* Dagger 'spy'd,  
 And swore the Men were sticked.

The Bridegroom like an honest Man,  
 He wore them off the Bairns there,  
 They run away like felter'd Foals,  
 And ravel'd all the Yarn there.

*Tom Tate* came strutting like a Stirk,  
 Through Midden, Pools, and Cinders,  
 And all the Light those Limmers had,  
 Came in at broken Winders.

They were all at their Arms that Night,  
 With several Rakes and Forks there,  
 With that they ended all the Strife,  
*Will. Skinner* got the Stocks there.



*The fam'd Young Boufler.*

I'M twenty Weeks married, and nothing but Grief,  
 I'm twenty Weeks married and finds no Relief,  
 I'm twenty Weeks married but yet am a Maid,  
 I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, she said.

I long to do as my Neighbours has done,  
 To have a fine Daughter, or a beautiful Son:  
 I long for to call up my Gossiping Crew,  
 I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, Oh, what shall I do!

There's *Boufler* in the Morning, and *Boufler* in Night,  
 And *Boufler* is all the young Ladies Delight;  
 The Ladies of Honour they'll give double Fees,  
 For *Boufler* to play between their two Knees.

My *Boufler* - he is a bonny brisk Lad,  
 He cures the Green-sickness though never so bad;  
 He cures the Green-sickness, and other Disease,  
 Both Palsy and Gout, and old wrinkled Face.

If I had a Hundred bright Guineas in Gold,  
 And as many more as my Apron would hold,  
 I would give them all, and my Jewels too,  
 If that I could know what *Boufler* could do.

A young Man stood by and heard her sad Grief,  
 I think in my Heart, I could give you Relief;  
 He pull'd up her Petticoats, and her Smock too,  
 Says he, now I'll shew you what *Boufler* can do.

With

With that the young Damsel began to look wild,  
 I think in my Heart you have got me with Child;  
 Had I not been married, I had been undone,  
 This Night you have got me with a Daughter or Son.

This Damsel she ran to her Father's Whitehall,  
 And down on her bended Knees she did fall;  
 Says, Pardon dear Father and Mother too,  
 For now I can shew you what *Boufler* can do.

*Says, Pardon dear Father and Mother too,  
 For now I can call up my Gossiping Crew.*



*The Garden of Thyme, giving good Advice  
 for every Virgins Care.*

*While Flowers in their tender Buds do grow  
 Let no young Men into your Garden go;  
 Lest these young Buds upon their tender Stem  
 Should be cropp'd off by these unruly Men.*

**Y**OU pretty Maidens all,  
 That now are in your Prime,  
 Before you look your Gardens well,  
 Let no Man steal your *Thyme* :  
 For I delight in my *Thyme*,  
 That flourish'd Night and Day,  
 Then came a young Man craftily,  
 And stole my *Thyme* away.

This

This young Man oft did come,  
 With Words most sweet and fine,  
 And stole into my Garden,  
 And pluckt up all my *Thyme* :  
 And when that he had stole my *Thyme*,  
 The young Man came no more,  
 To look for *Thyme* in my Garden,  
 As he had done before.

And when my *Thyme* was gone,  
 And I could plant no New,  
 The very Place where it did grow,  
 Was over-run with *Rue* ;  
 The *Rue* it will run over all,  
 If that you'll give it scope,  
 But I've preserv'd one little Plant,  
 To plant in Time of *Hope*.

The *Gilly-flower* is sweet,  
 That grows near to the Wall,  
 And so is the *Yellow-pegell*,  
 But *Thyme* is the best of all :  
 But still cry'd out this pretty Maid,  
 Stand up my *Hope*, said she,  
 For if my *Hope* should chance to fade,  
 Then quickly I should die.

got my Garden digged,  
 And planted it a-new,  
 My *Hope* got Root in little Time,  
 And up I pluck'd the *Rue* :

And

And when it was but newly set,  
 With *Hope* and *Thyme* all round,  
 Fine Flowers then grew prettily,  
 With *Marjoram* on the Ground.

I view'd my Garden well,  
 And found both *Hope* and *Thyme*,  
 Did both begin to flourish,  
 As they did in their Prime:  
 Then the young Men they came again,  
 My Garden for to see,  
 But I kept shut my Garden Door,  
 Lest they should ruin me.

They found my *Thyme* preserv'd,  
 Then one amongst the Rest,  
 Did beg of me most heartily,  
 To grant him one Request;  
 That he might my Gardener be,  
 Then he would take such Care,  
 If I would let him keep the Key,  
 He'd keep my Garden clear.

Up on this Promise made,  
 That he would careful be,  
 This young Man of my Garden Door,  
 I made him keep the Key:  
 He digg'd my Garden round about,  
 And planted it a-new,  
 Of *Hope* and *Thyme* he kept good Store,  
 But not one Bit of Rue.