

York, you're wanted;

To which are added,

The Irish wedding.

My Peggy is a young thing.

Lochaber no more.



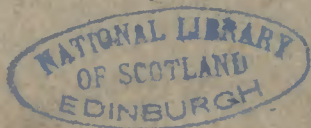
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## YORK, YOU'RE WANTED.

From York I com'd to get a place,  
And travelled to this town. Sir ;  
In Holborn I an office found,  
Of credit and renown, Sir ;  
Says I, pray Sir, get me a place,  
Says he, your prayer is granted ;  
And when I meet with one that suits,  
I'll tell you, York, you're wanted.

A gentleman soon hired me,  
I found he was a gambler ;  
Says he, I want a steady lad.  
Says I, Sir, I'm no rambler ;  
But if you want a knowing one,  
By few I am supplanted ;  
Oh ! that is just the thing for me,  
So, Mr York, you're wanted.

Now I knew somewhat of a hoys,  
And measter just the same, Sir ;  
And if we didn't do the fools,  
Ecod we'd been to blame Sir ;  
At races then we both look'd out,  
For cash each bosom panted,

And when we thought the flats would bite,  
The word was—York, you're wanted.

A maiden lady, you must know,  
Just sixty-three years old, Sir,  
There fell in love with my sweet face,  
And I with her sweet gold, Sir.

She said, the little god of love

Her tender bosom haunted,—  
Dear Sir, I almost blush to own,  
But, Mr York you're wanted.

In wedlock's joys, you need not doubt,

Most happily I roll, Sir,

And how we lov'd, or how we fought,

Shall never now be told, Sir;

For Mr Death stept in one day,

And swift his dart he planted,

I wip'd my eyes, and thank'd my stars

'Twas Mrs York he wanted.

So ladies pray now guard your hearts,

A secret while I tell, O;

A widower with half a plum

Must needs be a rich fellow.

With fifty thousand pounds, I think,

I ought not to be daunted;

Some lovely girl, I hope, ere long,

Will say, Sweet York, you're wanted.

## THE IRISH WEDDING

SURE wont you hear what roving cheer,  
Was spread at Paddy's wedding O;  
And how so gay they spent the day,  
From churching to the bedding O:  
First book in hand, came Father Quipes,  
With the brides' dad the bailie O:  
While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
Teddery, taddery, &c.

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat,  
And merry Morgan Murphy O;  
And Murdoch Mags, and Fieloch Skags,  
M'Laughlan, and Dick Durfey O.  
And then the girls rigg'd out in white,  
Led on by Ted O'Reilly O;  
While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
Teddery, teddery, &c.

When Pat was asked if his love would last,  
The chapel echoed with laughter O:  
By my soul, says Pat, you may say that,  
To the end of the world, and after O.

Then tenderly her hand he gripes,  
 And kisses her genteely O:  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
 Teddery, teddery, O.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,  
 So frolicksome and so frisky O;  
 Potatoes galore, a skirrag or more,  
 With a flowing madder of whisky O,  
 Then round, to be sure, did'nt go the swipes,  
 At the bride's expence so freely O:  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
 Teddery, teddery, &c

And then at night, O what delight,  
 To see them capering and prancing O:  
 An opera or ball was nothing at all  
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing O.  
 And then to see old father Quipes  
 Beating time with his shilelah O,  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes  
 Stuck up a lilt so gaily O.  
 Teddery, teddery, &c.

And now the knot so sucky are got,  
 They'll go to sleep without rocking O:

While the bride-maids fair to gravely prepare,  
 For throwin' of the stocking O  
 Dacaders we'll have says father Quipes,  
 And the bride was kissed gentlyly O.  
 While, to wish them fun, the merry pipes,  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
 Teddery, teddery &c.

### MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING

My Peggy is a young thing,  
 Just entered in her teens,  
 Fair at the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay.  
 My Peggy is a young thing,  
 And I'm not very auld,  
 Yet weel I like to meet her at  
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 Whene'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown,  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It maks me blythe and bauld,  
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,  
 As wauking o' the fauld,  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play,  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best,  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her songs are tauld,  
 With innocens, the wale o' sense,  
 At wauking o' the fauld,

**LOCHABER NO MORE.**

Fareweel to Lochaber, and fareweel to my Jean,  
 Whose heartsome with thee I have many days been  
 For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more,  
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.  
 Those tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the danges attending on weir;

Though born on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricane rise, and rise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind:  
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory my Jeany maun plead my excuse,  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And without thy favour I'd better not be:

I gae then, my lass to win honour and fame,  
 And if I has luck to come gloriously hame,  
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

FINIS.