

T H E

# Blythfome Bridal;

O R, T H E

## Lafs wi' the Gowden Hair.

To which is added,

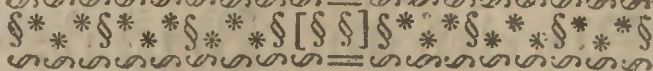
### The F A R E W E I..

### A New TOUCH on the TIMES.

### This is no Mine Ain H O U S E.



Entered according to Order.



## The BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

**F**Y let us a' to the bridal,  
 for there will be liting there,  
 For Jocky's to be marry'd to Maggy,  
 the las wi' the gouden hair.  
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,  
 and bannocks of barley-meal;  
 And there will be a good fa't herring,  
 to relish a cog of good ale.  
 Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sandy the souter,  
 and Will wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be Tam the bluter,  
 with Andrew the tinker, I trow:  
 And there will be bow'd legged Robbie,  
 with thumblefs Katy's goodman;  
 And there will be blue-cheek'd Dowbie,  
 and Lawrie the laird of the land.  
 And there will be sow-libber Patie,  
 and pluky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Patie and Gibbie,  
 that wins in the how of the hill;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,  
 the las that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,  
 and coft him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,  
 great mercy it happen'd na warfe;  
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,  
 and KIRST wi' the lily-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 and bang'd up her wame in mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 and blinking daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,  
 and shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.

And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,  
 and fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 With Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 the lafs wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,  
 with his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-shin'd Mungo Macapie,  
 the lad that was skipper himsel.

There lads and lasses in pearling,  
 will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts and carlings,  
 that are baith foddan and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,  
 wi' south of good gabbocks of skate,  
 Powfowdy and drammock, and crowdy,  
 and caller nowt-feet in a plate,  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 and whytens and speldings enow,

With sing'd sheep-heads, and a haggies,  
and scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,  
and fowens, and farls, and baps,

With swats and well scraped paunches,  
and brandy in stoups and in caps,

And there will be meal-cail and custocks,  
with skink to sup till ye rive,

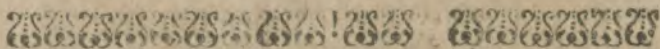
And roasts to roast on a brander,  
of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,  
and a mill of good snishing to prie;

When weary with eating and drinking,  
we'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,  
for there will be liting there,

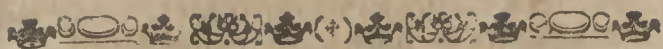
For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,  
the las' wi' the gowden hair.



### The F A R E W E L.

**O**H! how shall I in language weak,  
my ardent passion tell,  
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,  
that cruel word, Farewel!

Farewel---but know, tho' thus we part,  
my thoughts can never stray:  
Go where I will, my constant heart,  
must with my charmer stay.



## A New TOUCH on the TIMES.

To it's own Proper Tune.

**G**EORGE he is the mildest King,  
that ever sat on Britain's throne,  
Behold how wisely he has acted,  
to his subjects every one.

But we're of a rebellious nature,  
and our minds are ne'er content,  
Likewise the most of our reflection,  
are on the King and Parliament.

There's quakers, new lights, independents,  
methodists and swadlers too,  
Those minions and finions,  
are they not a filthy crew.

Those hypocrites that live amongst us,  
our religion they despise,  
Empty fools without foundation,  
neither loyal, just nor wise.

Our churchmen they are little better,  
if the truth it were all known,  
They take the King for Britain's head,  
but part of's laws they will not own.

'Tis brotherly love's gone from amongst us,  
neighbours they cannot agree,  
They spend their money on the law,  
and bring themselves to poverty.

'Tis reck'ning, sharpening and deceiving,  
 'tis hard to find a man that's just;  
 Because they seldom find the way,  
 to pay the thing they take in trust.

There's dicemen, showmen, mountain-fai-  
 people pretending to be dumb, (lors,  
 Fortune-tellers and quack-doctors,  
 by such vagrants we're undone.

Our merchants buy up meal and corn,  
 beef and butter and our cheefe,  
 Sends it o'er to foreign countries,  
 for to maintain our enemies.

But now of late we are informed,  
 that their ships are pris'ners ta'en,  
 Who are going with provision,  
 the French army to maintain.

The French has got our men and money,  
 deny this neighbours if you dare,  
 And for your thanks you plainly see,  
 they reward you with open war.

Dutchmen too that treach'rous crew,  
 altho' they were with us in league,  
 They promis'd to assist the French,  
 for preservation of their trade.

Before the war, distress'd and poor,  
 both high & mighty now they're grown,  
 To them we gave a great collection,  
 and had not pow'r to help our own.

Foreigners we did encourage,  
 ay dear neighbour that is truth,  
 Good Scotch ale and Highland whiskie,  
 had not relish in our mouth.

Brandy and rum we chuse to drink,  
 and many a costly thing beside,  
 There's nothing that appears amongst us,  
 but perfect poverty and pride.

Now observe the pride of women,  
 how they walk with such an air,  
 With ribbons, rings, ruffles and fans,  
 capuchines and foreheads bare.

Our servant-maids are now so proud,  
 they do resemble their ladies near,  
 They have so many new made dresses,  
 they scarce can tell what garb to wear.

Painting and patches for their faces,  
 in the fashion they must be;  
 The poorest wife in all the town,  
 each morning she must drink her tea.

Our men are grown so void of reason,  
 often leaves their wedded wife,  
 Chusing for to keep up a miss,  
 they're weary'd of a marry'd life.

Women for to leave their husbands,  
 is not that a double sin,  
 Enough to bring on us a judgment,  
 and consume the land we're in,

O grant us peace and unity,  
 for certainly we may confider,  
 That now the world is near an end,  
 for each man strives to cheat another.

This is no mine ain HOUSE.

**T**HIS is no mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't ;  
 Since with my love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't ;  
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
 And mistress of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,  
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me ;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.

When Hymen moulds us into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay,  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of human life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

F I N I S.