

## IRISH WEDDING.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE RIGS OF BARLEY. O

THE TINKER'S SONG.

The Milk Maid got with Child at a Wake.

A SEAFARING SONG.

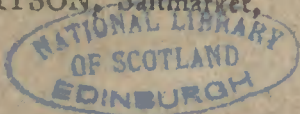
The Auld YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

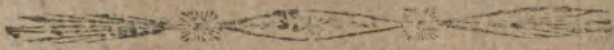


G L A S G O W.

Printed by J. &amp; M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket,

1802.





THE IRISH WEDDING.

**N**OW you shall hear, what roving cheer,  
 was spread at Paddy's wedding, O;  
 And how so gay, they spent the day,  
 from church unto the bedding, O;  
 First book in hand came Father Quipes,  
 with the bride's dad the Bailie, O,  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

CHORUS.

Sing, hethrum tethrum, tethrum hethrum,  
 Ral lal lal lal lal lar ri, O, etc.

Now, there was Mat, and hardy Pat,  
 Meg Morgan and Jack Murphy, O,  
 There was Murdoch, Meg, and sturdy Stag,  
 M'Laughlan, and Dick Durphy, O.  
 Then to see the girl-rigg'd out in whites,  
 led on by dad O'Raily, O;  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Chorus. Sing, hethrum tethrum, etc.

When Pat was ask'd if his love would last,  
 the whole church re-echo'd with laughter, O;  
 By my shoul' s'ys Pat, and you may say that,  
 to the end of the world, and after, O:  
 Then tenderly her hand he grips,  
 and kisses her genteely, O,  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 struck up a lilt, so gaily, O.

Chorus. Sing hethrum tethrum, etc.

What a roaring set, at distance were met,  
 so frolicsome and so frankly, O,  
 With potatoes gator and a farming in more,  
 and a flowing madder of whisky, O,  
 So merrily went round the swipes,  
 at the bride's expense so freely, O,  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 struck up a lilt so gaily, O.  
 Sing, Hethrum tethrum, etc.

And then at night oh! what delight,  
 to see them capering and prancing, O,  
 An Opera or Ball was nothing at all,  
 when compar'd to the stile of their dancing, O;  
 And then to see old Father Quipes,  
 beating time with his shalalley, O,  
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,  
 struck up a lilt so gaily, O.  
 Chorus. Hethrum tethrum, etc.

But now the fatt so fappy to it got,  
 they'll go to sleep without rocking, O,  
 While the bride's maids fair so bravely prepare  
 for throwing of the stocking, O.  
 Dochindorus we'll have, says Father Quipes,  
 and kisses the bride genteely, O,  
 While to wish them fun the merry pipes  
 struck up a lilt so gaily, O.  
 Sing, Hethrum tethrum, etc.

## THE RIGS OF BARLEY.

IT was upon a Lammis night,  
 when corn rigs wave sae bonny,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I hied away to Annie.

The time flew by wi' tender's heed,  
 till 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
 to see me through the barley.

Chorus. O it's corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 an' corn rigs are bonny,  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 among the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the air was still,  
 the moon was shining clearly,  
 I set her down wi' right good will,  
 among the rigs of barley ;  
 I kent her heart was a' my ain,  
 I lo'ed her most sincerely,  
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again  
 among the rigs o' barley.


Chor. O it's corn rigs, and barley rigs, etc.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,  
 her heart was beating rarely,  
 My blessing on that happy place,  
 among the rigs o' barley.  
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,  
 that shone that hour so clearly,  
 I'll ne'er forget our happiness  
 among the rigs o' barley.

Chor. O it's corn rigs, and barley rigs, etc.

I ha'e been blyth wi' comrades dear,  
 I ha'e been merry drinking,  
 I ha'e been joyfu' gathering gear,  
 I ha'e been happy thinking.  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I had,  
 though three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a'  
 among the rigs o' barley.

Chor. O it's corn rigs, and barley rigs, etc.


 THE TINKER'S SONG.

**M**Y daddy was a tinker's son,  
 And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one,  
 Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,  
 Here's pots to mend! aloud bawl I;  
 Have ye tin pots, kettles, or canna,  
 Coppers to solder, or brass pans.  
 Of wives my dad had near a score,  
 And I have twice as many more;  
 And what's as wonderful as true,  
 My daddy was the L---d (upon my soul he was)  
 the lord knows who?

'Tis a hard matter for a child to know its own  
 father, besides, my mother was a Queen: Oh! yes  
 she was Queen of the Gypsies, and perhaps I was  
 born a Prince! though now, like other tinkers, I  
 mend ae hole and make twa, with my

'Tan ran tan, tan ran tau, tan,  
 For pot or canna, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget, snug had got  
 A barn-door capon, and what not,  
 Here's pots to mend! I cried along,  
 Here's pots to mend! was still my song  
 At village wake——oh! curie his throat,  
 The cock crow'd out so loud a note.  
 The folk in clusters flock'd around,  
 They seiz'd my budget, in it found  
 The cock, a gammon, prase and beans,  
 Besides a jolly tinker (yes by the L---d) a tinker's  
 ways and means.

Oh! they took my all, left me nothing but my  
 paternal estate, which consisted of my

'Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan, etc.

Like dad, when I to Quarters come,  
 For want of cash: the folks I num.  
 Here's pots to mend, bring me some beer!  
 The landlord cries, " You'll get none here,  
 " You tink'ring dog your tricks I know,  
 " More beer indeed! Pay what you owe  
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,  
 And with his back rub off the score.  
 At his expence, we drown all strife,  
 For which I praise the landlord (could not do less)  
 than praise the landlord's wife.

And because she was pretty—what, yes! what  
 a shap! another quart, and score it: up to the tin-  
 ker——at any time should you want a little job  
 done, you may command me and my

Tan ran tan, tail ran tan tan,  
 For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

The Milk Maid got with Child at a Wake.

**Y**oung Nelly the milk maid, right buxom & gay,  
 Who ever delighted with Roger to play,  
 One ev'ning of late went a dance for to take,  
 She ask'd her dame leave for to go to the wake.

Says she, You may go, but I'd have you take care,  
 Of Roger's delusions I'd have you beware,  
 For if this my counsel you do not take,  
 Perhaps you'll have reason to think on the wake.

Drest up in her best away she did steer,  
 Where, as she expected, young Roger was there,  
 They danc'd and they fiddled on beer, ale and cake,  
 Such delicate cheer was found at the wake.

The pastime being o'er young Nell took her way,  
 Until that they came to some cocks of new hay,  
 He led her a dance, and she said for your sake,  
 I ne'er will forget coming home from the wake.

Her dame the next morning said, Nell tell me right,  
 What pleasure or pastime you met with last night?  
 Young Nelly she laugh'd till her sides she did shake,  
 Saying, 'twas a delicate dance coming home from  
 the wake.

Soon after she found that her strength it did fail,  
 Her red rosy cheeks began to look pale,  
 Her belly grew big, and her heart it did ach,  
 When she thought on her dance coming home from  
 the wake.

Her dame soon perceiv'd it, and said to her Nell,  
 What have you been doing, you seem for to swell?  
 Says she, I can't tell, if my life lay at stake,  
 But I fear 'twas a fall coming home from the wake.

Now she exposes the sweetest of charms,  
 So desperate it grew, 'till it lodg'd in her arms,  
 So maidens by Nelly a warning pray take,  
 Beware how you fall coming home from the wake.



## A S E A F A R I N G S O N G.

**B**E cheerful my lads, now all dangers are o'er,  
 The high foaming billows disturb us no more,  
 Rude Boréas may bluster, may bluster in vain,  
 For here we can laugh at the threats of the main;  
 Then each lad take his lass,  
 His bottle and glass,  
 For life's but a favour that quickly must pass.

Since life's but a bubble, what bubbleers are they,  
 Who trifle and bubble their moments away,  
 Our business is pleasure, in pleasure we roll,  
 And divide all our hours 'twixt the fair & the bowl;  
 Then here goes my boy,  
 Such charms near can cloy,  
 For love is the topmast, the high top of joy.

Can kings, after toils or the tumults of state,  
 Thus boldly defy all the cares of the great?  
 Can they thus enjoy the few moments they live,  
 Or relish the innocent freedom they give?  
 'Tis out of their scope,  
 Whilst cares interlope,  
 For liquor and love are our anchors of hope.

---

### THE AULD YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

**T**HE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let name of them gae;  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang, etc.

The weather is cauld and my claithing is thin;  
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:  
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,  
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me:  
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die, etc.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,  
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.  
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,  
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae ha'f hour;  
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en mak it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

---

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.