

T H E

# Blythfome Bridal;

O R, T H E

## Lafs wi' the Gouden Hair.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW TOUCH on the TIMES.

LOVE AND LIFE.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.



GLASGOW,  
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SALTMARKET, 1802.



## THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

**F**Y let us a' to the Bridal,  
 for there will be liking there,  
 For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggy,  
 the lass wi' the gouden hair.  
 And there will be langkail and porrage,  
 and bannocks of barley-meal :  
 And there will be good sa't herring,  
 to relish a cog o' good ale.  
 Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be Sandy the seuter,  
 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 thumbless Katy's goodman ;  
 And there will be blue-checked Dowbie.  
 and Lowrie the laird o' the lan'. Fy, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,  
 and pluky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Capper-aos'd Patie and Gibbie,  
 that wins in the brow o' the hill ;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 wha in wi' black Besie did mool,  
 With sniveling Lilly and Tibby,  
 the lass that stands aft on the stool.  
 Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

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 Kate wi' the lily-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 and bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg. &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 and blinking daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharne-fac'd Lawrie,  
 and shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,  
 and fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Wi' Madie, and fat-hippet Girfy,  
 the las wi' the gouden wame. Fy let. &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,  
 wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-shin'd Mungo Macapie,  
 the lad that was skipper himsell.  
 There lads and lasses in pearling,  
 will feast in the heart o' the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifards, and carlings,  
 that are baith foddan and raw. Fy let, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochan,  
 wi' fouth o' good gabbocks o' skate,  
 Powlowdy, and drummock, and crowdy,  
 and caller nowt-feet in a plate,  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 and whytens, and spiddings knew,

Wi' sing'd sheep-heads. and a haggies,  
and scaplips to sup till you spew. Fy let &c.

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

Wi' swats and weel scraped paunches,  
and brandy in stoups and in caps.

And there will be meal-kail and custocks,  
wi' skiak to sup till we rive,

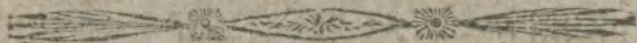
And roasts to roast on a brander,  
of fleuks that was taken alive: Fy let, &c.

Scrap haddock's wilks, dulse and tangle,  
and a mill of good smishing 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 Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggy,  
the lals wi' the gouden hair.



## A NEW TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

**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 reflections  
are on the King and Parliament.

There's Quakers, New-lights, Independents,  
 Methodists, and Swadlers too,  
 Those Minions and Simons,  
 are they not a filthy crew.

Those Hypocrites they 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 well known,  
 They take the King for Britain's head,  
 but part of's law 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-sailors,  
 people pretending to be dumb;  
 Fortune-tellers and quack-doctors,  
 by such vagrants we're undone.

Our merchants buy up meal and corn,  
 beef and butter, and our cheese,  
 Sends it out to foreign countries,  
 for to maintain our enemies.

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

The French have 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,  
 for preservation of their trade,  
 They promis'd to assist the French,  
 altho' they were with-us in league.

Before the war, distress'd and poor,  
 both high and 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-whisky,  
 had no 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 w<sup>th</sup> 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 have 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 judgement,  
 and consume the land we're in.

O grant us peace and unity,  
 for certainly we may consider,

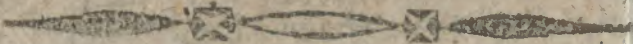
That now the world is near an end,  
 for each man strives to cheat another.

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## L O V E A N D L I F E.

**I**N love and life the present use,  
 One hour we grant the next refuse ;  
 Who then would risk a nay ?

Were lovers wise, they would be kind,  
 And in our eyes the moments find,  
 For only then they may.



THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS 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 c't.

Then farewel 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.

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G L A S G O W,

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