

THE

23

Blythfome Bridal;

OR, THE

Lafs wi' the Gowden Hair.

To which are added,

A NEW TOUCH on the 'TIMES.

LOVE AND LIFE.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.



GLASGOW,

Printed by J & M. ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1799.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
for there will be liting 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 o' barley-meal :

And there will be good fat herring,
to relish a cog o' good ale.

Fy let us a' to the Bridal &c.

And there will be Sandy the fouter,
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 plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,

Capper-nos'd Patie and Gibbie,
that wins in the brow o' the hill ;

And there will be Alatter Sibbie,
wha in wi' black Belle did mool,

With sniveling Lilly, and Gibby,
the lass that stands airt on the stool. &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, (&c.
 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,
 Wi' Madie, and fat-hippet Girly,
 the lafs wi' the gouden wame. Fy let, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,
 And mille-shin'd Mungo Macapie,
 the lad that was skipper himfelf.
 There lads and lasses in pearling,
 will feaft in the heart o' the ha',
 On sybaws, and rifarts, 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,
 Powfowdy, and drumnock, and crowdy,
 and galler nowt-feet in a plate,
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 and whytens, and speldings onew,

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

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

Wi' swats and well seraped paunches,
and brandy in sloups and in caps

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

And reasts to roast on a brander,
of fleuks that were taken alive. Fy, &c.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dolse and tangle,
and a mill of good snishing to prie;

When weary with eating and drinking,
we'll rise up and dauce 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 las' wi' the gouden hair.

A NEW FOUCH ON THE TIMES.

GEORGE 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 Finions,
 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 power 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 with such an air,
 With ribbons, rings, ruffles and fans,
 capuchines and foreheads bare.

