тнЕ Blythfome Bridal; ок. тнЕ Lafs wi'the Gowden Hair. To which are added,

ANEW TOUCH on the TIMES. LOVE AND LIFE. THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.



G L A S G O W, Printed by J & M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket, 1799.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

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Y let us a' to the Bridal, for there will be lilting there. For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggy, the lafs wi' the gouden hair. And there will be langkail and porrage, and bannocks o' batley-meal : And there will be good fat herring, to relifh 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 fam 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-cheeked Dowbie, and Lowrie the laird o' the lan' .. Fy, &c. And there will be fow-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 Alalter Sibbie, wha in wi' black Belfie did mool, With faiveling Lilly, and Fibby, the lafs that ftands alt on the ftool. &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie, and coft him grey breeks to his arle, Wha after was hangit for flealing, great mercy it happen'd na warfe; And there will be gleed Geordy Janners, and Kate wi' the lily-white leg, Wha gade to the fouth 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 fharney-fac'd Lawrie, and fhangy-mou'd haluket Meg. And there will be happer-ats'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-fhin'd Mungo Macapie, the lad that was skipper himsell. There lads and laffes in pearling, will feast in the heart o' the ha', On fybaws, and rifarts, and carlings, that are baith fodden and raw. Fy let, &c,

And there will be fadges and brochan, wi' fouth o' good gabbocks o' fkate, Powfowdy, and drummock, and crowdy, and saller nowt-feet in a plate, And there will be partans and buckies, and whytens, and fpeldings enew,

4 Wi' fing'd sheep heads, and a haggies, and feadlips to fup till ye fpew. Fy let &c. An there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks, and fowens, and farls. and baps, Wi' fwats and well feraped paunches, and brandy in floups and in caps And there will be meal-kail and cuftocks, · wi' fkink to fup till we rive, And realts to roaft on a brander, of flenks that were taken alive. Fy, &c. Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulfe and tangle, and a mill of good fnifhing to prie; When weary with eating and drinking, we'll rife up and dance till we die. Then fy let us a' to the Bridal, for there will be lilting there For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggy, the lafs wi' the gouden hair. 南部西部南部 \$1/4 李帝子子 李子子帝 李子帝帝帝帝帝帝 A NEW FOUCH ON THE TIMES. YEORGE he is the mildeft King, T that ever fat on Britain's throne,

Behold haw wifely he has acted, to his subjects every one

But we're of a rebellious nature, and our minds are ne'er content, Likewile the woft of our reflectionsare on the King and Parliament. There's Quakers, New-lights, Independents, Methodifts, and Swadlers too, Those Minions and Finions, are they not a fithy crew.

Those Hypocrices they live amongst us, our R-ligion they despise. Empty fools without foundation, neither loyal, just, nor wife.

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 amongit us, neighbours they cannot agree,
They ipend their money on the law, and bring themfelves to poverty.

Tis reck'ning, fharping, and deceiving, 'tis hard to find a man that's just; Eccaule they feldom find the way, to pay the thing they take in truft.

There's dicemen, flowmen, mountain-failors, people pretending to be dumb'; Fortune-tellers, and quack-doctors, by flich vagrants we're undone.

Our merchants buy up meal and corn, beef and butter, and our cheefe, Sends it out to foreign countries, for to maintain our enemies. But now of late we are informed. that their thips are pristners 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 fee, they reward you with open war.

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

Before the war, diffrefs'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-whifky, bad no relifh in our mouth.

Brandy and rum we chufe to drink, and many a coffly thing befide, There's nothing that appears amongft 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 toreheads bare. Our servant-maids are now fo proud, they do refemble their Ladies near, They have fo many new made droffes, they fearce can tell what garb to wear. Painting and patches for their faces, in the falhion they must be; The poorest wife in all the town, each morning the must have her tea. Our men are grown fo void of reafon, often leaves their wedded wife, Chufing for to keep up a mifs, they're weary'd of a marry'd life. Women for to leave their huibands. is not that a double fin, Enough to bring on us a judgement, and confume 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 itrives to cheat another. *** LOVE AND LIFE. IN love and life the prefent use, One hour we grant the next refuse; Vho then would rifk a nay? Were lovers wife, they would be kind, And in our eyes the moments find, For only then they may.

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HIS is no mine ain houfe,

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 miftrefs of his fire-fide, Mine ain houfe I'll like to guide,

And pleafe me wi' the trigging o't. Then farewel to my father's houfe, I gang where love invites me : The ftrifteft duty this allows,

When love with honour meets me. When Hymen moulds us into ane, My Robie's nearer than my kin, And to refufe him were a fin,

Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house, Irue love shall be at hand ay,

To make me still a prudent, spouse,

And let my man command ay, Avoiding ilka caufe of ftrife, The common pert of human life, That makes ane wearied of his wife,

And breaks the kindly band ay.

Glafgow, Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1799.

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