

The Irish Wedding.

To which are added,

O leeze me on my spinning
wheel.

Bonnie wood of Craigie lea.



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The Irish Wedding

By J. J. J. J. J.

THE IRISH WEDDING. 1890

SURE wont you hear what roving cheer,

Was spread at Pad'y's wedding O,

And how so gay they spent the day

From churching to the bedding O?

First book in hand—came Father Quipes,

With the b'ide's dadda the bailie, O:

While the chanter with his merry pipes,

Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

Teddery, teddery, &c

Now there was Mat and Sturdy Pat,

And merry Morgan Murphy O,

And Murdoch Mags an' Tirloch Skags,

M'Laughlan, an' Dick Darfey O.

And the girls rigg'd out in white,

Let on by Ted O'Reilly O;

While the chanter with his merry pipes,

Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

Teddery, teddery, &c

When Pat was asked if his love would list,

The chapel echoed with laughter O;

And the girls for the book that he took

By my shoul says Pat, you may say that,
 To the end of the world and after O.
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteely O,
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
 Teddery, teddery, &c.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,
 So frolicksome and so frisky O;
 Potatoes galore a shirrrag or more,
 With a flowing madder of whisky O.
 Their sound to be sure did'nt go the swipes,
 At the bride's expense so freely O,
 While to wish them fun the merry piper
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
 Teddery, teddery, &c.

And then at night O what delight
 To see them capering and prancing
 An opera or ball was nothing
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing O.
 And then to see old father Quipes
 Beating time with his shillelagh O,
 And all the while the merry pipes,
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
 Teddery, teddery, &c.

And now the knot so sucky are got,
They'll go to sleep without rocking O:
While the bride-maids fair so gravely prepare,
For throwing of the stocking O.
Dacca'tems we'll have says father Quipes,
And the bride was kissed genteelly O,
While to wish them fun the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.
Teddery teddery, &c.

MY NANNIE O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many O;
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll away to Nannie O.
The westlin wind blows loud and shril,
The night's baith dark and rainy O,
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming fair and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win me O,
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O:

Her face is fair, her heart is true;
 As spotless as she's bonny O;
 The op'ning gowan wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O;
 A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie O;
 My riches a's my penny fee
 And I maun guide it cannie O;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie O;
 Our aul' gudeman delights to view,
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny O;
 But I'm a' blythe that hauds his plough,
 And has nae care but Nannie O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak what heaven will send me O,
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.

O LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNING WHEEL

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,

And leeze me on my rock and reel,
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me feil and warm at een.
 I'll sit me down, and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmers' sun;
 Bierze wi' content, and milk and meal,
 O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the bairnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot.
 The sceated birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes caller rest;
 The sun blinks kindly in my bial,
 Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doleful tale;
 The lint-whites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays;
 The craik among the clover hay,
 The pairtrick whirring e'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,

Aboon distress, below envy, goods be
 O! wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride o' a' the great?
 Amid their cumbrous dunsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel,
 Of Betsy at her spinning wheel.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee i pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom the brier the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that aie can wish,
 Frae Nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously;
 The mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then O in pity let them be!

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
 Free aff the norlin' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
 Thou an'is &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonnic, &c.

FINIS.