

# Patie's Wedding;

O.R, ALL

## PARTIES PLEASED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ABSENCE ILL TO BIDE.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.



GLASGOW,  
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## PATIE'S WEDDING.

**A**S Patie came up frae the Glen,  
 drivin' his wedders before him,  
 He met bonny Meg ganging hame,  
 her beauty was like for to smore him.

O dinna ye ken bonny Meg,  
 that you and I'se gaun to be marry'd;  
 I rather had broken my leg,  
 before sic a bargain miscarry'd.

Now Patie—O wha's tell'd you that?  
 I think that of news they've been scanty,  
 That I should be marry'd sae soon,  
 or yet should hae been sae flaunty.

I wipna be marry'd the year,  
 suppose I were courted by twenty;  
 Sae Patie, ye need nae mair speer,  
 for weel I wat I dinna want ye.

Now Meggy, What maks you sae swear?  
 is't cause that I hinna a mailen?  
 The lad that has plenty o' gear,  
 need ne'er want a ha'f nor a hail ane.

Mý Dad has a good grey mare,  
 and your's has twa cows and a filly,  
 And that will be plenty o' gear,  
 sae Maggy be nae sae ill willy.

Indeed Pattie I dinna ken,  
 but first ye maun speer at my Daddy;  
 You're as well born as Ben,  
 and I canna say but I'm ready.

There's plenty o' yarn in clues,  
 to mak me a coat and a jimpy;  
 And plaiden enough to be trews,  
 gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,  
 I'll let a wee snaky fa' on you;  
 May my neck be as lang as my leg,  
 if I be an ill husband to you.

Sae gang' your wa' hame e'enow,  
 mak ready gin this day fifteen days,  
 And tell your Father the news,  
 that I'll be his Son in great kindness.

It was nae very lang after that,  
 wha came to our bigging but Patie!  
 Weel dress'd in a braw new coat,  
 and wow but he thought himself pretty:

His bonnet was little frae new,  
 in it was a loop and a slitty,  
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,  
 to bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,  
 said, Peace be here to the bigging,  
 You're welcome, quo' William come ben,  
 or I wish it may rive to the rigging.

Now draw in a seat and sit down,  
 and tell's a' your news in a hurry;  
 And haste ye Meg, and be done,  
 and hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang:  
 yestreen I was wi' his Honour;  
 I've ta'en three riggs o' braw land,  
 and ha'e bun' mysel in a bonner:

And now my errand to you,  
 is for Maggy to help me to labour,  
 I think ye maun gie's the best cow,  
 because that our haddin's but sober.

Weel, now for to help you through,  
 I'll be at the cost o' the bridal,  
 I'll cut the craig o' the ewe,  
 that had a-maist die'd o' the side-ill:

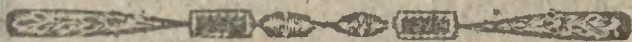
And that'll be plenty o' bree,  
 sae lang's our well is nae reisted,  
 To a' our good neighbours and wee,  
 and I think we'll no be ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,  
 and I'll gi'e you brose i' the morning,  
 O' kail that was made yestreen,  
 for I like them best in the forenoon.

Sae Tam the Piper did play,  
 and ilka anc danc'd that was willing;  
 And a' the lave ranked through,  
 and they held the stoupy zy filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,  
 and when that the carles grew nappy,  
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,  
 wi' a crack o' their thumbs & a knappie.

The lad that wore the white band,  
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
 And he took the Bride by the hand,  
 and cry'd to play up Maggy Lauder.



### ABSENCE ILL TO BIDE.

**Y**E shepherds so chearful and gay,  
 whose flocks never carelessly roam:  
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
 nor talk of the change that I find;  
 None once was so watchful as I,  
 —I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove,  
 with the tortures of doubt and desire;  
 What it is to admire and to love,  
 and to leave her we love and admire.

Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 and the damps of each evening repel,  
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn,  
 —I have bid my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,  
 I never once dreamt of my vine :  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 if I knew a kid that was mine.

I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,  
 beyond all that pleas'd me before :  
 But now they are past and I sigh,  
 and I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?  
 why wander thus pensively here ?  
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain ?  
 where I fed on the smiles of my dear !

They tell me my favourite maid ;  
 the pride of the valley is flown ;  
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,  
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forgo,  
 what anguish I felt at my heart ;  
 Yet I thought,—but it might not be so,  
 'twas with pain that she bid me depart.

She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew,  
 my path I could hardly discern ;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu :  
 I thought that she bad me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day,  
 to visit some far distant shrine ;  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widly remov'd from the fair,  
 where my vows, my devotion I owe,  
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,  
 and my solace wherever I go.

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## JOHNNY AND MOLLY.

**D**OWN the burn and thro' the mead,  
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
 Johnny liltin', tun'd his reed,  
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.  
 Dear she lo'ed the well known song,  
 while her Johnny, blythe and young,  
 sung her praise the whole day long.

Chor. Down the burn and thro' the mead,  
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
 Johnny, liltin', tun'd his reed,  
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Softly claithes she had but few;  
 of rings and jewels nae great store,  
 her face was fair, her love was true,  
 and Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair:  
 love's the pearl the shepherd's prize,  
 o'er the mountain, near the fountain,  
 love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c:

old and titles give not health,  
 and Johnny cou'd not these impart;  
 outhfu' Mary's greatest wealth  
 was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;

Sweet the joy that lovers find,  
 great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,  
 Where the heart is always kind.  
 Down the burn, &c.

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## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

**T**HE sun just glancing thro' the trees  
 gave light and joy to ilka grove,  
 And pleasure in each southern breeze,  
 awaken hope and slumbering love ;  
 Chor. When Jenny sung with hearty glee,  
 to charm her wisfome marrow,  
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,  
 we'll o'er the braes o' Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blythest swain,  
 that ever pip'd on broomy brae ;  
 Nae lass cou'd ken him free from pain,  
 sae gracefu', kind, sae fair and gay.  
 Chor. And Jeany sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lo'ed the bonny maid,  
 her sparkling een had won his heart,  
 Nae lass the youth had e'er betray'd,  
 nae fear had thè, thè lad nae art.  
 Chor. And still she sung with hearty glee,  
 to charm her handsome marrow,  
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,  
 well o'er the braes to Yarrow.

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