

FY, LET US A' TO THE WEDDING.

(AN AULD SANG, NEW BUSKIT.)

FY, let us a' to the wedding,
 For they will be lirting there;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there will be jibing and jeering,
 And glancing of bonny dark een,
 Loud laughing and smooth-gabbit speering
 O' questions baith pawky and keen.

And there will be Bessy the beauty,
 Wha raises her cockup sae hie,
 And giggles at preachings and duty,
 Guid grant that she gang na' ajee!

And there will be auld Geordie Taunner,
Wha coft a young wife wi' his gowd;
She'll flaunt wi' a silk gown upon her,
But wow! he looks dowie and cow'd.

And brown Tibby Foulter the Heiress
Will perk at the tap o' the ha',
Encircled wi' suitors, wha's care is
To catch up her gloves when they fa',—

Repeat a' her jokes as they're cleckit,
And haver and glower in her face,
When tocherless may's are negleckit, —
A crying and scandalous case.

And Maysie, wha's clavering aunty
Wad match her wi' Laurie the Laird,
And learns the young fule to be vaunty,
But neither to spin nor to caird.

die Taunner,
his gowd;
upon her,
and cow'd.

Heiress
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are is
en they fa',—

cleckit,
ner face,
gleckit,—
ase.

aunty
the Laird,
be vaunty,
caird.

And Andrew, wha's Granny is yearning
To see him a clerical blade,
Was sent to the college for learning,
And cam' back a coof as he gaed.

And there will be auld Widow Martin,
That ca's hersel thrity and twa;
And thraw-gabbit Madge wha for certain
Was jilted by Hab o' the Shaw.

And Elspy the sewster sae genty,
A pattern of havens and sense,
Will straik on her mittens sae dainty,
And crack wi' Mess John i' the spence.

And Angus, the seer o' fairlies,
That sits on the stane at his door,
And tells about bogles, and mair lies
Than tongue ever uttered before.

And there will be Bauldy the boaster,
Sae ready wi' hands and wi' tongue;
Proud Paty and silly Sam Foster,
Wha quarrel wi' auld and wi' young:

And Hugh the town-writer, I'm thinking,
That trades in his lawerly skill,
Will egg on the fighting and drinking
To bring after-grist to his mill:

And Maggy—na, na! we'll be civil,
And let the wee bridie a-be;
A vilipend tongue is the devil,
And ne'er was encouraged by me.

Then fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be liltin' there,
Frae mony a far-distant ha'din',
The fun and the feasting to share.

the boaster,
l wi' tongue;
Foster,
d wi' young:

s, I'm thinking,
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to share.

For they will get sheep's head, and haggis,
And browst o' the barley-mow;
E'en he that comes latest, and lag is,
May feast upon dainties enow:

Veal florentines in the oon baken,
Weel plenished wi' raisins and fat,
Beef, mutton, and chuckies, a' taken
Het reeking frae spit and frae pat:

And glasses (I trow 'tis na' said ill),
To drink the young couple good luck,
Weel filled wi' a braw beechen ladle
Frae punch-bowl as big as Dumbuck.

And then will come dancing and daffing,
And reelin and crossin o' hans,
Till even auld Lucky is laughing,
As back by the aumry she stans.

Sic bobbing and flinging and whirling,
While fiddlers are making their din;
And pipers are droning and skirling,
As loud as the roar o' the lin.

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Oh, neig
My wife
And ca's

O, gin

O, gin

She sups

Aye bow

While I s

O, gin

O, gin