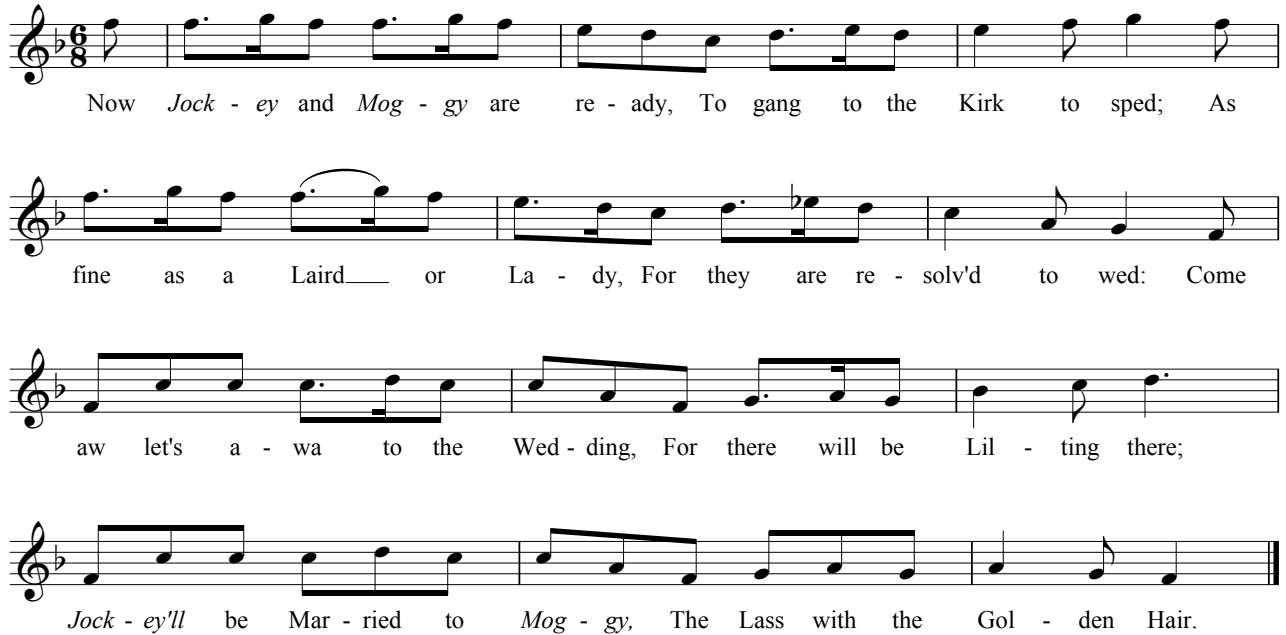


*The SCOTCH Wedding:
Or, Lass with the Golden Hair.*



Now Jock - ey and Mog - gy are re - ady, To gang to the Kirk to sped; As
fine as a Laird or La - dy, For they are re - solv'd to wed: Come
aw let's a - wa to the Wed - ding, For there will be Lil - ting there;
Jock - ey'll be Mar - ried to Mog - gy, The Lass with the Gol - den Hair.

And for a whole Month together,
Brisk *Jockey* a wooing went;
'Till *Moggy's* Mother and Vather,
At last gave their Consent,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be long Keel and Pottage,
And bannarks of Barly Meal;
And ther'll be good Sawt Herring,
To relish a Cogoe of good Ale,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Sawney* the Soater,
And *Will* with muckle mow;
And there'll be *Tommy* the Blutter,
And *Andrew* the Tinker I trow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Bow-legg'd *Bobby*,
And thumbless *Kate's* geud Man;
And there'll be blue cheek'd *Dolly*,
And *Luwry* the Laird of the Land,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be low lipper *Betty*,
And pluggy fac'd *Wat* of the Mill;
And there'll be farnicled *Huggy*,
That wins at the Ho of the Hill,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Anvester Dowgale*,
That splay footed *Betty* did wooe;
And mincing *Bessey* and *Tibely*,
And *Chrisly*, the Belly gut Sow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And *Craney* that marry'd *Steney*,
That lost him his Brick till his Arse;
And after was hang'd for stealing,
It's well that it happen'd no worse,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be hopper-ars'd *Nancy*,
And *Sarey* fac'd *Jenny* by Name;
Glud *Kate* and fat legg'd *Lissey*,
The Lass with the codling Wem.
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Jenny* go Gibby,
And his glack'd Wife *Jenny Bell*;
And messed skin blosen *Jordy*,
The Lad that went Scipper himsel.
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be all the Lads and Lasses,
Set down in the middle of the Hall;
To Sybouse, and Rastack, and Carlings,
They are both sodden and raw.
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be Tart Perry and Catham,
And Fish of geud Gabback and Skate;
Prosody, and Dramuck and Brandy,
And Collard, Neats-feet in a Plate.
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Meal, Kell and Castocks,
And skink to sup 'till you rive;
And Roaches to roast on the Gridiron,
And Flukes that were tane alive,
Come aw let's, &c.

Cropt head Wilks and Pangles,
And a Meal of good sweting to ney;
And when you're all burst with eating,
We'll rise up and Dance 'till we dey:
Come aw let's away to the Wedding,
For there will be Lilting there;
Jockey'll be marry'd to Moggy,
The Lass with the Golden Hair.