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Anonymous

A Merry Wedding; Or, O Brave Arthur of Bradly
(1674-1679)

To a pleasant New Tune.

See you not *Pierce* the Piper
His Cheeks as big as a Myter
A piping among the Swain
That dance on yonder plain.
Where Tib and Tom do trip it,
And Youths to the Horn-pipe nip it,
With everyone his carriage
To go to yonders Marriage,
But go with Arthur of Bradly,
O brave Arthur of Bradly.

When *Arthur* hath got him a Lass,
A bonnier neuer was,
The chiefest Youths in the Parish

The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Wedding (1674-1679)

Come dancing all in a Morrice,
Jumping with mickle pride,
And each his Wench by his side,
With Christmas Gambals flouncing,
And Country Wenches trouncing,
They all were fine and gay.
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that *Arthur* was married,
And his wife home had carried,
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat,
Francis carried the Furmaty,
Michael carried the Mince-pye,
Bortholomew Beef and Mustard,
And *Christopher* carried the Custard,
Thus every one in his array,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And when that Dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended,
For our steps *Dick* the Draper,
And he did strike up Scraper,
It's best to be dancing a little,
And then to the Tavern and tipple,
He call'd for a Horn-pipe,
That went fine on the Bag-pipe,
Then forward Piper and ploy,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis following then
And after courteous Jane:
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother,
That it was great joy to see
How well they did agree;
And then they all did say,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then *Miles* in his Motly breeches,
And he the Piper beseeches,
To play him Haw-thorn buds,
That he and his wench might trudge,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Wedding (1674-1679)

But *Lawrence* liked not that,
No more did lusty *Kate*,
For she cry'd canst thou not hit it
To see how fine *Thomas* can trip it,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

When all the Swains did see
This mirth and merry glee;
There's never a mand did flinch,
But each one did his wench;
But *Giles* was greedy of gain,
For he would needs kiss twain,
Her Love seeing that
Did sway him ouer the pate,
That he had nought to say,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

The Piper look'd aside,
And there he spied the Bride,
And he thought it a hard chance,
That none would lead her a Dance;
But none was there durst touch her,
Save only *Bat* the Butcher,
He took her out by the hand,
And he danced while he could stand,
The Bride was fine and gay,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then out stept *Will* the Weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her,
He hopp't it all on one Leg,
For the honour of his *Peg*,
But *Kister* in his Cambrick Ruff,
He took that all in a snuff,
For he against that day,
Had made himself fine and gay,
His Ruff was whipt with blew,
And he cried out, a new dance a new,
Then strike up a round delay,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then gan the Sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave [?]ide-groom alone:

The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Wedding (1674-1679)

Tut, tut, says lusty *Ned*,
Ile see them both in Bed,
For i'le gib at a joynt,
But i'le have his Codpiss point,
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went,
There was such a crowding and thrusting,
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed
For all the skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
And lay close to her side,
Then got they his points & his garters,
And cut them in pieces like Martyrs,
And then they all did play,
For the honor of Arthur of Bradly, &c.

Then *Will* and his sweet-heart,
Did call for loth to depart,
And then they did foot it and toss it,
Till the Cook brought in the sack-posset
The Bridet-pye was brought forth,
A thing of mickle worth,
Then each at his Beds-side,
Took leave of Arthur and his Bride,
And so went all away
From the Wedding of Arthur of Bradly.