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**Anonymous**

***The Scotch Wedding, Or A Short and Pretty Way  
of Wooing (1672-1696)***

When as complexions do agree,  
And all things they are fitting;  
Why should the time prolonged be,  
Be quick and mind your knitting.

To a New Northern Tune, much us'd at the Theatres.

In January last, upon  
a Munday on the Morn;  
As along the fields I past,  
to view the Winter corn:  
I ligg'd me behind the Bray,  
I amd saw come o're the Slow,  
Yean glenting in an apron,  
*with a bonny brant Brow.*

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Scotch Wedding (1672-1696)*

I bad good Morrow fair Maid,  
and she right courteously,  
By Fe and Tro geud Sir, she said,  
geud day agen to ye;  
I said to her, fair Maid, quo I,  
how far intend you now,  
Quo she geud Sir a mile or twa,  
to yonder bonny Brow.

Fair Maid I'm weel contended,  
to have sike company,  
For I am ganging on the gate,  
where you intend to be;  
When we had walkt a mile or twa,  
I said to her my Dow;  
May I not lift your Apron,  
and kiss your bonny Brow.

Nay geud Sir you're mistaken,  
for I am na'ne of theise;  
I wot you ha mare breeding,  
then lift a wemans cleathes:  
nea at the first time vow,  
But if we like your company,  
we are as kind as you.

I Leuk her by the hand so smaw,  
an I led her o're the Lawn,  
I gave her many a glancing leuk,  
sa did she me again;  
I led her in amang the Bent,  
where nean of awe cu'd see,  
And then quo I my bonny Lass,  
now wilt thou mow with me.

I dare not dea that deed, quo she,  
for fear I prove with Bearn,  
And then may I sing lullabee,+  
and live in mickle scorn;  
Tush fye, quo I, tack thou ne care,  
fear not with Bearn to be,  
For weel I wat next Holliday,  
that I will wed with thee.

I laid her down upon the Green,

and said prove kind my dear;  
We now are safe from being seen,  
thou needs nea danger fear;  
She blusht and smiled in my face,  
my bonny lad, quo she,  
since we are in this uncouth place,  
deal kindly now with me.

I used all my skill and art,  
her humour for to please;  
I prickt her, but she felt no smart,  
But still lay at her ease;  
At length I put her to the squeak,  
and claw'd her bonny weam;  
Quo she, my heart with joy will break,  
pray let me now gang heam.

When we had tane of love our fill,  
sea weel she pleas'd my mind,  
I vow'd I wad he constant still,  
since that she was so kind;  
Quo I my onely Duck, my dear,  
now let us twa agree;  
Now to provide our Bridal cheer,  
against we wedded be.

The warst on't is, my love, quo she,  
we want a King I trow,  
Ne'r rack, quo I, leave that to me,  
I'se sell my Dodded Yow;  
Miss John the Vicar is my friend,  
who will be rul'd by me;  
an hour or twa with us to spend,  
when we shall wedded be.

weel ha beath bak'd, & boil'd, & roast,  
upon our wedding day,  
And will the Weaver [?] my cost  
shall on the Bag-pipes play;  
The Lads and Lasses in the Town,  
shall at our Nuptials be,  
And thou shalt have a Tawny Gown,  
sea weel thou pleases me.

Now when the wedding day was come

as they did beath conclude,  
The dinner was in readiness,  
the liquor it was brew'd;  
And so they went unto the kirk,  
weel wedded for to be;  
And made a mickle merry feast,  
and now lives lovingly.