

FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

AND fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lirting there ;
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las wi' the gowden hair :
 And there will be lang kail and castocks,
 And bannocks o' barley meal,
 And there will be gude sawt herrings,
 To relish a cogue of gude ale.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawndy the futor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mow,
 And there will be Tam the bluter,
 Wi' Andrew the tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
 With thumblefs Katie's gude man,
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glakit wife, Jenny Bell ;
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel' ;
 There lads and lasses in pearlings,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On fybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks
 And fowens, and farles, and baps,
 Wi' fwats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps ;
 And there will be buckies and partans,
 Wi' skink, to sup till ye rive ;
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dilse, and tangles,
 And a mill of gude snishin to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then, fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lirting there :
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las wi' the gowden hair.

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Try let us a to the Bridal.

Violin

Lively

And fy let us a to the Bridal for there'll be liltin' there, For

Jock's to be married to Jenny, The Lads wi' the gow-den hair. And

there will be langkail and castocks, and bonnocks of barley meal, And

there will be good fawt herrings, To relish a cog of good ale.