

Haste to the Wedding

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Scottish 18th Century
Arrangement by Jay Buckey

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Come haste to the wedding ye friends and ye neighbors,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay.
Forget all your sorrows your cares and your labors,
And let every heart beat with rapture today.
Come, come one and all, attend to my call,
And revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate & ambition,
Still crowd to, & beat at the breast of the great,
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state,
We boast of no wealth, but contentment & health,
In mirth & in friendship, our moments employ
Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

With reason we taste of each heart stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,
Are jocund & gay, but 'tis all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul,
Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,
No care shall obtrude here, our bliss to annoy,
Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.