

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Allen A--Dale

Paddy Carey

Ma Chere Amie

William Tell

On the Moment was Sad

The Cottage on the Moor.



Newcastle upon Tyne:
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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Allen a-Dale.

A LLEN A-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen A-Dale has no furrow for turning.
Allen A-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Allan A-Dale has red gold for the winning;
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen A-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride;
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less to Lord Dacre than Allen A-Dale.

Allen A-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Tho' his spear be as sharp and his blade be as bright;
Allen A-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere Cross on Stanmore meets Allen A-Dale.

Allen A-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she ask'd of his house and his home;
"Tho' the castle of Richmond stands far on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "stands gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heav'n, with its crecent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen A-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him begone;
But loud on the morrow the wail and the cry!
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen A-Dale.

Paddy Carey.

TWAS at the town of nate Clogheen
 That serjent Snap met Paddy Carey,
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy.
 His brawny shoulders, four feet square,
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,
 His legs would make a chairman stare;
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies.
 Old and young, grave and sad,
 Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk, and airy.
 All the sweet faces, at Limerick races,
 From Mulinavat to Maghera felt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt;
 The fowls would cry, and look so shy,
 Ogh, Cushlamachree! did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling joy,
 The ladies' toy, the widow's joy,
 Nimble footed, black ey'd, rosey cheek'd,
 Curly headed Paddy Carey?
 O sweet Paddy! beautiful Paddy!
 Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey!
 His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;
 His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,
 But the devil a bit at all of the blarney.

Now serjeant Snap, so fly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
 A shilling slipt so neat and clean,
 By the powers, he list'd Paddy Carey!
 Tight and sound, strong and light,
 Cheeks so round, eyes so bright,
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Tight, light, and airy.
 All the sweet faces, &c.

The fowls wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came widow
 Leary;

Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey.
 Ogh Pat! she cry'd, go buy the ring,
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey;
 Says Pat, you fowl, I'll do that thing,
 And clapt his thumb upon her—money!
 Gimblet eye, sausage nose,
 Pat so fly, ogle throws,
 Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring,
 Sweet Widow Leary.
 All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary;
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey.

He, grateful, prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary ;
 Her eyes that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey !
 Neat and sweet, no alloy,
 All compleat, love and joy,
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear Widow Leary.

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
 From Mulinavat to Maghera felt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt.
 The fowls all cry, as the Groom struts by,
 Ogh, Cushlamacree ! thou'rt lost to me,
 The jolly boy, the darling boy,
 The ladies' toy, the widows' joy,
 Long sword girted, nate short skirted,
 Head cropt, whisker chopp'd
 Captain Carey !

O sweet Paddy ! beautiful Paddy !
 White feather'd, boot leather'd
 Paddy Carey !

Ma chere Amie !

MA chere amie ! my charming fair !
 Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care ;
 In kind compassion smile on me,
 Whose only care is love for thee.
 Ma chere amie ! &c.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name
 My bosom caught the tender flame :
 Let friendship in thy bosom be
 Converted into love for me.

Ma chere amie ! &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
 O ! let us now unite in one !

Let pity soften thy decree !

I droop, dear maid ! I die for thee !

Ma chere amie ! &c.

William Tell.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,
 Or hit the mark upon his Infant's head,
 The signal toll'd, the hour was nigh,
 And soldiers march'd with grief and dread.
 And now each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
 For they sigh
 And wildly cry,
 Poor William Tell, once Hero of the Lakes !
 At length was heard the muffl'd drum,
 And straight the pointed arrow flies,
 The trembling Boy expects his doom,
 And all skriek out, He dies ! he dies !
 When, hark ! the lofty trumpet sounds,
 The mark is hit ! my child is free !
 Into his Father's arms he bounds,
 Inspir'd by love and liberty.
 And now each valiant Swiss his joy partakes,
 For mountains ring,
 Whilst they sing,
 Long live William Tell, the Hero of the Lakes !

Oh the Moment was sad.

OH the moment was sad when my love and I
parted,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,

Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,

I felt that I never again should behold her,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

When the word of command put our men into mo-
tion,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,

Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,

My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

Long I fought for my country, far from my true-
love,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

Peace being proclaim'd, I return'd from the slaugh-
ter,

Wounded at home—my sweet girl, I sought her,

But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,

Savourna Delish, Shinagh, Oh!

The Cottage on the Moor.

MY mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,
 Little orphans are sisters and I, sadly poor,
 Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
 But yon neat little cottage, that stands on the
 moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite;
 Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
 And Phœbus, retiring, tript home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer,
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,
 And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
 Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor;
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

FINIS.

