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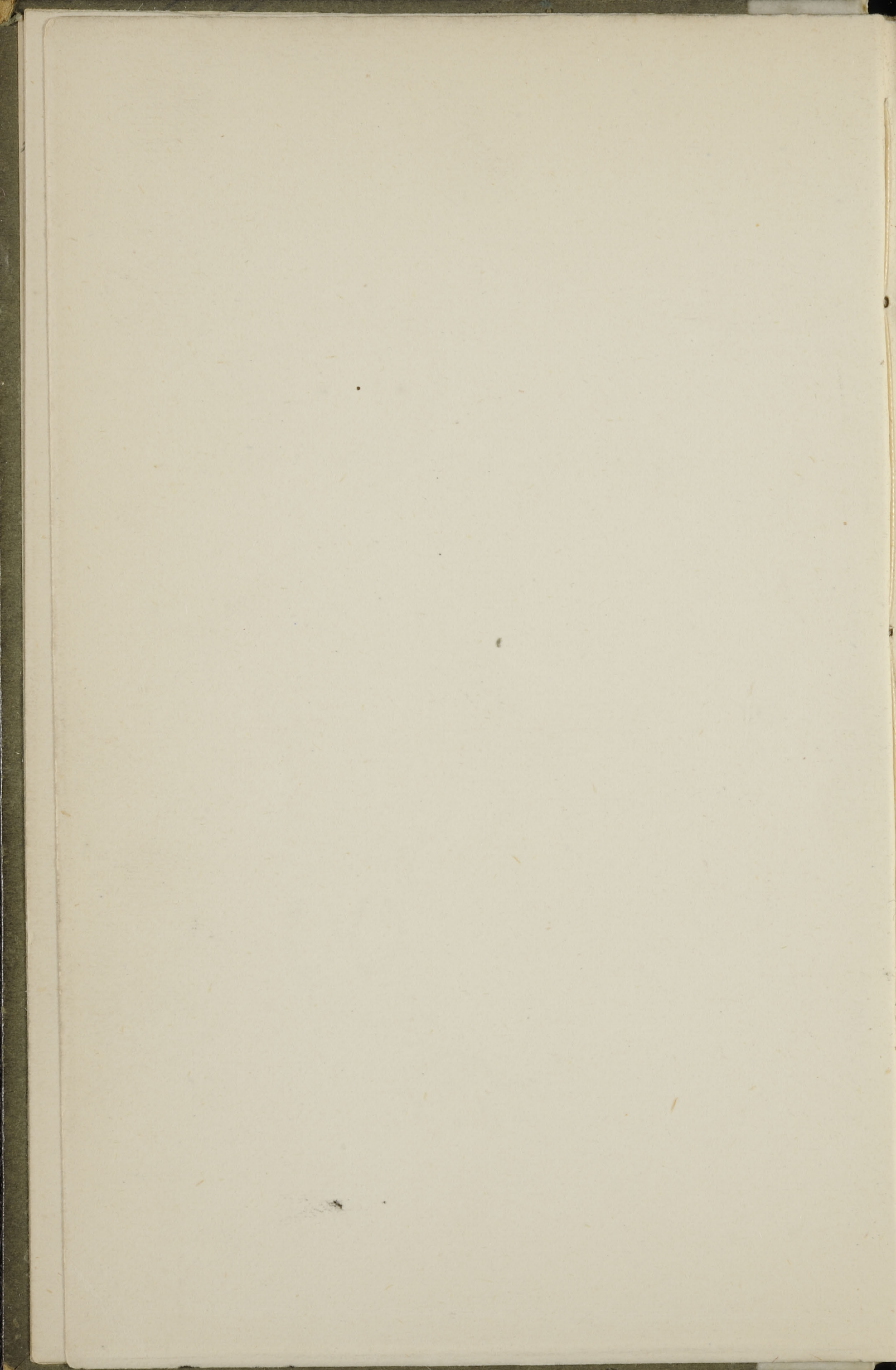




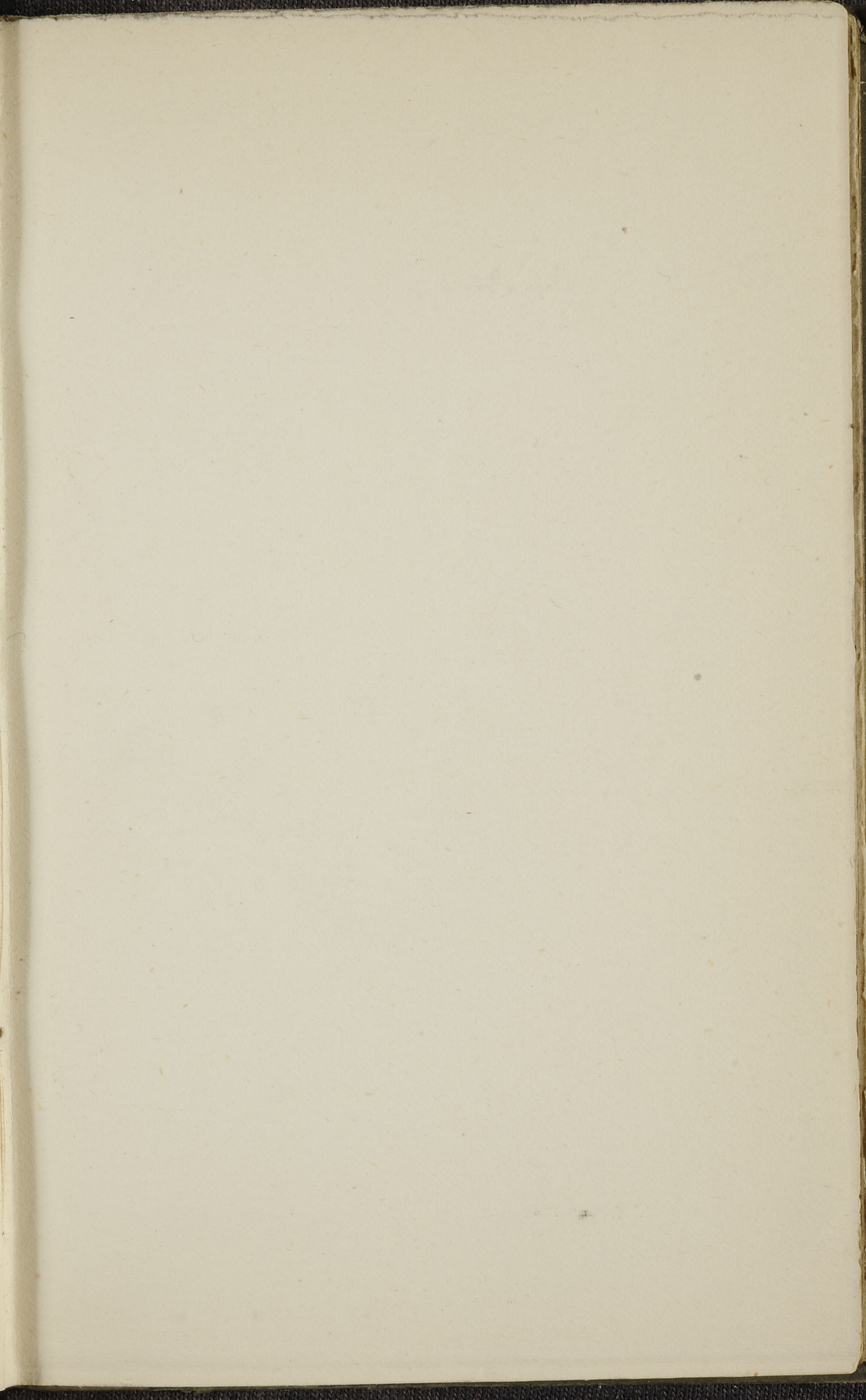


























A  
GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

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The bonny Scotch Lad and his Bonnet  
so Blue

The Blackbird

My Sailor dear shall guard my Pillow

Bundle of Truths



Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market,  
Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment  
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.



*The bonny Scotch Lad and his Bonnet so Blue.*

**A**T Kingston upon Hull, a town in Yorkshire,  
I lived in splendour and free from love's care,  
I rolled in riches and had sweethearts not a few,  
I'm wounded by a bonny boy and his bonnet so blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, & soon you shall hear,  
From Scotland to Woolwich, abroad for to steer:  
There is one among them I wish I'd ne'er knew,  
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

His cheeks are like the roses, his eyes like the floes,  
He is handsome and proper, and kills where he goes,  
He is handsome and proper, and comely for to view,  
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

When I go to my bed I can find no rest,  
The thoughts of my true love still run in my breast,  
The thoughts of my true love still run in my view,  
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

Early in the morning, when I rose from my bed,  
I called upon Sally, that is my waiting maid,  
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do,  
I'll away and see the lad and his bonnet so blue.

She was instantly dress'd, and parade did attend,  
Where she stood with patience to hear her love nam'd,  
Charles Stewart they do call him, my love did renew,  
Once a prince of that name wore a bonnet so blue.



My love pass'd by me with his gun in his hand,  
I strove to speak to him, but all was in vain,  
I strove to speak to him, but away quite he flew,  
My heart it went with him and his bonnet so blue.

She says, My dear laddie, I'll buy your discharge,  
I'll free you from a soldier, and set you at large;  
I'll free you from a soldier if your heart it be true,  
And you'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

He says, My dear lady, you'll buy my discharge,  
You'll free me from a soldier and set me at large;  
For your kind offer I'm obliged to you,  
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

I have a dear lass in my own country,  
I'll ne'er forsake her for her poverty,  
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,  
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

I'll send for a limner from London to Hull,  
To draw my love's picture out in the full,  
Set it in my chamber, keep it close in my view,  
And I'll think on the lad, for his heart it is true.

### *The Blackbird.*

**U**PON a fair morning, for soft recreation,  
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,  
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
Saying, my blackbird most royal has flown.

My thoughts they deceive me,  
Reflections do grieve me,  
And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;

Yet, if death should blind me,  
As true love inclines me,  
My blackbird I'll seek out wherever he be.



Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,  
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king :  
 But since that false fortune,  
 Which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance,  
 In Spain and in France,  
 And seek out my blackbird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;  
 And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
 He's all my heart's treasure,  
 My joy and my pleasure ;  
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,  
 Who art constant and kind,  
 And courageous of mind,  
 All blifs on my blackbird, wherever he be.

In England my blackbird and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart ;  
 Ah ! woe to the time that first he went thither,  
 Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to depart,  
 In Scotland he's deem'd,  
 And highly esteem'd,  
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;  
 Yet his fame shall remain  
 In France and in Spain ;  
 All blifs to my blackbird wherever he be.



What if the fowler my blackbird has taken,  
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune ;  
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken ;  
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.  
 For him through the fire,  
 Through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind,  
 And noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn ;  
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in Britain is born.  
 I pray heaven so spacious,  
 To Britain be gracious,  
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me ;  
 Yet joy and renown,  
 And laurels shall crown  
 My blackbird with honour, wherever he be.

*My Sailor dear shall guard my Pillow.*

**A**H, when my love is gone from me,  
 Again to brave the stormy sea,  
 How oft will whistling winds, at night,  
 My timid, love-lorn heart affright,  
 While lying on my sleepless pillow,  
 I sigh, " Ah me !  
 " My love's at sea,  
 " And toss'd upon the roaring billow."



But should my sailor die at sea,  
 Alas! what will become of me?  
 Poor Betsey's crazy senses fled,  
 With garlands she will bind her head;  
 And all beneath yon drooping willow,  
 She'll sigh, "Ah me,  
 "My love's at sea,  
 "And tofs'd upon the roaring billow."

Ah! no—he will return to me,  
 Nor brave again the foaming seas;  
 Then in his Betsey's longing arms,  
 Awakening oft to love's alarms,  
 My sailor dear shall guard my pillow;  
 No more at sea,  
 Away from me,  
 Nor tofs'd upon the roaring billow.

*Bundle of Truths.*

**B**ARNEY Bodkin broke his nose,  
 Want of money makes us sad,  
 Without feet we can't have toes,  
 Crazy folks are always mad:



A farthing rushlight's very small,  
 Doctors wear large bushy wigs,  
 One that's dumb can never bawl,  
 Pickled pork is made of pigs.  
 Right fal de riddle del,  
 A yard of pudding's not an ell,  
 Not forgetting didderum hi,  
 A tailor's goole will never fly.

Patriots say they'll mend the nation,  
 Pigeons will make pretty pies,  
 Lawyers deal in botheration,  
 A gun's too big for shooting flies;  
 Irish whisky's very good,  
 Lundy-foot will make you sneeze,  
 A barber's block is made of wood,  
 Pepper's good with butter'd peas.  
 Right fal, &c.

Times will grow better never fear,  
 Old maids in scandal take delight,  
 Candles now are very dear,  
 Roguery will come to light;  
 Chicken-gloves a'nt made for pigs,  
 Very seldom asses die,  
 Plum-pudding should be stuff'd with figs,  
 The monument is very high.  
 Right fal, &c.



Puppet-shows young folks amuse,  
 Christmas comes but once a year,  
 Wooden legs wear out no shoes,  
 Five-pence is a quart of beer ;  
 We all shall live until we die,  
 Barney leave the girls alone,  
 Catsup's not good with apple-pie,  
 Churchwardens' hearts are made of stone.  
 Right fal, &c.

Garters keep the stockings up,  
 All bakers are not honest men,  
 When a dog's young he's call'd a pup,  
 The cock is tougher than the hen ;  
 Frenchmen can run very well,  
 Turtle soup is very nice,  
 Boney a fat lie can tell,  
 Toasted cheese is bait for mice.  
 Right fal, &c.

Tailors cabbage all your cloth,  
 Shins of beef are very tough,  
 Flummery is just like froth,  
 Mrs Clark is up to snuff.  
 Jolly tars are fond of fun,  
 ' God save the king,' we'll nobly shout,  
 And now, good folks, my song is done,  
 Nobody knows what 'twas about.



