





A  
GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

The Fairest of the Fair.

Here's a Health, &c.

The Sea-Boy.

Giles Scroggins' Ghost.

My only Jo' an' dearie O.

The Beautiful Maid.

The Royal Love Letter.



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*Fairest of the Fair.*

O NANNY! wilt thou gang with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and ruffet gown?  
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,  
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face each parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
O! can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,—  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go,—  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pangs of woe?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,—  
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou, o'er his breathless clay,  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret the scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

*Here's a Health.*

**H**ERÈ'S a health to all good lasses;  
 Here's a health to all good lasses;  
 Here's a health to all good lasses;  
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses:  
 Let a bumper toast go round.  
 Here's a health, &c.

All good lasses like a trumper;  
 Fill your glasses, here's a bumper:  
 Blithe and merry may they be.  
 Here's a health, &c.

May they live a life of pleasure,  
 Without mixture, without measure,  
 For with them true joys are found.  
 Here's a health, &c.



*The Sea-Boy.*

**T**O England's towers of oak farewell,  
 No more for me shall be unfurl'd  
 The canvas in the gale to swell,  
 The ocean is no more my world;  
 Yet there life's earliest years I fearless pass'd,  
 A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.  
 There, oft to cheer the midnight hour,  
 The helmsman, with a fancy free,  
 His ditty to the waves would pour,  
 Of love on shore, or storms at sea;  
 And how the sea-boy, 'midst the rattling  
 blast,  
 Keeps station on the high and bending mast.  
 Dear were the sounds, tho' rude and hoarse,  
 Of Helm a-lee! or Helm a-weather!  
 To bring the vessel to her course,  
 And keep the sails, well fill'd, together;  
 While on the look-out far my eyes were cast,  
 A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

*Giles Scroggins' Ghost.*

**G**ILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,  
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;  
 The fairest wench in all the town,  
 Fol deriddle lol, &c,



He bought a ring, with posy true,

“ If you loves I as I loves you,

“ No Knife can cut our love in two.”

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And quite unfartan's all our lives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,

Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,

So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

When, standing all by the bed-post,

A figure tall her sight engross'd,

And it cried, I beez Giles Seroggins' Ghost!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost it said, all solemnly,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

O Molly, you must go with I!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All to the grave, your love to cool—

She says, I am not dead, you fool!



Says the Ghost, says he, Vy that's no' rule!  
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost he seiz'd her, all so grim,  
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All for to go along with him,  
Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Come, come, said he, ere morning beam.—  
I von't! said she, and she scream'd a scream;  
Then she woke and found she'd dreamt a  
dream. Fol deriddle lol, &c.

*My only Jo an' Dearie O.*

**T**HY cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
My only Jo and dearie O;  
Thy neck is like the filler dew,  
Upon the bank sae brierie O.  
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,  
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee,  
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,  
My only Jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,  
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie O,  
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
Nae care to make it eerie O;  
But little kens the songster sweet  
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,



That gars my restless bosom beat,  
My only Jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies, on yon brae,  
And youth was blinkin bonie O,  
Aft we wad daff the leelang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and monie O;  
Aft I wad chafe thee o'er the lee,  
And round about the thornie tree,  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only Jo and dearie O.

*The Beautiful Maid.*

**W**HEN absent from her my soul  
holds most dear,  
What medley of passions invade,  
In this bosom what anguish, what hope,  
and what fear,  
I endure for my beautiful maid,  
I endure for my beautiful maid.  
In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,  
Or quit the gay throng for the shade;  
No retirement or solitude yield me relief  
When away from my beautiful maid.



Royal Love Letter.

**P**RETTY, pretty Mistress Clarke,  
None than I can love thee better;  
And to prove it, lo! thy spark  
Sends his *dear* this pretty letter.

In it, *pretty* Angel bright,  
I will pen, with all my skill,  
*Pretty* things as Princes write  
When 'tis Cupid guides the quill.

Every day I plainly see,  
While I think upon thy charms,  
Happy I can never be,  
But within thy *pretty* arms.

For your *pretty* note, receive  
Thanks, in countless millions told;  
Thanks instead of gold I give—  
(Cupid does not deal in gold.)

Oh! the 'kerchiefs, how I prize!  
(From your *pretty* hands I got 'em)  
Blessings on your *pretty* eyes!  
Blessings on your *pretty* b\*\*\*\*\*!

*Pretty*, cooing, dove-like Clarke,  
Nought our billing loves shall sever!  
You shall ever love your spark;  
*Pretty Dear*, I'm your's for ever.

FINIS.



