

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

O how I Love Somebody.
The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow.
Of a' the Airts the Win' can blaw.
The Banks of the Dee.



Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.

*Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

O how I love Somebody.

OF all the swains both far and near,
My eyes did ever see,
There's one I love sincerely dear,
And truly he loves me:
The youth is ever with my heart,
So kind he is and true.
For O how I love somebody love somebody
I do indeed love somebody,
But will not, dare not, will not, wont tell
who, But will not, wont tell who.

Whene'er a story I advise,
Or talk of love a bit,
My mother always chides and cries,
There's time enough as yet:
But my dear lad does not think so,
So kind he is and true.
For O how I love somebody, &c.

The ring is bought, and, better still,
'Tis true, upon my life,
The priest will make us, so he will,
Next Monday, man and wife,
O then I will be made a bride,
Indeed I wish it too:

For dearly I love somebody love somebody,
 I do indeed love somebody,
 But will not, dare not, will not, wont tell
 who, But will not, wont teil who.

The Pretty Maid milking her Cow.

IT was on a fine summer's morning,
 As birds sweetly fung on each bough,
 I heard a fair maid sweetly finging,
 As she sat a milking her cow.

She fung with a voice so melodious,
 That made me scarce able to go;
 My heart it was smother'd with sorrow,
 By the pretty maid milking her cow.

I courteously thus did salute her,
 Good-morrow, fair amorous maid,
 I'm your captive slave for the future—
 Kind Sir, do not banter, she said:

I'm not such a precious jewel,
 That you could remember me so;
 I'm but a plain contry girl,
 Said the pretty maid milking her cow.

All India can't afford such a jewel,
 So charming a transparent fair!
 Pray do not add flames to my fuel,
 But consent and love me, my dear.

Take pity, and grant my desire,
 And keep me no longer in woe;
 Come love me, or else I'll expire,
 You pretty maid milking your cow.

I don't understand what you mean, fir,
 I've ne'er been a slave yet to love;
 Such amours I seldom experienc'd,
 Therefore your affections remove.

To marry, then, I can assure you,
 Is a thing that I can't undergo;
 Therefore, young man, pray excuse me,—
 Said the pretty maid milking her cow.

No young man could excuse you,
 Or it would be against his own will;
 To pen your perfections in beauty,
 Some volumes I'm fure it would fill.

I would patiently wait for an answer,
 My destiny pray let me know;
 Your consent till death be the ransom,
 You pretty maid milking your cow.—

I pray, fir, withdraw, and don't tease me,
 I'll never consent unto thee;
 I like to live single and easy,
 Till more of this world I do see.

Left care it should early embrace me,
 Beside that my fortune is low ;
 Until I grow rich I'll not marry,—
 Said the pretty maid milking her cow.

To say you would wait for a fortune,
 Is a civil way to deny ;
 But I have got money and cattle,
 Dear love, all your wants to supply.

Delays are attended by dangers,
 And youth it has no second spring ;
 And likewise when beauty is faded,
 It ne'er will return again.

A fair maid is like a ship sailing,
 She knows not how long she'll safe go,
 For in every blast she's in danger,
 You pretty maid milking your cow.

An old maid is like an old almanack,
 Useless when once out of date ;
 If her ware is not sold in the morning,
 At noon it goes at a low rate.

The fragrance of May is soon over,
 Garnish'd with beauty, you know ;
 All blooms are consumed in October,
 You pretty maid milking your cow.

Of a' the Airts the Win' can blaw.

OF a' the airts the win' can blaw,
 I dearly like the west;
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best;
 Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
 Wi' mony a hili between,
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air:
 There's not a bonny flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upo' the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses buik them braw,
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeany dings them a':
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town,
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' dress'd in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks the dam,
 Mair harmless canna be,
 She has nae fau't, (if sic we ca't)
 Except her love for me.
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een.
 In shape an' air, wha can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin win's, blaw fast,
 Amang the leafy trees,
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 An' bring the lassie back to me,
 That's ay fae neat an' clean,
 Ae' blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows amang the knows,
 Ha'e past atween us twa;
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gade awa'.
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That none can be so dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

The Banks of the Dee.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down by the banks of the Dee:
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy bank's purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he!
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth! o'er the loud roaring
billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may return my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee shall then flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

FINIS.

