

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

The Death of Nelson.

Lochaber.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.

The Yorkshire Concert.



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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

The Death of Nelson.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER NELSON'S tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest.
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the Foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line this signal ran,
"England expects that ev'ry man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore,
Our Nelson led the way,
His ship the Vict'ry nam'd;
Long be that vict'ry fam'd!
For vict'ry crown'd the day!

But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought,
 For England, home, and beauty ;
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
 " England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty."

At last the dismal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The hero's breast receiv'd ;
 " Heav'n fights on our side,
 The day's our own," he cried ;
 " Now, long enough I've liv'd !
 In honour's cause my life was past,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty !"
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confess'd, that ev'ry man
 That day had done his duty.

Lochaber.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my
 Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony days been ;
 For Lochabar no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore :
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd ;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse !
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee ;
 And without thy favour I'd better not be !
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I hae luck to come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer, approaching, rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sang his loves e'ning and morn—
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maudie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, that would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad.

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court to me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Synce up the back-style and let na body see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

The Yorkshire Concert.

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town was a gay day,
 For fortune has here set me down,
 Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
 My lady gives galas and routs,
 And her treats of the town are the talks
 here,
 But nothing I'ze seen thereabouts
 Equals one that were given in Yorkshire.
 Rum ti iddity iddity, rum ti iddity ido,
 Rum ti iddity iddity, fal de ral lal de ral
 lido.

Johnny Fig were a white and green grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, fir ;
 None than John to his shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungented,
 fir ;
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out, fir,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners,
 She invited them all to a rout, fir,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.
 Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, fir,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses ;
 The concert commenc'd with the clerk, fir,
 Who chaunted the Vicar and Moses.
 The barber fung Gallery of Wigs, fir,
 The gemmen all fivore 'twas the dandy,
 And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, fir,
 Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy,
 Rum ti, &c.

The baker he fung a good batch,
 While the lawyer for harmony willing,
 With the bailiff he join'd in the catch,
 And the notes of the butcher were killing ;
 The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
 The coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
 And the fishwomen fung a bravura.
 Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 Madam Fig scream'd a fong loud as Boreas,
 Soon awak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thun-
 der,
 Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus :
 While a jack-ass the melody marking,
 Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, fir,
 Attend to the Rector of Barking's
 Dust wit the Vicar of Bray, fir.
 Rum ti &c.

A brine-tub half full of beef salted,
 Madam Fig had truck'd out for a seat, fir,
 Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
 But the covering crack'd under his feet, fir.
 Snip was fous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
 Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his
 grief, fir,
 Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, fir?
 Rum ti, &c.

To a ball then the concert gave way,
 And for dancing no souls could be riper ;
 So they struck up the Devil to pay,
 While Johnny Fig paid for the piper :
 But the best thing com'd after the ball ;
 For to finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
 To sup on a cold collection.
 Rum ti &c.

