



A  
GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

God Save the King.

Rule, Britannia.

The Jubilee.

General Wolfe.

The Trumpet Sounds a Victory.



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.*

*God Save the King.*

**G**OD save great George our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!

Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks!  
On him our hearts we fix,  
O save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleas'd to pour,  
Long may he reign!  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

Oh! grant him long to see  
Friendship and unity,  
Always increase:

May he his sceptre's sway,  
 All loyal souls obey,  
 Join heart and voice, huzza!  
 God save the King!

“ From ev'ry latent foe,  
 “ From the affassin's blow,  
 “ God save the King!  
 “ O'er him thy arm extend,  
 “ For Britain's sake defend  
 “ Our Father, Prince, and Friend.  
 “ God save the King!”

*Rule, Britannia.*

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's  
 command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter, the charter of the  
 land,  
 And guardian Angels sung this strain:  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves!

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish  
 great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More deadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belong the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The Muses still, with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Bless'd isle! with beauties, with match-  
 less beauties crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair!

*The Jubilee.*

**F**RAE the Grampian hills will the Royal ear  
 hear it,  
 An' listen to Norman the Shepherd's plain tale;  
 The north win' is blowing and gently will bear it,  
 Unvarnish'd and honest, o'er hill and o'er dale,

When Lon'on it reaches, at court fire receive it,  
 Like a tale you may read it, or like a sang sing,  
 Poor Norman is easy, but you may believe it,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Your Jubilee now, wi' my ain I will mingle,  
 For you and mysel twa fat lambkins I'd slay;  
 Fresh turf I will lay in a heap on my ingle,  
 An' wi' my auld neebors. I'll rant out the day:  
 My pipes that I play'd on lang tyne, I will blaw them,  
 My chanter I'll teach to lilt over each spring;  
 My dronesto the tune I'll round an' round thraw them,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

The flocks o' great Britain ye've lang weel attended,  
 The flocks o' great Britain demanded your care:  
 Fraethe tod an' the wolf they've been snugly defended,  
 And led to fresh pastures, fresh water and air;  
 My flocks I have led day by day o'er the heather,  
 At night they around me ha'e danc'd in a ring!  
 I've been their protector thro' foul and fair weather,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Their fleeces I've shorn frae the cauld to protect me,  
 Their fleeces they gave, when a burden they grew;  
 When leas'd frae the sheering, their looks did respect  
 me,  
 So the flocks o' great Britain still looks upon you:  
 They grudge not their monarch a mite o' their riches,  
 Their active industry is aye on the wing:  
 Then you and me, sire, I think are twa matches,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Me wi' my sheep, sire, and you wi' your subjects,  
 On that festive day we'll both gladly rejoice;  
 Our twa hoary heads will be fu' o' new projects,  
 To please the leal vassals that made us their choice!  
 Wi' sweet rips o' hay I will treat a' my weathers,  
 The juice o' the vine to your lords you will bring;  
 The respect they ha'e for us is better than brithers,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

My crook I will dress in the relics o' simmer,  
 My faithfu' auld Colly shall hail that blythe morn;  
 And to my wee cabin I'll welcome each comer,  
 The friend that hath plenty and stranger forlorn:  
 You'll sure do the same, tho' nobody broach it,  
 Ye've plenty o' beef, butter, labsters, and ling;  
 And rowth o' Musicians to strike up the crotchet,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

I live i' the cottage where Norval was bred in,  
 You live in the palace your ancestors rear'd:  
 Nae guests uninvited dare come to our weddin',  
 Nor ruthless invaders pluck us by the beard;  
 Then thanks to the island we live in, where shipping  
 Skim round us abreast, or like geese in a string;  
 Then safe I can say, as my brose I am sipping,  
 I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

But ah! Royal George, and ah! humble Norman,  
 Life to us baith now draws near to a close!  
 The year's far awa' that was our natal hour, man,  
 The time's at our elbow that brings us repose:  
 But e'en let it come, sire, if conscience acquit us,  
 A sigh frae our bosom death never shall wring;  
 An' may the next Jubilee amang angels meet us,  
 So hail the auld Shepherd, and worthy auld King!

*General Wolfe's Song.*

**H**OW stands the glass around?  
 For shame, you take no care, my boys!  
 How stands the glass around?  
 Let mirth and wine abound!  
 The trumpets sound,  
 The colours now are flying, boys,  
 To fight, kill, or wound;  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 On the cold ground!

Why, soldiers, why  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, soldiers! why?  
 Whose business 'tis to die!  
 What! fighting! fie:  
 Kill fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,  
 'Tis he, you, or I,—  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry;  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,  
 'Tis but in vain  
 For soldiers to complain:  
 Should next campaign



Send us to him who made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain;  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and good company,  
 Cure all again.

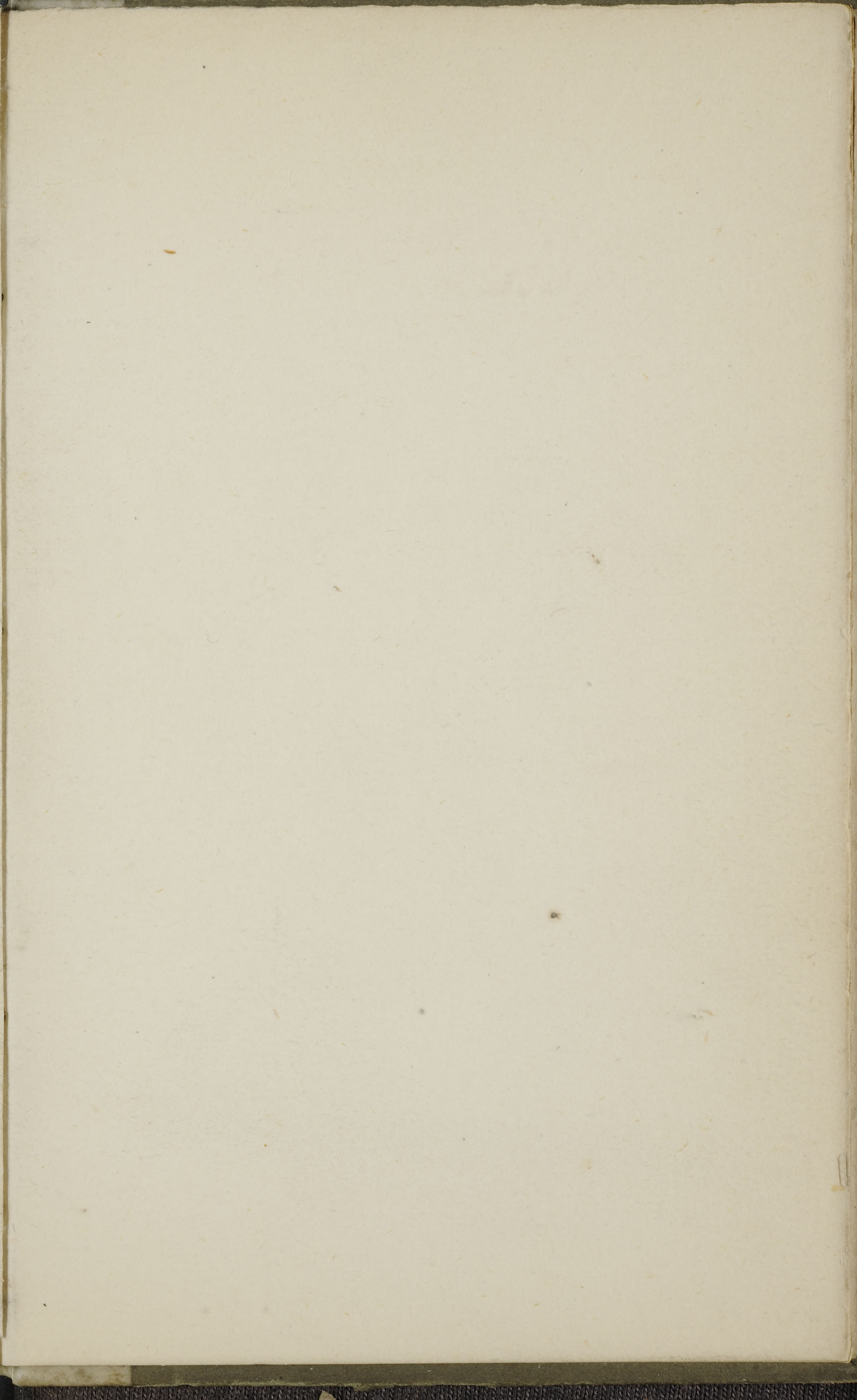
*The Trumpet Sounds a Victory.*

**H**E was fam'd for deeds of arms,  
 She, a maid of envy'd charms;  
 Now to him her love imparts,  
 One pure flame pervades both hearts;  
 Honour calls him to the field,  
 Love to conquest now must yield;  
 Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,  
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

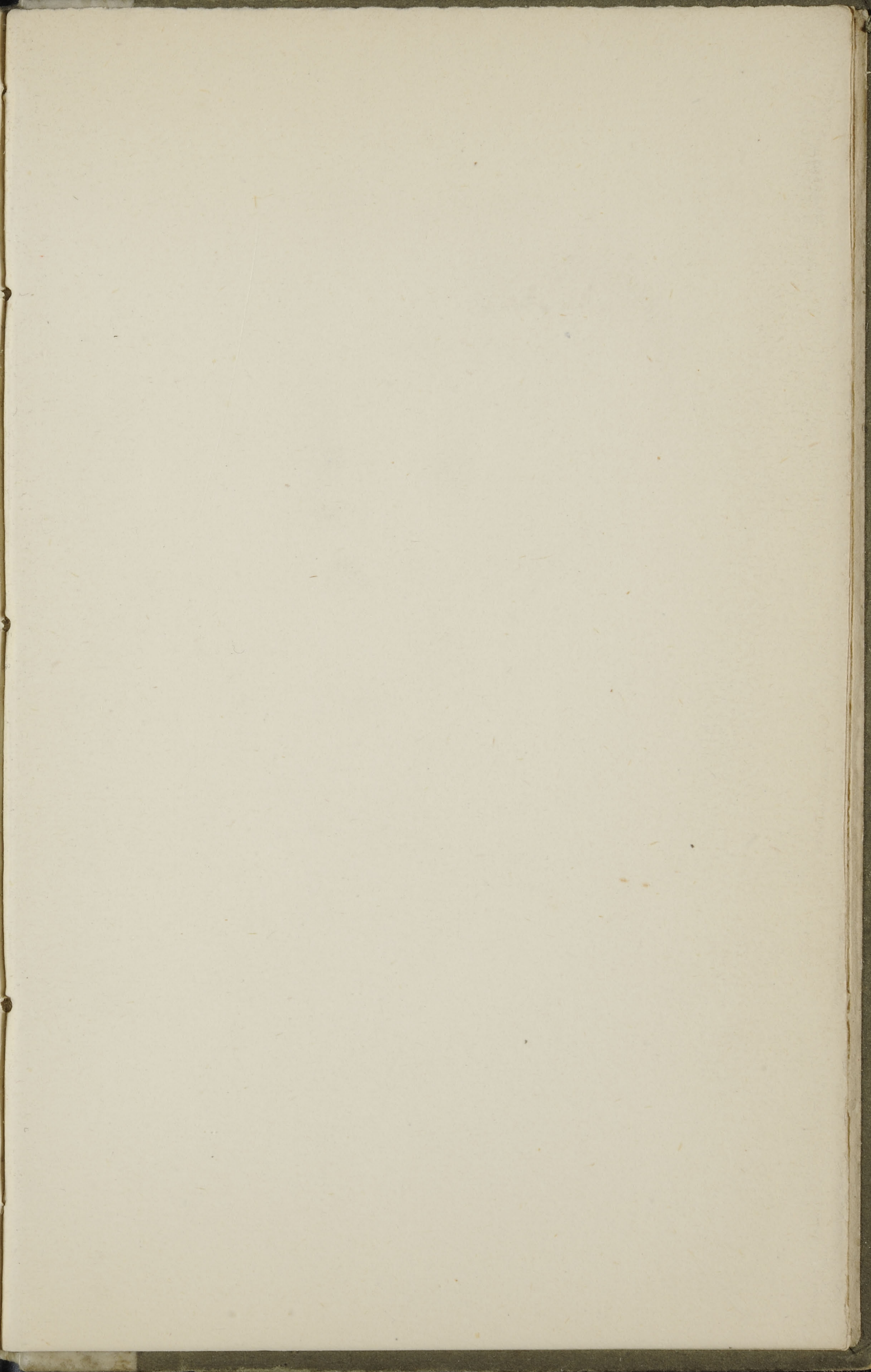
Battle now with fury glows!  
 Hostile blood in torrents flows;  
 His duty tells him to depart,  
 She press'd her hero to her heart,  
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms;  
 Amid the clash of rude alarms,  
 Sweet maid! he cries, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,  
 Both subdue his mind by turns;  
 Death the soldier now enthralls?  
 With his wounds the hero falls!  
 She disdain'g war's alarms,  
 Rush'd, and caught him in her arms?—  
 O death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me?  
 For hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!

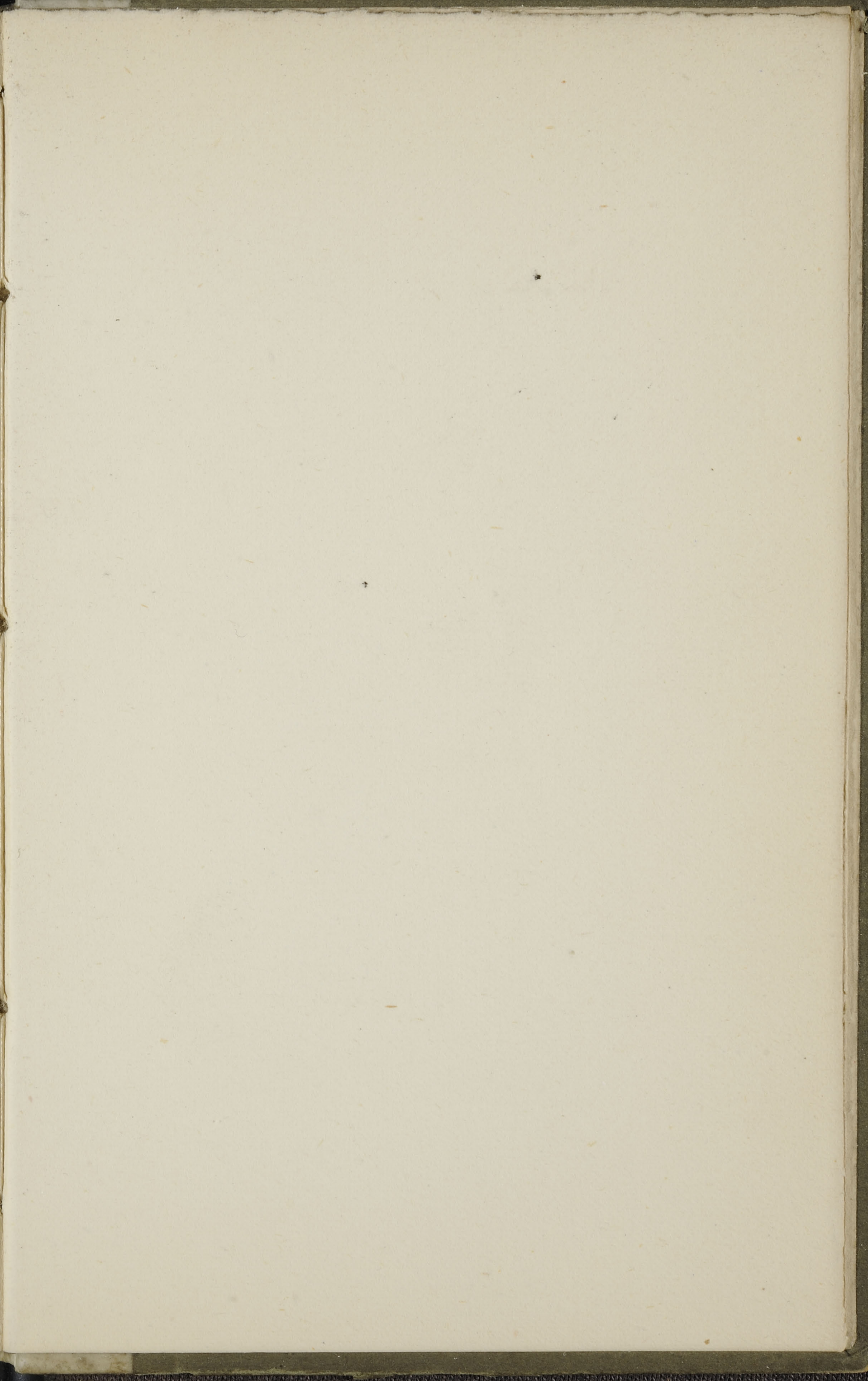
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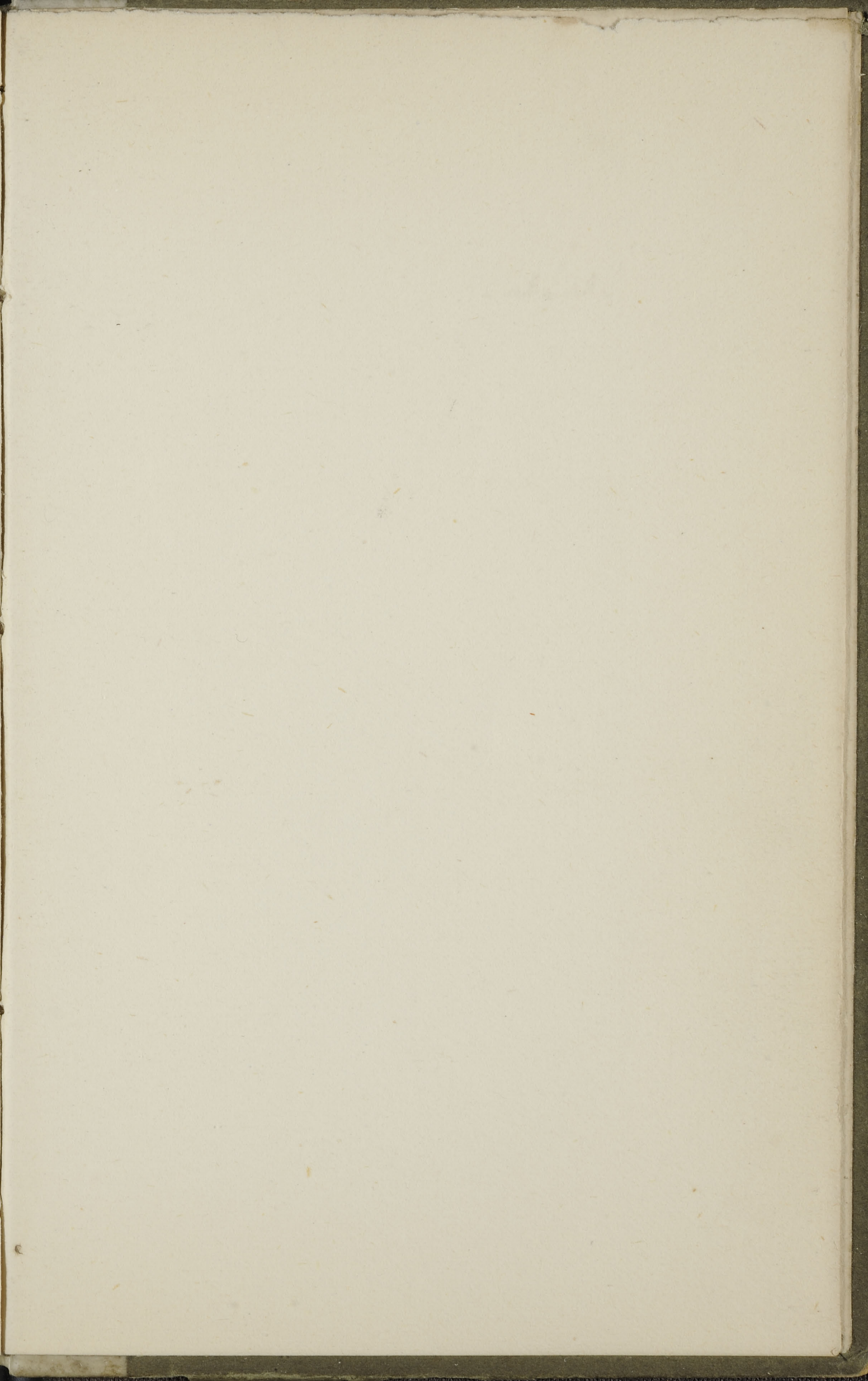










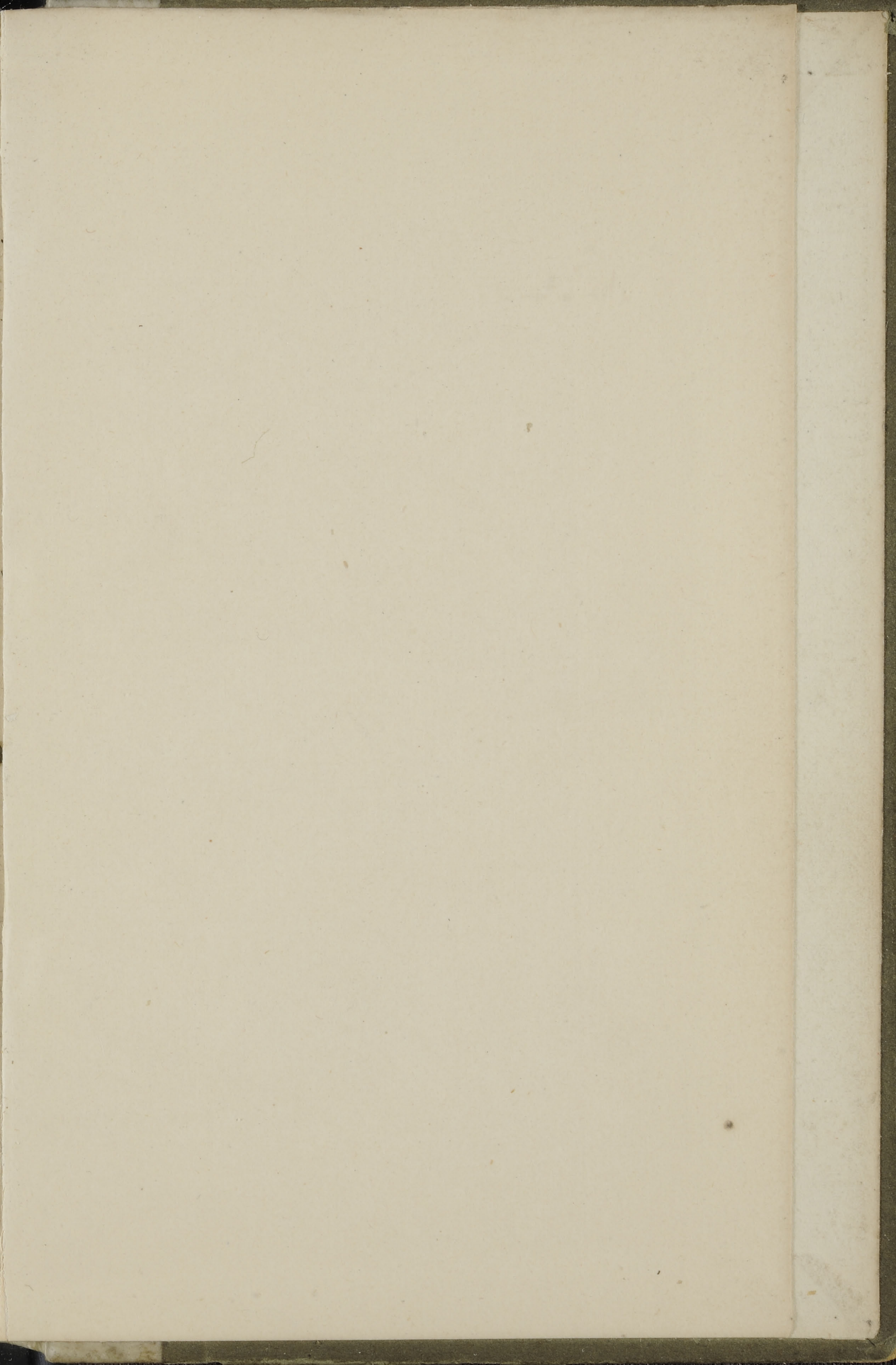




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