5

A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

Beſs the Gawkie.
Blythe was She.
Yorkſhireman in London.
Pray Goody.

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.

Beſs, the Gawkie.

BLYTHE young Beſs to Jean did ſay,
Will ye gang to yon ſunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do ſtray,
And ſport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na! laſs, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie:

For, hark, and I will tell you, laſs,
Did I not ſee young Jamie paſs,
Wi' meikle blytheneſs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiſs,
And Maggie took them nae amiſs;
'Tween ilka ſmack pleas'd her wi' this—
That Beſs was but a gawkie!

For when a civil kiſs I ſeek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour ſhe'll hardly ſpeak;
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But ſure my Maggie has mair ſenſe,
She'll gie a ſcore without offence;
Now gie me ane into the menſe,
And ye ſhall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony taen,
But I will never ſtand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again,
So ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na! laſs, that canna be,
Sic thoughts as theſe are far frae me,
Or ony that ſweet face that ſee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whiſht! nae mair o' this we'll ſpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inſtead of Meg, he kiſs'd ſae ſweet,
I trow, he likes the gawkie.
O dear Beſs, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown ſae new;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew:
Quoth ſhe, that's like a gawkie.

It's wet wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cried, O cruel maid, but ſweet,
If I ſhould gang another gait,
I ne'er ſhould ſee my dawtie.

The laſſes faſt frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie ſair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or e'er ca'd Beſs a gawkie.
As they gaed o'er the muir they ſang;
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

Blythe Was She.

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was ſhe,
Blythe was ſhe but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

BY Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken ſhaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier laſs
Than braes o' Yarrow ever ſaw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her ſmile was like a ſimmer morn:
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird's upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening ſun was ne'er ſae ſweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e,
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blytheſt laſs
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

Yorkſhireman in London.

WHEN firſt in London I arriv'd,
On a viſit, on a viſit;
When firſt in London I arriv'd,
'Midſt heavy rain and thunder:
I 'ſpied a bonny laſs in green,
The bonnieſt laſs I'd ever ſeen,
I'd oft heard tell of a beauteous queen,
Daſh me, thinks I, I've found her.

I look'd at her, ſhe look'd at me,
So bewitching, ſo bewitching;
I look'd at her, ſhe look'd at me,
I look'd very ſimple,

Her cheeks were like the blooming roſe,
Which on the hedge neglected blows,
Her eyes were black as any ſloes,
And near her mouth a dimple.

I ſtood ſtock ſtill, ſhe did the ſame;
Gazing on her, gazing on her,
I ſtood ſtock ſtill, ſhe did the ſame,
Thinks I, I've made a blunder.
Juſt then her cheeks turn'd deadly pale,
Says I, My love, what d'ye ail?
Then ſhe told me a diſmal tale,
That ſhe was ſcar'd with thunder.

Madam, ſays I, and made my bow,
Scraping to her, ſcraping to her,
Madam, ſays I, and made my bow,
I'd quite forgotten t'weather;
But if you will permiſſion give,
I'll ſee you home, where-e'er you live,
So ſhe pop'd her arm right thro' my ſleeve,
And off we ſet together.

A bonny wild gooſe chaſe we had,
In an out ſir, in an out ſir,
A bonny wild gooſe chaſe we had,
The biller ſtones ſo gall'd me;

At laſt ſhe brought me to a door,
Where twenty laſſes, hey, or more,
Came out to have a better glore
At Bumkin, as they call'd me.

Walk in, ſaid ſhe, kind ſir, to me,
Quite politely, quite politely;
Walk in, ſaid ſhe, kind ſir, to me,
Poor chap, ſay they, he's undone.
Walk in, ſays ſhe, no, no, ſays I,
For I've got other fiſh to fry,
I've ſeen you home, ſo now good bye,
I'm Yorkſhire tho' in London.

My pockets ſoon I rummiſh'd over,
Cautious ever, cautious ever,
My pockets ſoon I rummiſh'd over,
Found there a diamond ring, ſir:
For I had this precaution took,
In each to ſtick a ſmall fiſh-hook,
So in grapling for my pocket book,
The barb had ſtrip'd her finger.

Three weeks I've been in London town,
Living idle, living idle,
Three weeks I've been in London town,
It's time to go to work, ſir,

For I've ſold the ring, and here's the braſs,
I have not play'd the ſilly aſs,
It will do to toaſt a London laſs,
When I get back to Yorkſhire.

Pray Goody.

PRAY, Goody, pleaſe to moderate
The rancour of your tongue;
Why flaſh thoſe ſparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is ſtrong:
A ſtranger why will you deſpiſe?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove ere you deny me;
If you caſt me off you blaſt me,
Never more to riſe.

FINIS.