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.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne:
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Where may alſo be had, a large and curious Aſſortment 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 sair 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'ening and morn—
He sang with so sweet 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;
Syne 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, ſir;
None than John to his ſhop could ſtick cloſer,
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, ſir;
Her neighbours reſolv'd to cut out, ſir,
And aſtoniſh the ruſtic pariſhioners,
She invited them all to a rout, ſir,
And ax'd all the village muſicianers.
Rum ti, &c.

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

The baker he ſung 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 ſung a bravura.
Rum ti, &c.

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

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

FINIS.