

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Young Johnston
A Man's a Man for a' that
The Tinker
The Constant Shepherd.
Hope told a flatt'ring Tale



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Young Johnston.

COME, all you young men of learning,
A warning take by me;
Keep your hands from pen and paper,
For it's called forgery.
'Twas my great wit and learning
That brought me to this place;
For here I'm standing at the bar,
To all my friends disgrace.

His name it was young Johnston,
So hard his case must be;
Neither lands nor livings would him save,
No money set him free.
His name it was young Johnston,
Well dress'd from top to toe,
For to hear himself condemn'd to die,
His eyes with tears did flow.

But the ladies that were standing by,
Five thousand pounds would give,
All for the life of Johnston,
If they would him relieve.
Up spake the Grand Jury and said,
Ladies, that cannot be;
For if you would ten thousand give,
We cannot set him free.

His adversary's standing by,
 Shewing his forged bill,
 We are forced to hang young Johnston,
 Sore against our will ;
 As Johnston rode up Holborn Hill,
 So mildly thus spake he,
 I freely forgive all the world,
 And I hope they'll forgive me.

Then with a smiling countenance,
 He made a graceful bow,
 Farewell, my friends, companions all,
 To all this world adieu.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

WHAT tho' on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, an' a' that,
 Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show an' a' that ;
 An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief of man for a' that.

4
You see yon birkie, ca'd a Lord;
Wha struts an' stares an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds beckon at his nod,
He's but a *cui*f for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His dignities, an' a' that;
A man of independent mind,
Can sing an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, an' a' that;
But and honest man's aboon his might,
Guide faith he manna fa' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
His garters, stars, an' a' that;
The pith of sense an' wale of worth,
Are better far than a' that.

Then let us pray the time may come,
An' come it will for a' that,
When sense and truth o'er a' the earth,
Shall hear the gree for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' come it will for a' that,
An' man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

The Tinker.

MY daddy was a tinker's son,
 And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one;
 Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,
 Here's pots to mend! about bawl I.
 Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
 Coppers to folder, or brass pans.
 Of wives my dad had near a score,
 And I have twice as many more;
 And what's as wonderful as true,
 My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he
 was) the lord knows who;
 Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
 A barn door capon, and what not,
 Here's pots to mend! I cried along,
 Here's pots to mend! was still my song.
 At village wake—oh! curse his throat,
 The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
 The folks in clusters flock'd around,
 They seiz'd my budget, in it found
 The cock, a gammon, peas, and beans,
 Besides a jolly tinker (yes, by the lord) a
 tinker's ways and means.
 Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
 For want of cash the folks I hum;
 Here's kettles to mend-bring me some beer!
 'The landlord cries, "You'll get none here!"
 "You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know;
 "More beer indeed! pay what you owe!"
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score;
 At his expence we drown all strife;
 For which I praise the landlord, (could not
 do less than praise)—the landlord's wife,
 Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
 For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

The Constant Shepherd.

O Shepherd, the weather is misty and changing,
 Will you now show me over the hills to Traquire?
 O yes, gentle shepherd, where have you been ranging,
 To see such a gentleman walking is rare,
 I've been at the forest, among the young lassies,
 I've sung with the shepherds on ilka green hill:
 But now I'm resolv'd to give over my roving,
 For of every thing in it I have got my will.
 I'm afraid you have left some young lassie a mourning
 You're the finest young gentleman ever I saw;
 Your eyes are like diamonds, your hair like the gowan,
 I fear you and them have been breaking the law.
 O gentle shepherd, have you got a wife yet?
 Or do you live single? come, tell me the truth:

For, if you live single you're sure to be happy,
 The blooming young girls are in such a routh.
 I'm single, for all the fair maids in the forest
 I mind them no more than the leaf on the tree;
 But one pretty girl, unto whom I have promis'd,
 I'll marry as soon as my stock it is free.

O shepherd, you're foolish to bind to a woman;
 Believe me you'll rue it, and that very soon;
 For if she proves constant you'll scarce find another,
 You'll scarce find another lives under the moon.
 For, me I nowlie have a mind for to marry,
 But kiss all the girls that come in my way:
 For the very last summer, 'tween Ettrick and Yarrow,
 I've kiss'd mair than twenty, that ne'er said me nay.

But the kindest young lassie that ever I met with,
 She lives with her mammie, she has nae man ava:
 I went for to see her, and O it was lucky,
 For that very night the old wife was away.
 She made up a bed, and she bade me come to it,
 And gave all I ask'd, without ever a frown;
 She kiss'd me and bleis'd me before that we parted,
 And promis'd to meet me next winter in town.

O what is the name of that bonny young lassie?
 O what is her name, and what age may she seem?
 Her name it is Jeanie, she lives at Plantiney;
 A tall pretty girl, just about seventeen.
 A curse light upon you, and him that begat you,
 And all your ain filters! you limb of the de'il!
 For if you've destroy'd her, you villain, here's at you,
 For that's the very lassie I liked the weel.

O shepherd, your threat'nings are very unmanly;
 She'll pass for a virgin with any but you:

You're welcome to wed her, and free to enjoy her,
 For now unto me you have proved true.
 O no, my dear charmer, I will not deceive thee;
 Than wed her I sooner would put out her breath;
 For if that I had her when the fury is on me,
 With this hazle rung I would finish you both.

O my dearest Jammie, with patience look round you,
 I fear that true love it has blinded your een;
 O my dearest Jammie, with patience look round you,
 You ken not the voice nor the looks of your Jean.
 O Jammie, I thought that your mind had been chang'd
 It's thirty long weeks since I saw you and twa;
 I borrow'd this clothing from one of our neighbours,
 I had not a mind you should ken me ava.
 And now he is wed to his ain lovely Jenny,
 And now they do live on the hills of Traquire;
 Now he is wed to his ain lovely Jenny,
 The langer he kens her he likes her the mair.

Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
 That joy would soon return;
 Ah! nought my sighs avail,
 For Love is doom'd to mourn.
 Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
 From me for ever flown;
 Ah! nought my sighs avail,
 For Love is doom'd to mourn.
 The happy dream of Love is o'er;
 Life, alas! can charm no more.

FINIS.