

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Tweed Side
My Nanie, O
Highland Laddie
Up in the Morning Early
Flowers of the Forest



Newcastle upon Tyne :
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Here may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon
Tweed!

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove;
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss—
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

My Nanie, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang' moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry fun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll away to Nanie, O.
 The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.
 My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.
 Our auld guidman delights to view,
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O, they're vain and idly gaudy !
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ;
 O my bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choole,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, is but a clown;
 He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland
 laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

Up in the Morning Early.

CAULD blaws the win' frae north to
 south,

And drift is driving fairly;
 The sheep are cowering i' the heugh,
 O firs! it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast among the woods,
 The branches tirlin barely,
 Among the chimney taps it thuds,
 And frost is nippin fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 To sit a' the night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,
 Like ony timorous carlie ;
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When snaw blaws into the chimley cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lint on hedge or bush,
 Poor things they suffer fairly ;
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 No fate can be waur, in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosy house, and canty wife,
 Keeps ay a body chearly ;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 It answers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning, na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early ;
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.

Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE heard of a liling at our ewes milking,
 Lassies a' liling before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw Foresters are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffling, nae gabbing, but sighing and fapping,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming,
 'Mang stacks with the lassies at bogles to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary;
 The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At hairst at the shearing nae younkers are jeering,
 The bansters are runckl'd, lyart, and grey:
 At fairs, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw Foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border,
 The English for ance by guile gat the day;
 The flowers of the Forest, that ay shone the foromost,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liling at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw Foresters are a' wede awa.

FINIS.