

A  
GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

Young Love among the Roses.  
My Nanie, O.  
God save the King.  
Rule Britannia.  
Dear is my little Native Vale.  
General Wolfe's Song.



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.*



*Young Love among the Roses.*

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower,  
And gather'd sweets from many a flower;  
From Roses red and Jessamine,  
The Lily and the Eglantine.

The Graces they were culling posies,  
The Graces, &c.

And found Young Love among the Roses.

Young Love among the Roses,  
Young Love, &c.

The Graces they were culling posies,  
And found Young Love among the Roses.

O happy day! oh, joyous hour!  
Composing a wreath of many a flower;  
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,  
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever,  
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,  
Eternal, &c.

Content is love among the Roses.

Young Love among the Roses,  
Young Love, &c.

Eternal Spring the wreath composes,  
Content is love among the Roses.

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*My Nanie, O.*

**B**EHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O!

The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,

An' I'll away to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;

The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;

But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,

An' o'er the hill 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, wat 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 pennie-fee,

An I maun guide it cannie, O;

But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,

My thoughts are a' on my Nannie, O.



Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O :  
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,  
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,  
 I'll take what heaven will send me, O.  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But to live and love my Nanie, O.

*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 sceptres 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.*

**W**HEN Britain first, at Heaven’s  
 command,

Arose from out the azure main, [land,

This was the charter, the charter of the

And guardian Angels sung the 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 dreadful 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 every shore its 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!



*Dear is my little Native Vale.*

**D**EAR is my little native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there;  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale  
 To ev'ry passing village fair;  
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours,  
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;  
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
 For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;  
 The canzonet and roundelay,  
 Sung in the silent greenwood's shade;  
 These simple joys, that never fail,  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

*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 found,  
 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.