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A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Lovely Kitty
Woo'd and Married and a'
The Battle of Sherra-Muir
If he will take the Hint
By the gaily Circling Glafs



Newcastle upon Tyne :

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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Lovely Kitty.

FOR foreign climes to cross the sea,
I joyful left my native cot,
And o'er the billows sung with glee,
Unmindful of my future lot ;
Till love, a softer name for fate,
To other themes transform'd my ditty ;
Then all my song was, ' Bonny Kate,'
And all its burthen, ' Lovely Kitty.'
Oh, sweet Kitty.

My Kate, too, blythe as birds in spring,
Would archly warble through the day,
In Cupid's spite would gaily sing,
And oft I join'd the frolic lay ;
Till love, offended, chang'd like mine,
In mere revenge, her scornful ditty,
Then all her song was, ' Valentine,'
And still I answer'd, ' Lovely Kitty.'
Oh, sweet Kitty.

Woo'd and married and a'.

THE bride cam out o' the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks !
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And hae neither blankets nor sheets ;

Hae neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle a-do
 Woo'd and married, and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 And was she na very weel aff,
 That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out then spak the bride's father,
 As he cam in frae the pleugh,
 O haud your tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear eneugh ;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our braw baws'nt yad,
 Will carry ye hame your corn ;
 What wad ye be at, ye jad ?
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Neist out spak the bride's mither,
 What deil needs a' this pride !
 I had na a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride :
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a fark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Far mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
 Though we be scant o' claife,
 We'll creep the closer thegither,
 And we'll smoor a' the fleas:
 Simmer is soon coming on,
 And we'll get teats o' woo,
 And likewise a las o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claife anew.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spak the bride's brither,
 As he cam in wi' the kye,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 He ne'er tak ane i' my life. W
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spak the bride's sister,
 As she cam in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire.
 But we poor fouk maun live fingle,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I shoudl want,
 If I could get but a man.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

The Battle of Sherra-Muir.

O Cam' ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 Or did the battle see man?
 I saw the battle sair and teugh,
 And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
 My heart for fear gae fough for fough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were na slaw, man,
 They ruff'd and push'd, and blude out
 gush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man:
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles.
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords
 clash'd,
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and
 smash'd,
 Till fey man died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
 And covenant true-blues, man ;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chace gaed frae the north, man,
 I saw mysel', they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dumblane, in my ain fight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
 But, curfed lot ! the gates were shut,
 And money a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaißt did swarf, man.

My sifter Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man ;

Their left-hand general had nae skill;
 The Angus lads had nae guid will,
 That day their neebour's blude to spill;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Amang the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmuir is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man:
 Nor wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang and some for right,
 And mony bade the world gude night;
 Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
 How tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew off in frighted bands, man.

If he will take the Hint.

YOUNG Roger is a bonny lad,
 None blyther I can see;
 Sae trim he wears his tartan plaid,
 Sae kind he blinks at me.
 As kind I blink at him again,
 My siniles I dinna flint,
 Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
 He winna take the hint.

He tither day a posie bought,
 The rose and lily too—
 An emblem, I must own, I thought
 Would tell him what to do ;
 I courtsey'd low, and smil'd again,
 My smiles I never stint,
 Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
 He canna take the hint,
 Ye fonsy lasses o' the town,
 Advise me, if you can,
 That I may a' my wishes crown,
 Upon a modest plan ;
 I'll do my best to gain his love,
 My drefs shall be in print,
 And I will ever constant prove,
 If he will take the hint.

By the gaily Circling Glafs.

BY the gaily circling glafs,
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow flask are told
 How the waning nights grow old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of Care—'twas made for you.

FINIS.