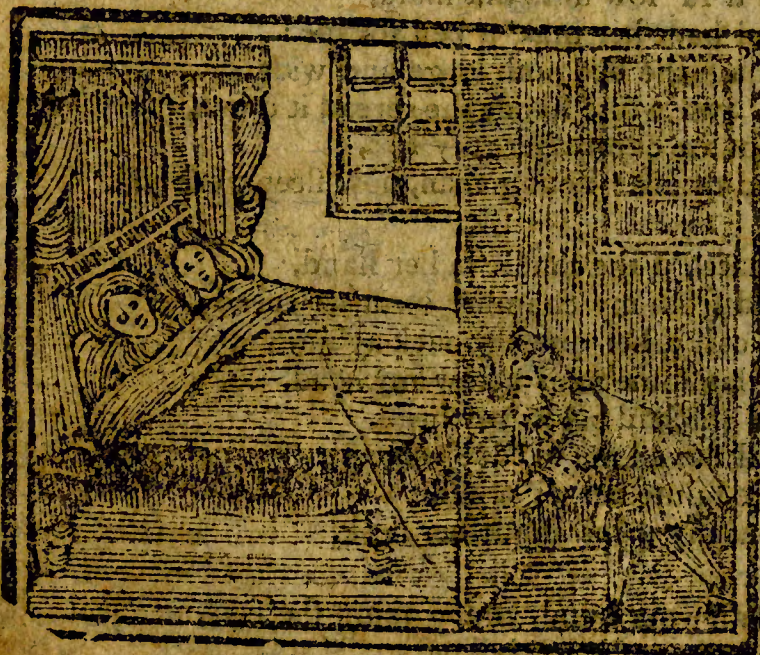


A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

The Lass that made the Bed to me
Hope told a Flattering Tale
Bruce's Address to his Army
My Lovely Mary
The Maid of Marlivale
Good Night
The Wonders



Newcastle upon Tyne:
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market,
Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

The Lass that made the Bed to me.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way ;
The darksome night did me enfauld,
I kend na where to lodge till day ;
But by good luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care,
And kindly she did me invite,
To waik into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesie ;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed for me :
She made the bed both large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank ' Young man, now sleep ye sound.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And from my chamber went wi' speed ;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.
A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hand, young man, she says,
And dinna fae uncivil be,
Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
O wrang nae my virginity !

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivory,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesy;
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said, 'Alas! ye've ruin'd me.'
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
 I said, My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak' the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 And made them a' in farks to me;
 Blithe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me,
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Hope told a Flattering 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;
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.

Bruce's Address.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front of battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery!

Wha wad be a traitor knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave;
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strangly draw?
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa,
 Caledonia, on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will draw our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward, let us do or die!

My Lovely Mary.

SAD sorrow's cloud has pass'd away,
 And hope stands forth in bright array,
 With prospect light and airy:
 With her I love, I blest shall be,
 The child of sweet simplicity,
 My lovely, lovely Mary!

The flaunting woodbine far less gay,
 Less fair the blossoms of the May,
 Than my dear little fairy;
 And then her heart is fix'd on me,
 Meek child of sweet simplicity,
 My lovely, lovely Mary!

My home Elysium now will prove,
 The blest'd abode of peace and love,
 Of idle pleasures wary :
 What bliss to pass my life with thee,
 Meek child of sweet simplicity,
 My lovely, lovely Mary !

The Maid of Marlivale.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure
 eye

Can shine through rapture's tear ?
 The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
 And yet she comes not here,
 Oh ! Maid of Marlivale.

Was that her footstep on the hill,
 Her voice upon the gale ?
 No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
 Oh ! Maid of Marlivale.

Come to me, love ! I've wander'd far ;
 'Tis past the promis'd hour ;
 Come to me, love ! the twilight star
 Shall guide thee to my bow'r.
 Oh ! Maid of Marlivale.

Good Night.

'GOOD night! good night!'—and is it so,
And must I from my Rosa go?

Oh! Rosa, say 'Good night!' once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,

Till the first glance of dawning light

Shall find us saying still 'Good night!'

And still 'Good night!' my Rosa say—

But whisper still, 'A minute stay;'

And I will stay, and every minute

Shall have an age of rapture in it!

We'll kiss and kiss, in quick delight,

And murmur, while we kiss! 'Good night!'

'Good night!' you'll murmur with a sigh,

And tell me it is time to fly:

And I will vow to kiss no more!

Yet kiss you closer than before,

Till slumber seal our weary sight,

And then, my love! my soul! 'Good night!'

The Wonders.

YOUR laughter I'll try to provoke,
With the wonders I've got in my travels;

The first is a pig in a poke,

Next a law-case without any cavils:

A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
 Paper boots, to walk dry thro' the ditches,
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,
 Flint waistcoat, and a pair of glass breeches.
 Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan, new,
 Steel night-cap and pair of lawn bellows:
 A yard-wide foot rule, and then two
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows.
 China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,
 Besides a new velveret wig,
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
 Tol lol &c.

A coal-skuttle trim'd with scotch gauze,
 Pickl'd crumpets and harricoed muffins;
 Tallow stew pan, nankeen chest of drawers;
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins;
 Six knives and forks made of red tape,
 A patent wash-leather polony,
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,
 And lin'd with the best maccaronie.
 Tol lol, &c.

A plum pudding made of inch deal,
 A pot of mahogany capers;
 A gooseberry pye made of veal,
 And stuff'd with two three corner'd scrapers:
 Sour crout sweet'n'd well with small coal,
 A friccasee'd carpenter's mallet;
 A cast iron load in a hole,
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

FINIS.