

The True Lover's
Garland,

CONTAINING,

Will's Courtship, and
Katie's Victory.

The Laughing Song:
Shannon's Flowery
Banks.

AND

The Lass at the Mill.



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1817.

WILL'S COURTSHIP,

AND

KATIE'S VICTORY.

YE lads and lasses, far and near,
 Come listen to my ditto, O,
 How muirland Will, at Glasgow Fair,
 Pick'd up a maid so pretty, O.
 As Will was walkin' up the street,
 He almost tint his senses, O,
 For ilka lass that he did meet
 So kill'd him wi' their glances, O.

At last a fair one she came by,
 Will's very een enriched, O,
 He stood and mus'd, and gaz'd around,
 Just like a man bewitched, O.
 At last, Will he recover'd strength,
 And says, My lovely creature, O,
 Your beauty rare makes you exceed
 All other works of nature, O.

And if that you could fancy me,
 Or on poor Will tak' pity, O,
 My riches a' I'd freely gi'e
 To you, my lovely Katie, O.
 I ha'e a house, a guid kail yard,
 And twa milk kye for butter, O,
 A note or twa in the kist neuk,
 To buy baith tea and succur, O.

Will had na very much to say,
 Yet it was something funny, O;
 But, for to et a long tale short,
 He bragg'd weel o' his monee, O.
 The lassie's heart was easy won,
 She lik'd to hear o' riches, O;
 Besides, she thought o'er simple Will
 She'd easy wear the breeches, O.

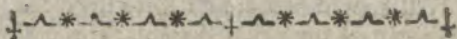
So Will and Kate they soon were wed,
 But mark what follow'd after, O;
 The honey moon was sencreely pass'd,
 Till they fill'd the town wi' laughter, O;
 For Will supp'd brose, and Kate lov'd tea,
 This caus'd their first disaster, O;
 Then worse and worse the contest grew,
 Will curs'd her for a waster, O.

Then Kate she rose in furious rage,
 And at him she let blatter, O,
 The poker, tongs, and ladle, too,
 On Will's poor head play'd rattle, O.
 She cried, You rogue, are you begun
 To starve me here already, O?
 Is this the vow you made to me,
 To keep me like a lady, O?

But by my faith I'll let you know
 I'm made o' better metal, O,
 Than to be starv'd by any sot,
 Whilst I can give him battlè, O.

She broke his shins, she tore his hair,
 She made poor Will to wonder, O;
 The pots and pans, and stools and chairs,
 About his head did thunder, O!

Will was na us'd in sic a fray,
 He ran out-by for shelter, O,
 Cryin', Curse upon the fatal day
 That I to Kate was halter'd, O;
 For had I ta'en a country maid,
 Tho' row'd up in her plaidie, O,
 A richer man I wou'd ha'e been,
 Than with the Glasgow lady, O.



THE LAUGHING SONG.

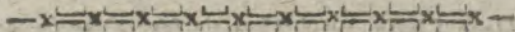
*In the days of my childhood, as sportive I play'd
 Among the young lasses around
 I was fond then of laughing my grandmother said
 None merrier ever was found:
 To fill up the moments with joy and delight,
 I scarcely knew what I'd be at;
 Whatever was pleasing that came to my sight,
 I could not help laughing at that.*

*Still the humour prevails tho' maturer I'm grown,
 I am happy to smile time away;
 The frolics of fancy I still make my own,
 And pleasantly spin out the day;*

When the dull, or the splenetic, censure or chide
 At my innocent freedom and prate,
 I titter to bear their nonsenical pride,
 For I cannot help laughing at that.

Young Collin declares for a husband I m fit,
 So he courts me from morning to night ;
 On the charms of my person displays all his wit,
 And I own that it gives me delight ;
 He talks of the parson, the church, and the ring,
 In praise too of conjugal chat,
 That wedlock, indeed, is an excellent thing,
 So I must not get laughing at that.

At length with his wishes if I should comply,
 As at present I seem to incline,
 If but on his promises I may rely,
 Not to check this good humour of mine,
 To church with young Collin I d soon trip away,
 And answer all questions quite pat ;
 When it comes to the critical word call'd Obey,
 I shall scarcely keep laughing at that.



SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

In summer, when the leaves were green,
 and blossoms deck'd each tree,
 Young Sandy then declar'd his love,
 his artless love to me.

On Shannon's flowery banks we sat,
 and there he told his tale ;
 Oh, Mary, softest of thy sex,
 O let fond love prevail !

Ab! well-a-day! you see me pine
 in sorrow and despair,
 Yet heed me not---then let me die,
 and end my grief and care !
 Ab no ! dear youth I softly said ;
 such love demands my thanks :
 And here I vow in lasting truth,
 on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And here we vow'd our lasting truth,
 on Shannon's flow'ry banks ;
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers,
 and play'd such artless pranks ;
 But woe's me ! the press-gang came,
 and forc'd my love away.
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair
 to be our wedding day !

Dear Sandy cry'd, They've forc'd me hence,
 but still my heart is thine ;
 All peace be yours my Mary dear,
 while war and toil be mine ;
 With riches I'll return to thee,
 I sobb'd out words of thanks ;
 And then he vow'd his constant love
 on Shannon's flow'ry bank. ;

And then he stow'd his constant love
 on Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 And then I saw him sail away
 and join the hostile ranks.
 From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
 his absence sad I mourn'd :
 The peace was made, the ship came back,
 but Sandy ne'er return'd.

His beautiful face, his manly form,
 has won a nobler fair ;
 My Sandy's false, and I, forlorn,
 must die in sad despair !
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid,
 while you stand round in ranks,
 And plant a willow o'er my head,
 on Shannon's flow'ry banks.



THE LASS AT THE MILL.

By the side of a stream at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Nancy who lives at the mill ;
 My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,
 For Nancy, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her, my love and sat down by her side ;
 And swore the next morning I'd make her
 my bride ;

In anger she said, Get out of my sight,
 And go to your Jenny, you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I replied, Pray explain what
you mean,

I never, I vow, with young Jenny was seen;
Nor can I conceive what my Nancy is at.
O can't you! she cry'd: well, I love you for that.

Say did you not meet her last night on this spot?
O Jamie! O Jamie! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false. I reply'd, dear Nancy believe;
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive:
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you man to
be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind.
Transported, I kiss'd her; she gave me a pat;
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

F I N I S.



Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.