

S. 10
P. 11

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Jessie the Flower o'
Dumblane.
O stay my Love.
Lilies of the Valley
Sally Roy

Dearmaid I love thee
Just like Love
Green grow the rash-
es, O.
Far, far at Sea.



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.*

Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomon',
An' left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray, in the calm simmer gloaming',
To muse on sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the briar, wi' its fast faulding blossom,
An' sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green:
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.
Is lovely, &c.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
An' far be the villain divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.
Is lovely, &c.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' young Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-
blane,

Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in vain,
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
If wanting, &c.

O Stay, my Love!

O STAY, my love! my William, dear!
 Ah! whither art thou flying?
 Nor think'st thou of my parents here,
 Nor heedst thy Susan's sighing.
 Thy country's cause, and honour's call,
 Are words that but deceive thee;
 Thou see'st my tears, how fast they fall—
 Thou must not, William! leave me.

Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
 In sickness or in sorrow?
 In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
 Where will they comfort borrow?
 Neglected left, no William nigh,
 To cheer, protect, relieve them—
 I helpless thrown aside to die—
 Thou must not, William! leave them.

Ah! me—and think, a summer flown,
 Perhaps we part for ever:
 The fondest hearts that e'er were known,
 Unpitying Death will sever.
 Then why e'er waste or throw away?
 'Twill pass too soon, believe me,
 Our day of love, our little day—
 Thou must not, William! leave me.

Lilies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flowery dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry songs and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours :
 Though wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find,
 A girl like blithsome Sally ;
 Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 " Sweet lilies of the Valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay, and free :
 Yet though the lasses love me well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
 To see my native soil ;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil :
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph, who cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

Sally Roy.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
Lies cold and wan in yonder valley ;
She lost her lover, and she died ;

Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.
Young Valiant was the hero's name,
For early valour fir'd the boy,
Who barter'd all his love for fame ;
And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
He rush'd his martial pow'r to prove,
While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
At noon she saw the youth depart ;
At eve she lost her darling joy ;
Ere night the last throb of her heart,
Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
When yellow midnight fills the valley,
Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
Towards the grave of gentle Sally.
And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
The mournful dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

Dear Maid, I love Thee.

DEAR maid, by every hope of bliss,
By love's first pledge, the virgin kifs,
By heaven and earth, I love thee!
For ever in this heart shall dwell,
The lovely form whose charms compel
This falt'ring tongue to softly tell,
How much, dear maid, I love thee!
Tho' time or place should intervene,
Still time, that changes every scene,
Would make me itill more love thee!
Tho' far apart as pole from pole,
I itill should feel thy love controul,
While my devoted constant soul
Would but exist to love thee!

Just Like Love.

JUST like love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like love.
Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be press'd,
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
 They die—and they shall blossom never,
 —Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
 Just like love.

Green Grow the Rashers, O.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashers, O:
 Green grow the rashers, O,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a' canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapfalteerie, O!
 Green grow, &c.

For you, fae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Far, far at Sea.

'T WAS at night, when the bell had told twelve
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
 In her ear whisper'd some flitting elf—
 Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
 Far, far at sea!

All was dark, as she woke, out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover;
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy, which painted her lover
 Far, far at sea!

So she whisper'd a prayer—clos'd her eyes,
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow;
 Whilst in terror she echo'd his cries,
 As struggling he sunk in a billow,
 Far, far at sea!

FINIS.

Rare

PL

975

G-36

1825

S-L