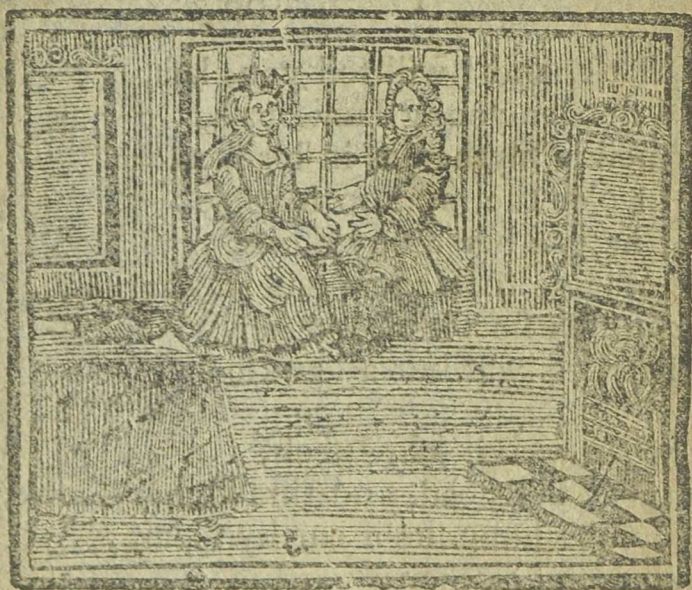


A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Bess the Gawkie.
Blythe was She.
Yorkshireman in London.
Pray Goody.



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.*

Bess, the Gawkie.

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na! lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie:

For, hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this—
That Bess was but a gawkie!

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak;
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony taen,
 But I will never stand for ane,
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 So ne'er think me a gawkie.

Ah, na! lafs, that canna be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony that sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht! nae mair o' this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg, he kifs'd fae sweet,
 I trow, he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown fae new;
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew:
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wet wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
 He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gait,
 I ne'er should see my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,
 Or e'er ca'd Befs a gawkie.
 As they gaed o'er the muir they sang;
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 "Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

Blythe Was She.

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben;
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

BY Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn:
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird's upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee;
 The evening fun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e,
 Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.
 Blythe, &c.

Yorkshireman in London.

WHEN first in London I arriv'd,
 On a visit, on a visit;
 When first in London I arriv'd,
 'Midst heavy rain and thunder:
 I spied a bonny lass in green,
 The bonniest lass I'd ever seen,
 I'd oft heard tell of a beauteous queen,
 Dash me, thinks I, I've found her.

I look'd at her, she look'd at me,
 So bewitching, so bewitching;
 I look'd at her, she look'd at me,
 I look'd very simple,

Her cheeks were like the blooming rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any floes,
 And near her mouth a dimple.

I stood stock still, she did the same ;
 Gazing on her, gazing on her,
 I stood stock still, she did the same,
 Thinks I, I've made a blunder.
 Just then her cheeks turn'd deadly pale,
 Says I, My love, what d'ye ail ?
 Then she told me a dismal tale,
 That she was scar'd with thunder.

Madam, says I, and made my bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her,
 Madam, says I, and made my bow,
 I'd quite forgotten t'weather ;
 But if you will permission give,
 I'll see you home, where-e'er you live,
 So she pop'd her arm right thro' my sleeve,
 And off we set together.

A bonny wild goose chase we had,
 In an out fir, in an out fir,
 A bonny wild goose chase we had,
 The biller stones so gall'd me ;

At last she brought me to a door,
 Where twenty lasses, hey, or more,
 Came out to have a better glore
 At Bumkin, as they call'd me.

Walk in, said she, kind sir, to me,
 Quite politely, quite politely;
 Walk in, said she, kind sir, to me,
 Poor chap, say they, he's undone.
 Walk in, says she, no, no, says I,
 For I've got other fish to fry,
 I've seen you home, so now good bye,
 I'm Yorkshire tho' in London.

My pockets soon I rummish'd over,
 Cautious ever, cautious ever,
 My pockets soon I rummish'd over,
 Found there a diamond ring, sir:
 For I had this precaution took,
 In each to stick a small fish-hook,
 So in grappling for my pocket book,
 The barb had strip'd her finger.

Three weeks I've been in London town,
 Living idle, living idle,
 Three weeks I've been in London town,
 It's time to go to work, sir,

For I've sold the ring, and here's the brags,
 I have not play'd the silly as,
 It will do to toast a London las,
 When I get back to Yorkshire.

Pray Goody.

PRAY, Goody, please to moderate
 The rancour of your tongue ;
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your
 eyes ?
 Remember when the judgment's weak,
 The prejudice is strong :
 A stranger why will you despise ?
 Ply me,
 Try me,
 Prove ere you deny me ;
 If you cast me off you blast me,
 Never more to rise.

FINIS.