

Six New Songs.

SALLY'S GARDENS.

'Twas on the Banks of Claudy.

The Bonny Hawthorn,

The Town-Crier describing the Lost

DANDY

The Savoyard Boy,

Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren Cowgate.

Songs
SALLY'S GARDEN.

AS down in Sally's gardens
Where me and my true love did meet,
As down in Sally's gardens
where I enjoyed her kisses sweet

She bade me take love easy,
just as the leaves fall from the tree.
But I being young and foolish,
my love and I could not agree.

My parents was the cruel cause
that I did leave my country town,
My parents had the reason,
where fancy led me I did roam.

Where I might had sweet-hearts plenty,
although their portions were but small,
I might had sweet hearts plenty
if I could but maintain them all.

I'll write a letter to my love,
I'll seal it with some seal of love,
I'll write a letter to my love,
I'll send it with some turtle dove.

And if she does not accept of it,
and send me an answer back again,
I never more shall be a slave
to the fair female sex again.

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Ye bonny Belfast virgins now grant me some relief,
Or were it in your power to mitigate my grief,
Had you a tongue to prattle, you'd tell soft tales of
love,

Of the bonny boy of Claudy who did inconstant prove

By whose detesting charms I was led first astray,
When I was young and tender he did my heart betray
May unerring Cupid wound him that he may feel
the pain,

What it is to love sincerely and not be loved again.

The Bonny Hawthorn.

ONE mild summer morning all nature look'd gay,

I saw my dearest Jamie at tending the hay,

Who said my lovely treasure come see where I dwell

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

That blooms in the vale, that blooms in tee vale,

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale

O hark bonny Bess, hear the birds in yon grove,

How delightful they sing, how inviting to love,

The briere deck'd with roses perfumes the faun'd dale,

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

That blooms in the vale, that blooms in the vale,

Beside the bonny hawthorn, &c.

His words they were so moving, his looks so soft

and kind,

They assured me the youth had no guile in his mind,

My heart too confess'd him the flower of the dale,

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale,
That blooms, &c.

Now tell me ye lovers if I could refuse,
My Jamie was so pressing, so binding were his vows,
We went and was married, most cordially we dwell,
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
That blooms, &c.

The Lost Dandy.

PARISH Bellman here am I,
So listen to my cry
I begin O yes! O yes! O yes! so handy, O,
Lost by a barbers clerk,
Last Sunday in Hyde-park,
An Exquisite, or thing that's called a Dandy O.

It's age is twenty-five,
But the oddest thing alive,
It is neither man nor woman, how unhandy, O,
Lest its gender should perplex
It is called the middle-sex,
And in Middlesex was bred the pretty Dandy, O.

It wears a low-crown'd hat,
And a spruce wig under that,
To hide it's hair so caroty and sandy, O,
With painted eye-brows too,
Of a beautiful dark hue,
And false whiskers grace the smooth checka of the
Dandy, O.

The creature wears no shirt,
 Nor waistcoat—shape to hurt,
 But large neckcloth and sham collar cheap and hand-
 dy, O.

Wish a short and small great coat,
 Entitled a fourtout,
 And a pair of flays to keep in shape the Dandy, O.

With wise gloves on its hands,
 A pair of sham wristhands,
 And trowsers to conceal its legs so bandy, O,
 With boots and spurs complete,
 But no stockings on its feet,
 And like a cloek work figure moves the Dandy, O.

It commonly affails,
 Young and beautiful females,
 But from men shrinks into any hole that's handy O,
 The thing is dull and tame,
 And answers to the name
 Of Exquisite, and Exquisite's quite the Dandy, O.

Whoever finds the thing,
 And will it kindly bring
 To the Chandler's shop in George Street so handy O,
 Shall by its mother there,
 Who lives in the Three Pair,
 Be thankfully rewarded for her Dandy, O.

Rob Roy Macgregor.

PARDÓN now the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Grant him mercy gentles a',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Let the Highland laddie free,
 Mak us sing wi' muckle glae,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

FRANK.

Long the fate has doomed his fa',
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Still he spurned the hateful law,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Scots can for their country die;
 Ne'er from Briton's foe they flee;
 A' that's past forget—forgie
 Rob Roy, &c.

Pardon, now &c.

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Lang' your favours hae been mine,
 Favours I will ne'er resign—
 Welcome then for auld lang yne,
 Rob Roy, &c.

Pardon now, &c.

The Savoyard Boy.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

I came from a land far away,
 My parents to keep me were poor
 To please you I sing and I play,
 Yet a living can scarcely procure
 About sad and hungry I go,
 Though smiling, as if 'twere with joy,
 Then a trifle in pity bestow,
 To relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

When round me the children I see
 So careless and happy appear,
 I sigh while they listen to me,
 And oft as I sigh drop a tear!
 I cannot help thinking that they
 Can fly to their parents with joy,
 While mine, they are far, far away,
 Then relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

Should I return to that land far away,
 My poor helpless parents to see,
 With me, they for ever would pray
 For the kindness you lavished on me.
 Oh had I the means to repay
 Their kindness, I would then with joy,
 Then turn not in pity away,
 But relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

F I N I S.