

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

DYSTER'S MISTAKE.

The Tipperary Beauty.

MARY NEAL.

Banks of the Bawn.

Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren, Cowgate.

DYSTER'S MISTAKE.

HERE was an old Dyster that had a young wife.

These two lived together a quarrelsome life,
The Dyster was jealous and not without cause,
For there was a young Hatter that play'd him a
pauſe.

It happened one evening the Dyſter's from home,
She ſent for the Hatter who inſtantly came ;
Of half an hours pleaſure ! 'm ſure they'd no
more

When that the old Dyſart came rap to the door.

Oh there is my husband my dear joy and heart,
And if that he ſees you he will run ſtark mad ;
But into the cupboard, I will lock you faſt,
And when he is gone love, then you ſhall get paſt

She opened the door and the Dyſter came in,
By curſing and ſearching the rooms up and down
Then unto the cupboard at laſt he did go,
And found the young Hatter in ſorrow and wo.

He locked the door and ſecured the key,
Then back to his company ſtraight he did flee,
And curſing and ſwearing and raging to them,
He ſwore the young Hatter ſhould ſtarve in his
den.

His wife she being then in a pitiful case
 She tried all the keys that was in the place,
 At length she got one that opened the door,
 And set the young Hatter to freedom once more

Now my dear jewel since now you are free'd,
 To save both our credits with joy and great speed
 I will lock the great mastiff dog up in your knee
 So that my husband may not know the deed.

Late in the evening her husband came hom,
 With all his brave neighbours every one.
 Of our good wifes gallant you have often heard
 say.
 She has had him locked up in the cupboard all
 day.

He opened the cupboard the dog he jump out,
 Made all his brave neighbours to laugh at the fun
 To see that he knew not a dog by a man,
 With skipping and fanning the neighbours about,

It's now my dear husband, it's very well known,
 You have scandalized me both out and in,
 But if you no more do so I'll forgive you this,
 With that she flew to him and gave him a kiss,

It's now my dear wife it is very well known
 That I have scandalized you both out and in,
 But if any one do so I'll make i m to quake,
 Dear wife now you see how ahn's in mistake.

THE TIPPERARY BEAUTY.

AS I was walking on a summers morning,
 I met my darling by a shadey grove,
 I kindly saluted her with kisses most charming,
 No other maiden but her I adore;
 Her sweet lovely features my heart has en-
 flamed.

O cruel cuipd you have wounded me;
 O Molly my dear if you marry any one,
 Leave your friends and come along with me.

This beautiful fair one you'll scarce find her
 equal,

She appear'd like a star from heaven doth fall,
 Her eyes are black as floss, her cheek like the
 Her modest behaviour better than all;

roses,
 I could get my choice of many a fair one,
 From Cashel to Thurles they would run with
 us,

And if you consent my dear we'll be married,
 In the County Tipperary your dwelling shall
 be.

I am a bold herce from the county Tipperary
 Scarce my fellow there is to be found,
 For dancing and drinking and pleasing the girls
 This is the way my sorrows I'll drown,
 I have a guinea to spend and to lend to a stran-
 ger,

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By this I am welcome wherever I go
When the reckoning is paid who cares for the
landlady,
Sweet Tipperary my love two and two.

For your silly fortune I do not regard it,
Nor for your father I care not a bean,
I have a snug farm both cattle and corn,
I am very well able a wife to maintain,
All I require is you my desire.
Give me your hand as we're both all alone,
And send for the Clergy and we will be mar-
ried,
You'll live like a lady my darling at home.

His trifle of Gold I do not regard it,
Nor upon my honour it's little I care,
For while he's thinking brave boys I'll be Drink-
ing,
And like a good fellow pay down on the nail,
She said my dear jewel I will not be cruel,
Now as I find you are loyal inclin'd,
I don't care if you blame me I'll ne'er forsake,
you,
Neither father nor mother shall alter my mind

The rest of my friends I do not regard them
Get yourself ready before the break of day,
We'll set off for the county of Tipperary,
Young Nancy Rowan will carry the sway;
Now I gain my darling in spite of her father,
Altho' it was his study my life to betray,

He thought to hide her where I could not find
But closely I watched her by night and by day.

MARY NEAL.

ONCE I loved a damsel was beautiful and fair
My heart she has entangled, and drew me
in a snare, (breast,
No comfort joy, nor pleasure can I find in my
Since this fairest of all creatures has deprived me
of my rest,

Of late I am ensnared by that fair turtle dove,
She lately has descended from the powers above,
I hope to gain her favour, I hope she will not fail
She's the flower of all this nation they call her
Mary Neal,

Mary Neil it is her name as you may understand,
She's matchless in her beauty, in this her native
land, (white,
She's proper tall and handsome, her skin it is milk
She far excels the morning star or dew that falls by
night.

The bold undaunted Hector, king Priams royal son
Against the bloody Grecians, he many a battle won
His helmet and his crown of gold he laid down at
her feet,
This Heroe was enchanted by this damsel so neat.

This matchless fair creature the diamond does out-
shine,
The great Sagay by verity she made him to decline.

It was he that courted Helen and stole her out of
Greece.

But if I do not gain her, the wide world I will
range,
It's over hills and mountains, through groves
and plains,
I would ask no better fortune than to embrace her
charms,
Like King George with Queen Charlotte when he
enroll'd her in his arms.

THE BANKS OF THE BAWN.

IN noisy harbour call'd sweet Hill town,
On mountains clear fountains they did me sur-
ound,
I spyed a fair female as you may understand,
That was viewing small fishes on the river Bawn.

I stepped up to her and this to her did say,
Fair nature has formed you all hearts to betray,
If you will come with me my dear, I am the one,
That will be your true guardian on the river Bawn

I will not go with you young man she did say,
For you are a stranger and will me betray,
I a chaste virgin would break the command,
Your absence is a cordial on the river Bawn,

May Phoenix and Luna in dark eclipses mourn,
And the gulf of Venus and sulphur mines burn,

May the wide ocean return to dry land,
I ever prove false to you on the river Bawn,

At length my persuasions began to take place,
I knew by the blushes that shewed on her face,
Her feet they d'd slide on a quick bed of sand,
And she fell in my arms on the river Bawn.

And when that she came to her senses again,
Says dearest Willie do not me disdain,
You have undone me my dear out of hand,
Come let us be married on the river Bawn,

I cannot yet marry I am a poor prentice bound,
To a linnen weaver in high Stiffryline town,
When my time is out here is my hand,
That we will be married on the river Bawn.

Since it is so fir pray tell me your name,
The place that you live or from where you came,
My name it is Will Angler from sweet Murrays
land,
My dwelling a lies on the river Bawn.

Come all you fair maideas where ever you be,
When you fall a thinking of my sad distiney,
Never go a roving by one or two o'er the dawn,
For fear of Will Angler that roves on the Bawn

F I N I S.