

THREE EXCELLENT

NEWSONGS

Young Doctor Stafford,

Tonald'mong the Barm

The Happy Soldier.



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DOCTOR STAFFORD.

ONE ev'ning as I walked
 down by the rocks of Moile,
 I having all things ready
 just going to see a friend ;
 It's there I spied a young man
 of wit and beauty bright,
 And to my sad misfortune
 he's prov'd my heart's delight.

I cannot blame this young man
 because he does not know ;
 I'm afraid the want of money
 will be my overthrow ;
 I'm afraid the want of money
 will my sad ruin prove ;
 One look from his sweet glances
 would cure the pains of love.

We'll send for doctor Richeson,
 he being a man of skill,
 To see the weaver's daughter,
 whose lying very ill :
 To see the weaver's daughter,
 on sick bed where she lay,
 All for the doctor's prentice,
 who stole her heart away.

It's in came doctor Richeson,
 likewise his brother John,

Like wise the doctor's prentice,
 for they all came in :
 They stood before her bed,
 they stood all in a row,
 But when she saw young Stafford,
 her colour pale did grow.

She lifted up her head from
 the pillow where she lay,
 She said young doctor Stafford,
 love, use me tenderly ;
 He handed her a drink,
 and not one word did say ;
 Tears came rolling down his cheeks
 on the pillow where she lay,

She lifted up her head,
 with a heavy sigh said she,
 I pray young doctor Staffard,
 love, use me tenderly ;
 or I'm sick and very bad,
 and in a deep decay.
 He said, my dear, if you be spar'd,
 it's marry'd we will be,

He slipped off his shoes,
 and softly went behind,
 And for three weeks and better
 he did her close attend,
 The last words that she spoke
 her voice was slow but clear :

All goodneefs be my darling's guide,
 he's the boy that I love dear.

I am a sporting young man,
 fcarce 18 years of age,
 And many a pretty girl
 did with me engage ;
 Many a pretty girl has
 fallen in love with me ;
 Bnt the weaver's daughter lov'd me beft,
 fhe died for love of me

One eyeping as I walked
 down by her fathes land,
 A Waf came o'er my foulder
 which put me to a ftand,
 The neighbours they do fay
 that her fpirit it haunts me,
 Put I am fure they're wrong,
 fhe left no blame on me,

It's ftraightway in Bedlam
 this young man was confin'd,
 Quite bereft of fenfes,
 and in iron chains bound.
 Her fpirit came unto him,
 faying young man revive,
 For I ne'er was ordain'd
 to be your wedded wife.

TONALD AMONG THE BARM,

Tune.—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

MY joe is come, that was abroad,
 Frae Glasgow city, a' the road,
 Mony a weary step he trode,
 Me oft he did alarm,
 In sleep, with love when I did nod,
 In dreams, I thought of his abode,
 You must not think it strange nor odd,
 'Tis Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

Brisk Tonal'd is the lad for me,
 For he hath an enchanting e'e,
 'Fore all the lads he bears the glee,
 His kilt will keep me warm.

And O but he'll be kind to me,
 For he will gi'e me brochan-tea,
 And bread and cheese, and black rapee,
 'Tis Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

Tho' lads I've had that lo'ed me well,
 Yet I will gi'e them a' the heel,
 Tho' they should a' gae to the de'il,
 And do themsel's much harm.

My joe he is a blooming chiel,
 More ribbons on my cap I'll seal,
 I'll dress mysel' from head to heel,
 For Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

His youthfu' and his valiant face,
 For O I'm glad at this my case,

He'll be n' houra' out'a my race,
 Of Clashans in a swarm.
 The lads, in love, they did me chace,
 But none of them could win the race,
 For they were a' as fast as lace,
 But Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

Ye mountain goats, on Lochonoch,
 Ye mourtain clans, on Badenoch,
 Ye Lords, and Dukes, at Frechonoch.
 Protect him from all harm;
 Crom itch and scab, on hip and hoch,
 onfine for ever in your loch,
 L—d with brimestane keep it off
 My Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

When Tonal'd he comes hame at e'en,
 I'll brush his nose, and wash his een,
 And kindly I'll cast aff his sheen,
 And gi'e his feet a warm.

When supper's o'er and a' is done,
 And a' the nehours quiet aboon,
 And then in bed, a honey moon,
 Wi' Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

Cousins, in thousands, Tonal'd has,
 And when they're dead, and in their claife,
 We'll get their wills and legacies,
 And plaids to keep us warm.

Adieu ye swains upon the braes,
 That look't on me with loving eyes,
 Now cease, and do not tak' surprife
 At Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

Murdochs in hundreds, be it kent,
 And durks, and pistols, a' frae Trent,
 M'Alpins to a great extent,
 And Tonalds in a swarm.

With these, and more, I'll be acquaint,
 When I turn m'eyes, and look a'q u,
 That lucky day, I drew my rent,
 With Tonald 'mong the barm.

First son I ha'e, I'll Tonald call,
 For that's the best name o' them a',
 Nainfel she winna flinch for twa,
 The French she will alarm;
 When fae her side, her durk will draw,
 They then in squads will rin awa,
 Crying L—d ha'e mercy on us a'
 Fae Tonald 'mong the barm.

I'm gaan wi' Tonald to the North,
 To yon blue hills, beyond the Forth,
 In equipage of mighty worth,
 Linken in his arm.

To see the craigs that gave him birth,
 To dance and fling, with highlant mirth,
 To dance and fling, with highlant mirth,
 Wi' Tonald 'mong the barm

Ye lasses a', tak' my advice
 A Tonald take', if ye be wise,
 For here they are, as thick as mice,
 And ay their hearts are warm,
 For when their highlant blood doth rise,
 And all their fury in a blaze,

Then dthy truly sympathise,
Like Tonal'd 'mong the barm.

But now he's gone! my Tonal'd's dead!
His body's now as cold as lead!
I'll wrap him in his Mither's Plaid,
 'Twill keep him frae a' harm.
See how the sprightliest flower doth fade!
For low, in dust, he now is laid!
I'll lay a millifane on his head,
 And then bewail the barm!!

The Happy Soldier.

HOW happy's the soldier who lives on
his pay, (a day;
And spends half a crown out of sixpence
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor
bums, (his drums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his
With a row de dow. row de dow, &c.
And pays all his debts with the roll, &c.
He cares not a maravy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money,
and clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.
 With a row de dow, &c.
The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight:
Nogiri when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the
drum. With a row de dow, &c.