



THE BONNY
Blue Handkerchief.

As I was walking one morning in May,
A bonny young lass came tripping that way,
Her cheeks red as roses, so cheerfully did sing,
With a bonny blue handkerchief tied under her chin.

Where so fast said I and got round the waist,
I am going to my work said she, in great haste,
For to work in yon factory where cotton I spin,
With my bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin,

But why wear you that handkerchief tied round your
head?

It's my country fashion kind sir, she said,
And you know that the fashion I like to be in,
With my bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin.

But why wear you that colour that grows in the vale?
Because its true blue sir and that never doth fail,
Like a sailor's blue jacket that fights for his king,
Is my bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin.

Then to kiss her sweet lips I was going to begin,
Q! stop sir, she said, while I tell you one thing,
He that kisses these lips must first shew a gold ring,
To this bonny blue handkerchief under my chin.

With gold and with silver I tried all in vain,
She smil'd in my face with a scornful disdain,
Saying it is not your gold sir, that one kiss will win,
For this bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin.

This bonny blue handkerchief my love he gave me,
He told me the colour was ne'er false to be,
And to him I'll prove true as the colour that's in,
His dear bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin,

When he heard her so loyal he could not forbear,
He flew to her arms and he called her his dear,
Saying my dearest jewel here is the ring,
To that bonny blue handkerchief that's under your chin.

To church then they went, and were married with speed,
Now this loving couple live happy indeed,
When their days work is over so cheer'ly they sing,
On that bonny blue handkerchief tied under her chin.



THE JOLLY ROVER.

Here I come, but seldom seen,
I spend my time in pleasure,
A tailor's bill I ne'er fulfilled,
For I never knew the measure,
As for the coat that's on my back,
I never was the owner,
Nor never do I intend to be,
But will be a jolly Rover.

To-morrow morn I am for tramp,
My shoes are in bad order,
My stockings are about my heels,
For I seldom wear a garter.
But while I have a penny at all,
I never will give it over
Until old age doth me engage,
I'll be a jolly Rover.

Over Dundee in haste I came,
To learn the art of weaving,
O there I espied a pretty fair maid,
Her looks they were engaging.
She said that while my cash did last,
She ne'er would give it over,
She said my dear how can we part,
My young and jolly Rover.

I can play at cards or dice,
As well as any other,
I can kiss a pretty fair maid,
And afterwards deny her,
For kissing is a foolish thing,
I mean to give it over,
I mean to marry her at once,
And be no more a Rover.

I can heckle a stone of lime,
As well as any other,
And I can dress as fine as silk,
To please a farmer's daughter,
And when its done I'll take it home,
And give it to the owner,
You jovial souls fill up your bowls
Here comes the jolly Rover.

I can dance and I can sing,
With young girls be engaging,
But since that I am so in love,
I must give over ranging,
And when I'm dead and in my grave,
Then you may read it over,
Here lies poor Jack, the heckler lad,
Who was once a jolly Rover.

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