



The New Garden

FIELDS.

Come all you pretty fair maids, I pray now attend,
 Unto the few lines I am going to pen,
 It is of lovely Mary, I am going to write,
 She is my whole study, and dreams all by night.

The 18th of August, the 8th month of the year,
 Down by New Garden Fields where I met my dear,
 She appeared like a goddess or some one divine,
 That came like a torment to torture my mind.

I am no torment young man she did say,
 I am pulling those flowers so fresh and so gay,
 I am pulling those flowers which nature doth yield,
 And I take great delight in the New Garden Field.

I said lovely Mary, dare I make so bold,
 Your lilly white hand for a moment to hold,
 It would grant me more pleasure than all my store,
 So grant me this favour and I'll ask no more.

But then she replied, I fear you but jest,
 If I thought you in earnest, I'd think myself blest,
 My father is coming these words she did say,
 So fare you well young man for I must away.

Now she has left me in the bands of love
 Kind cupid protect me, and ye powers above,
 Kind cupid protect me, and now take my part,
 For she's guilty of murder and quite broke my heart.

She turned and said young man I pity your moan,
 I'll leave you no longer for to sigh alone,
 I'll go with you to some foreign part,
 You are the first man that won my heart.

We'll go to church on Sunday and married be,
 And join hands in wedlock and sweet unity,
 And join hands in wedlock and vow to be true,
 And to father and mother we'll bid adieu.



BRITISH TARS ARE

HEARTS OF

OAK.

British tars are hearts of oak,
 Singing very merrily ;
 Ev'n in fight they laugh and joke,
 Meeting danger cheerily ;
 Yo, yo, yea ;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.

And tho' death around him flies
 Still the dauntless sailor cries,
 Sponge the guns, boys, merrily,
 Ram the balls home cheerily,
 Yo, yo, yea ;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak right merrily.

Wrapt in clouds of thickest smoke
 Hear him singing merrily,
 Fearless still he'll have his joke
 Braving peril cheerily,
 E'en midst the hottest fight,
 Hear him singing with delight,
 Sponge the guns, boys, merrily,
 Yo, yo, yea ;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.

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