



THE GARLAND of LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain,
And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the grove;
And sweet are the breezes that blow o'er the mountain,
Yet none are so sweet as the lad that I love.

CHORUS.

Then I'll weave him a garland,
A fresh blowing garland,
With lilies and roses,
And sweet blooming posies,
A garland I'll give to the lad that I love.

It was down in yon vale where the Teesa is gliding,
It's murmuring streams ripple through the dark grove,
I own that I felt all my passions confiding,
To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave, &c.

Should heaven prove kind and unite us together,
That I might live happy in the arms of my swain;
But if he proves false, gives his heart to another,
For me to seek pleasure it would be in vain,

Then I'll weave, &c.

The lark and the thrush they arise in the morning,
Their voices melodious to sing through the grove:
I own it was pleasant, delightful and charming,
But not to compare to the charms of my love.

Then I'll weave, &c.

KELVIN GROVE.

Printed and Sold by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-Street, Durham.—Hawkers and Travellers supplied upon reasonable Terms, with a large assortment of Songs, Ballads, &c.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie O,
Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie O,
Where the rose in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight faeries glide bonnie lassie O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie O
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie O
Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie O,
With the songster in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie O
To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie O
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie O,
Ere the golden orb of day,
Wake the warblers from the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie O
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie O,
Wilt thou Ellen, when thou'lt hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie O.

