

Young Morgan's

GARLAND,

Containing several excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The wandering Shepherdes.
- II. Young *Morgan*.
- III. The *Scotch* Plaids.
- IV. The *British* Gun.



Licensed and entered according to Or. Act.



The wandering SHEPHERDES'S GARLAND.



The wandering Shepherdess.

A WONDER of wonders to you I relate,
 Concerning a Lady born to an Estate;
 But because she was constant and true to her Love,
 Like a shepherdess thro' the wide World did rove.

Her Father a rich 'Squire no Child had but she,
 She lov'd a young Shepherd who for her did die;
 As soon as her Father their love understood,
 He murder'd the Shepherd in a furious Mood.

But this constant Lady her vows would not break,
 Resolv'd to wander for this Shepherd's Sake;
 And so took her Journey with no other Stock,
 But the Crook of the Shepherd and his little Flock.

Who followed her closely wherever she went,
 Her Voice still obey'd which gave her content;
 In the Field if she sleep'd they lay by her side,
 If long she stay'd from them mournfully cry'd.

In *Westchester* City she was taken ill,
 And departed this life the twenty-third of *April*:
 While during her illness her faithful small Flock,
 Both Night and Day watch'd close by her Bed-stock.

Sure no human Creature more grief could shew,
 Or their dearest relations than these Creatures do,
 When her corps were interring they stood by the grave,
 And with the deepest concern they all did behave.

All Day they go forth and feeds on the plain,
 And at Night returns to her Grave back again;
 And closely lies round it as meaning to screen,
 The Corpes of their Mistrefs from cold wind & rain.

But during her illness they minded no Food,
 But Night and Day watch'd by their Mistrefs's Bed,
 When dying said to them now you I must leave,
 These harmless Creatures they sorely did grieve,

She charged them straightly to wander no more,
 But closely keep by her as they did before;
 In sign of obedience they made her a Bow,
 As much as to say we'll never leave you.

Few Children's so grateful to their parents dear,
 Nor half the humility in them appear,
 As in those poor Creature whose love is so strong,
 To their faithful Shepherdess to whom they belong.

But something from this surely may be infer'd,
 True love before Riches still should be prefer'd;
 A promise is secret whoever break's the same,
 No peace in their Conscience can ever retain.

All you young Women your promise pray keep,
 Remember the Shepherdess and her kind Sheep,
 If you are as faithful and constant as she,
 You will still be regarded wherever you be.



A new Song call'd Morgan.

YOUNG *Morgan* was a lasty Blade,
 No Youth had better Courage,
 Much Gold he got on the Highway,
 That made him gaily flourish;

Grand Bagnios were his Lodging then,
 Among the flashy Lasses,
 Soon he became a Gentleman,
 And left off making Firkins.

I scorn'd poor People for to rob,
 I thought it so my Duty;
 But when I met the Rich and Gay,
 On them I made my Booty,
 Stand and deliver was the Word,
 I must have no Denial,
 But alas! poor *Morgan* has chang'd his Note
 Now he is brought to trial.

I robb'd for Gold and Silver bright
 For to maintain my Misses,
 And we saluted when we met,
 With most melodious Kisses;
 After sweet Meat comes sour Sauce,
 Which brought me to Repentance;
 For now at last I'm tried and cast,
 And going to receive my Sentence.

Upon *Hanslow Heath* and *Barwick* too,
 I oft made my Approaches,
 Like Light'ning I and my Horse did fly,
 When heard the Sound of Coaches:
 Stand and deliver was the Word,
 I must have no Denial,
 Alas! poor *Morgan* has chang'd his note
 Now he is brought to trial.

The first of all I was call'd up,
 In order for my Trial,
 The first of all I was call'd up,
 In order for my Trial,
 With my Beaver and Surrout Coat,
 I stood a bold Denial;

I stood as bold as *John of Gaunt*,
 All in my rich Attire,
 I ne'er seem'd daunted in the least,
 Which made the Court admire.

From *Newgate* thro' *St Giles's*
 Me and my *Moll* were carted,
 But when we came to the Gallows Tree
 Me and my *Moll* were parted:
 So I took my Leave of all my Friends,
 Likewise my flashy blowing,
 For now at last am tried and cast,
 Out of the World I'm going.

I thought I heard the People say,
 As I rode through the City,
 That such a clever Youth as I,
 To die it was a Pity,
 I thought I heard such Cries as those,
 Which set my Tears a flowing,
 But now alas! I'm tried and cast,
 And out of the World am going.

I am the Captain of the Gang,
 All in my low Condition,
 But now I'm going to be hang'd
 I'll throw up my Comission;
 So why should I refuse to die
 Now here or ever after,
 The Captain he leads on the Van,
 His Men must follow after.



A new Song, called the, *Scotchs Plaids*

COME hither all good people give ear to
 this request,
 of the *Edinbrough* regiment marching into *Dumfries*

All shining in broad armour, as you plainly may see,
with drums and fifes along with them to bear them
company.

It was the forth of July Lord *Linock's* men came here.
They were both young and sprightly, fac'd up
with yellow clear;

For bounty and behaviour I soeultmny declare
There's not been such a regime; here this many year.

O, they dazzle the young lasses eyes as they walk
on the street,

And if they meet them in a lane, they kifs 'em sweet;
Saying will you go along with me, my bonny,
bonny las,

And I'll wrap you in my gray plad, and roll you
on the grafs.

O I will go along with you and be your bonny las,
I love to be with your plad and roll on the grafs,
But what will my mother say, my lad, if she
should chance to see

Me roll'd in your grey plad, and sitting on your knee

Mind not your mother, my dear jewel, altho, she
seem to pine,

I'll take you to *Mizorca*, and there give you
good wine;

Both wine and sack you shall drink of as soon
as you get there,

And I will wrap you in my grey plad if rain doth
appear,

O I will go along with you and take you by the Hand,
But I fear your Colonel will stop me when we
leave the land:

But he said my dearest Jewel, he loves us as his life
And gave it out in orders each man that had a wife

That she should go along with him and bear him
company,

And I'll roll you in my grey plad when we are
on the sea.

So they'll to *Minorca* go, if they should all go mad
 And leave the Scottish lands for the bonny Spanish wine

Now some they are repenting for their being behind,
 And very sore perplex'd and troubled in their mind,
 Saying if we had taken their advice and with
 them had been wed,
 We might have gone along with them beneath
 their grey plad.

So now for to conclude those lines that I have made,
 They're gone to *Minorca* may Heaven be their guide,
 leave in peace and unity as long as life may last,
 And when they return again with true lov may be
 be blest.



The *BRITISH* Gun.

O When we are on the Seas brave Boys,
 Where thundering Cannons roar;
 Cheer up my Hearts of Honour,
 We will fight for the British Shore.

We will cut them and slash them,
 While down the Billows Boys they run,
 Whilst all the Swag runs down,
 By the Sound of a British Gun.

Hard Weather goes the Wheel,
 We will board them on the Laboard-side,
 With our Pistols in our Hands,
 And our Poll-ax's by our sides.

We will cut them and slash them,
 While down the Billows Boys they run, We

Whilst all the Swag runs down,
By the Sound of a British Gun.

Behold these Lines disclosed and composed,
By your faithful Swain, be not discomposed.
My sweet Rose, when you read the same,
But seriously pursue & muse my torment-
ing pain.

Nigh to a pleasant Garden well garnished
with Flowers fine,
I do compare my Darling, my charming
sweet Rose divine,
For Modesty and Wit she is well garnish'd
on every side,
Her Chastity, Excellency, Humility, and
Beauty bright.

And you will find it's Love that caused me
to write the same,
Your Modesty has gain'd you great Fa-
vour in this Country

G——ever may obtain you,
G——keep you from Injury,
So let it not be said that a Maid of such Qua-
lity,
That ever should destroy a young Boy for his
Loyalty.

So come and take my Corps Love,
And bury them without Control,
And lay them in the Grave to decay in Dust
and Mould; 10 30 52
So take my Corps and bury them,
Under a Bristol Marble-stone,
And send a Workman brave to engrave
These few Verses down.

Young Morgan's garland, containing several excellent new songs. I. The wandering shepherdess. II. Young Morgan. III. The Scotch plaids. IV. The British gun. Licenced and [entered] according to Order. S.n., [1775?]. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, link.gale.com/apps/doc/CW0110589823/ECCO?u=nd_ref&sid=bookmark-ECCO&xid=e5999e80&pg=4. Accessed 10 Feb. 2023.