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# The New Garden Field

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# ROSIN THE BEAU.

## THE NEW GARDEN FIELD.

Hodges, from Pitts, Wholesale Toy and Marble  
Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.

COME all you pretty fair maids I pray now  
attend,

Unto these few lines I am going to pen,  
Its of loving Mary I'm going to write,  
She's my whole study and dreams all 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 young  
divine,

That came like a torment to torture my mind.  
am no torment young man she did say,  
am pulling those flowers so fresh and so gay,  
I am pulling those flowers which nature doth  
yield,

And I take great delight in those New Garden  
Fields.

I said lovely Mary, dare I make so bold,  
Your lily white hand for a moment to hold,  
It would give me more pleasure than all  
earthly store,

So grant me this favour & I'll ask you no more.  
It's then she replied, I fear you but jest,  
If I thought you in earnest I'd think myself  
blest,

My father is coming, those words she did say,  
So fare you well young man for I must away.  
Now she has left me all in the hands of love,  
King Cupid protect me and you powers above  
King Cupid protect me and now take my part,  
For she's guilty of murder and quite broke my  
heart,

She turned & said young man, I pity your moan  
I'll leave you no longer for to sigh alone,  
I will go along with you to some foreign parts,  
You are the first young man that won my heart  
We'll go to the church on Sunday and married  
we'll be,

We'll join hands in wedlock and sweet unity,  
We'll join hands in wedlock and vow to be true.  
And father and mother we will bid adieu



## ROSIN THE BEAU

I HAVE travelled this wide world over,  
And now to another I'll go,  
I know that good quarters are waiting  
To welcome old Rosin the beau,  
To welcome old Rosin the beau,  
To welcome old Rosin the beau,  
I know that good quarters are waiting  
To welcome old Rosin the beau.

Then I'm dead & laid out on the counter  
A voice you will hear from below,  
Singing out whisey and water,  
To drink to old Rosin the beau.

And when I am dead I reckon  
The ladies will all want to know,  
Just lift the lid of the coffin,  
And look at old Roin the beau.

You must get some dozen good fellows,  
And stand them all round in a row  
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,  
To the name of old Roin the beau.

Get four or five good jovial fellows,  
And let them all staggering go,  
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,  
And in it toss Roin the beau.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,  
Place one at my head and my toes,  
And do not fail to scratch on it,  
The name of old Rosin the beau.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,  
That cruel, implacable foe,  
who spares neither age nor condition,  
Nor even old Rosin the beau.