

# The Soldier's Return ;

To which are added,

## Lilies of the Valley.

### Low down in the Broom.

STEER HER UP AND HA'D HER GAWN.




---

STIRLING.  
Printed by W. Maenig.

1825.

---

---

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

When wild war's deadly blast had blaw,  
And gentle peace returning  
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
That had been blear'd with mourning.  
I left the lines and tented field  
Where lang I had been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor, but honest sodger.

A leal light heart heat in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd with plunder,  
And for fair Scotia hame again,  
I cheery on did wander :  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile,  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the boony glen,  
Where early life I sported,  
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted,

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling,  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood,  
 That in my ee was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet maid,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,  
 O happy, happy may he be  
 That's dearest to my bosom.  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 Fain wad I be thy lodger ;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
 Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier grew than ever,  
 Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never ;  
 Our humble cot and hancely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake o't ;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 You're welcome for the sake o't,

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,  
 Syne pale as ony lillie,  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie ?

4  
By him that made yon sea and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man, and thus may still,  
true lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted,  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And, mair we'so ne'er be parted.  
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailling plenished fairly,  
Come then, my faithful sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant plows the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor,  
But glory is the soldier's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honour.  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember, he's bis country's stay,  
In day and hour of danger.

---

### LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flowery dales,  
O'er seas and distant shores,

With merry songs and jocund tales,  
 I've pass'd some pleasat hours,  
 Tho' wandering thus, I ne'er could find  
 A girl like blithesome Sally ;  
 Who picks and culls and cries aloud,  
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the hartowed turf,  
 From nestling of each tree,  
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
 So social gay and free.  
 Yet tho' the ladies love me well,  
 And often try to rally,  
 None pleases me like her who cries,  
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,  
 To see my native soil ;  
 From fighting in my country's cause,  
 To plough my country's soil :  
 I care not which with either pleased,  
 So I possess my Sally  
 That little merry nymph, who cries,  
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

~~What many a sweet girl has  
been made a widow by~~  
**LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.**

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
He'll no twine wi' his gear,  
My minny is a scolding wife,  
Hauds a' the house asteer.

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a' ane to me;  
For he's low down he's in the broom,

That's waiting on me.

Waiting on me, my love

Waiting on me  
For he's low down he's in the broom,

That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,

And sair she lightlies me;

But weel I ken it's a' envy,

For ne'er á joe has she.

But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguild,

Wi' Johnny in the glen;

7  
 And ay since syne, she cries, boware  
 Of false deluding men.  
 But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came wast ae night,  
 And spier'd when I saw Pate :  
 And ay since syne the neighbours round,  
 They jeer me air and late.

But let them say or let them do,  
 It's e' ane to me,  
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad,  
 That's waiting on me,  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He's waiting on me ;  
 For he's low down in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

---

STEER HER UP AND HA'D HER GAW'N.

O steer her up and ha'd her gaw'n,  
 her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 e'en her let tak her will, jo.

Pray thee, lad leave silly thinking,  
 cast thy cares of love away ;  
 Let our sorrows drown in drinking,  
 'tis daffin' langer to delay ;

See that shining glass of claret,  
 how invitigly it looks ;

Tak it aff and let's hae mair o't,  
 pax on fighting, trade, and bookr.

Let's ha'e pleasure while we're able,  
 bring us in the meikle bowl,  
 Plae't on the middle of the table,  
 and let wind and weather gowl.

Ca'l the drawer, let him fill it  
 fou, as ever it can hold :  
 ● tak tent ye dinna spill it,  
 'tis mair precious far than gold.

By you've drunk a doz:n bumpers,  
 Bacchus will begin to prove  
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,  
 drinking better is than love.

FINIS.