

# Soldier's Return,

WITH HIS

## KIND RECEPTION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SATURDAY'S NIGHT AT SEA:

BUXOM NAN OF DOVER:

JAMIE GAY on the RIVER TWEED.


LIBERTY MUCH TO BE DESIRED.



G L A S G O W,

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## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—THE MILL, MILL O.

**W**hen wild war's deedly blast was blawn,  
 and gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
 that had been bleer'd with mourning;  
 I left the lines, and tainted field  
 where long I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 a poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,  
 my hands unstain'd with plunder:  
 And for fair SCOTIA, hame again,  
 I cheary on did wander:  
 I thought upon the Banks o' COIL;  
 I thought upon my NANCY;  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 that caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the Lonny glen,  
 where early life I sported;  
 I past the Mill and Trysting-Thorn,  
 where NANCY aft I courted:  
 Wha spy'd I but my ain dear maid,  
 down by her mither's dwelling!  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood,  
 that in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet Lass,  
 sweet as yon hawthorn blossom;  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 that's welcome to thy bosom;  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 and fain wad be a lodger;  
 I've serv'd my King and Country lang,  
 tak pity on a lodger.

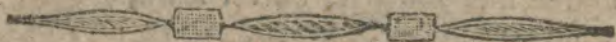
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 and lovelier was than ever;  
 Quoth she, A lodger once I lov'd,  
 forget him will I never;  
 Our humble cot, and homely fare,  
 ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redder'd like a rose—  
 syne pale like ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms and cry'd,  
 art thou my ain dear Willie?—  
 By him that made yon sun 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'll ne'er be parted.  
 Quoth she, My Grandfire left me gowd,  
 a maillin plenish'd lairy;

And come my faithful sodger lad,  
thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

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



### SATURDAY'S NIGHT AT SEA.

'T Was Saturday night, the twinkling stars,  
shone in the rippling sea:

No duty call'd the jo---vial fars,  
the helm was lath'd a---lee. the helm, &c.

The am---pie cann adorn'd the board,  
prepar'd to see it out,

Each gave the Lafs that he a---dor'd,  
and push'd the grog a---bout.  
and push'd the grog a---bout.

Cry'd honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,  
a Frigate neat and trim,

All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast;  
I'd venture life and limb. I'd, &c.

Sail for seven years and ne'er see land,  
with dauntless heart and stout,

So tight a vessel to command:  
then push the grog about. then, &c.

I'll give, cry'd little Jack, my Poll,  
 sailing in comely state,  
 Top ga'nt-sails set, she is so tall,  
 she looks like a first-rate. she looks, &c.  
 Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,  
 a voyage in life throughout,  
 No better birth I'd wish to know:  
 then push the grog about. then push, &c.  
 I'll give, cry'd I, my charming Nan,  
 trim, handsome, neat, and tight,  
 With joy, so neat a ship to man!  
 oh! she's my heart's delight. oh! &c.  
 So well she bears the storm of life,  
 I'd sail the world throughout,  
 Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife,  
 then push the grog about. then push, &c.  
 Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,  
 each his best manner tried,  
 Till summon'd by the empty cann,  
 they to their hammocks hied: they, &c.  
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,  
 though the huge cann was out;  
 For in soft vision's gentle sleep,  
 still push'd the grog about. still, &c.

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 B U X O M N A N .

**T**He wind was hush'd, the storm was over,  
 unfurl'd was e---very flowing sail,  
 From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover,  
 went with his mess-mates to regale.

All danger's o'er, cry'd he, my neathearts,  
 and still give me my buxom Nan;  
 Come bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,  
 and first I'll give my buxom Nan.  
 And first I'll give my buxom Nan.

She's none of they that's always giggling,  
 and stem and stern made up of art;  
 One knows a vessel by her rigging  
 such never slight a constant heart;  
 With straw-hat, and pink-streamers flowing,  
 how oft to meet me has she ran:  
 While for dear life would I be rowing,  
 to meet with smiles my buxom Nan. &c.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies  
 to see him stare when he came back,  
 The girls are all so off the hinges,  
 his Poll was quite unknown to Jack:  
 Taut-masted all, to see who's tallest  
 breast-works, top-ga'nt sails and a fan;  
 Mess-mates. cry'd I, more sail than ballast,  
 and still give me my buxom Nan &c.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker,  
 to show her love, or serve a friend:  
 But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,  
 this one word more, and there's an end.  
 Of all the wenches whatsoever  
 I say, then, find me out who can,  
 One half so true, so kind, so clever.  
 Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.  
 Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

## J A M I E G A Y.

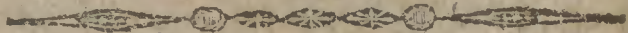
**A**S Jamie Gay ga'ed blythe his way,  
 along the river Tweed,  
 A bonny Lass, as e'er was seen,  
 came tripping o'er the mead:  
 The hearty swain untaught to feign,  
 the buxom nymph survey'd,  
 And full of glee, as lad could be,  
 bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear Lassie tell, why by thyself,  
 thou hast'ly wand'rest here?  
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,  
 can'st tell me Laddie, where?  
 To town I hy, he made reply,  
 some meikle spot to see;  
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim, and neat,  
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,  
 but lik'd the youth's intent:  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
 right merrily they went,  
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,  
 and flow'rs bloom'd all around;  
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
 and joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,  
 the zenith of his power,  
 When to the shade their steps they made,  
 to pass the mid-day hour.

The bonny Lad, row'd in his plaid  
 the best, who scorn'd to frown;  
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,  
 and he to gang to town.



LIBERTY MUCH TO BE PRIZED.

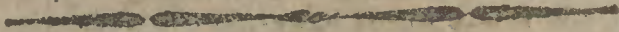
**S**INCE ev'ry charm on earth combine,  
 In Chloe's breast, in Chloe's mind,  
 Why was I born ye gods to see,  
 What robs me of my Liberty.

Until that fatal hapless day,  
 My life was lively, blythe and gay,  
 Could sport with every one but she,  
 Who robs me of my Liberty.

Think then dear Chloe ere too late,  
 That death must be my hapless fate,  
 If love and you do not agree,  
 To set my heart at Liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove;  
 Reflecting on the pains of love,  
 And envy every clown I see,  
 Enjoy the sweets of Liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,  
 And every idle care disdain,  
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,  
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.



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