

THE  
Flowers of the Forest.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

*Corn Riggs are bonny.*

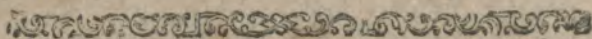
Blyth, blyth & merry was she.

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GLASGOW:  
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THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling,  
I've felt all its favours, and found its de-  
Sweet was its blessing, (cay;  
Kind its caressing,  
But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

I've seen the forest  
Adorned the foremost,  
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant  
and gay;  
See bonny was their blooming,  
Their scent the air perfuming;  
But now they are wither'd and weeded  
away.

I've seen the morning,  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempest storming before the  
mid-day.

I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
Shining in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as they row'd on  
their way.

O fickle Fortune!

Why this cruel sporting? [day?  
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a  
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,  
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,  
 For the flowers of the forest are wither'd  
 away.

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
 That had been blear'd wi' mourning.  
 I left the lines and tented fields,  
 Whar lang I'd been a lodger;  
 A humble knapsack on my back,  
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' 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 bonny 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!  
 I turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
 Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom!

My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain would be thy lodger;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang—  
 Take pity on a soldier!

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

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—

Syne pale like ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—  
 By whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man; and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wats 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'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;  
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main  
 The farmer ploughs 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.



## CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's stately in his walking;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spak,  
 That set my heart a-glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me liké to sing sinsyne,  
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chastely should be granting.  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
 And syne my cockernony  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

## ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blyth, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 O weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And hecht to keep me lawin free;  
 But cunning carlin that she was,  
 She gar'd me birl my bawbee.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

We lo'ed the liquor weel enough,  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our  
 stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 En started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum,  
 And ay the clearest drinker out,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

He did like ony mayis sing,  
 And as I in his oexter sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And meny a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

FINIS.