

The new way of

*The Soldier's Return ;*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

*The Ewe-Bughts, Marion.*

LOCHABER NO MORE.

*Mira's Lament for Charlie.*



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## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

THE War for many months was o'er,  
e'er I could reach my native shade,  
My friends ne'er thought to see me more,  
but wept for me as for the dead.

As I came by the Cottage blaze,  
the evening fire wa' shining bright,  
When through the window long I gaz'd,  
and saw each friend with fond delight,

My father in a corner sat,  
my mother drew her woeful thread,  
My brother strove to keep them chat,  
my sister bak'd the household bread.  
While Jean aft whispered to a friend,  
who still let fall a silent tear,  
But soon my Jessie's grief will end,  
she little knows her Harry's near.

My mother catch'd her silent sighs,  
and hid her face behind the rock,  
While tears did stand in all their eyes,  
but net a single word was spoke.

What should I do if in I went,  
 and joy should fill each tender heart,  
 Some story then I must invent,  
 to act the poor lame soldier's part.

I drew a bandsge o'er my face,  
 and crooked up a lying knee,  
 To think that e'en in this blest place,  
 there's not a friend knew ought of me.  
 Bae in I went, Tray wagg'd his tail,  
 and fawning to my mother ran,  
 'Come here she cries, what can you ail?  
 when my faint story I began.

changed my voice to that of age,  
 A poor old soldier lodgings crave,  
 that very name their love engag'd,  
 A soldier!—Ay the best we have.  
 My father drew me in a seat,  
 "You're welcome," with a sigh, she said,  
 My mother fry'd her best hung meat  
 while curds and cheese the table spread.

Had a son, my father said,  
 A so'dier too, but he is gone,  
 'Till you heard from him I reply'd,  
 behind me I left many a one.

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And many message have I brought,  
to families I cannot find,  
Long for John Goodman's house I've sought  
to tell him all's not far behind.

And does he live, my father said,  
my mother could not stay to speak,  
I all along my Jessie eyed,  
she sigh'd as though her heart would break  
O yes, he lives, this napkin see,  
at parting his young Jessie gave,  
He sent it with his love by me,  
to shew he yet escapes the grave.

An arrow darting from a bow,  
could not more quick the token reach,  
The patch from off my face I drew,  
and gave my tongue the well-known speech  
My Jessie dear, I softly said,  
she gaz'd and answer'd with a sigh,  
My sister look'd as half afraid,  
my mother fainted quite away.

My Father dancing round his son,  
my brother shook my hands away,  
My mother said her glass might run,  
She car'd not now how soon the day

Hoots woman, says my father dear,  
 a wedding first I'm sure we'll have,  
 I'll warrant we'll live this hundred years,  
 and maybe yet escape the grave.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?

The sun shines tweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.

The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.

My Marion's a bonny lass,  
 The blythe blink's ay in her e'e;  
 And fain would I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me,

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
 And silk on your white harse bane:  
 Fu' fain would I kiss my Marion,  
 At e'en, when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
 A cow and a brayny quey;

I'll gie them a' to my Marion.

Just on her brldal day:

And ye'se get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown,  
 Then vow but ye'll be vap'rin',  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 None dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 Wi' kirtle o' the cramasie,  
 And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,  
 I shall come west and see thee.

### LOCHABER NO MORE.

Fareweel to Lochaber and fareweel to my Jean,  
 Where hearts me with thee I've many time been,  
 For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more,  
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir:

Though born on rough seas to a far bloody shore  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,  
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd:  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd,  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it, before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I hae luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring thee a heart with love rinnin' o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

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#### FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLY.

Why, my Charly, thus to leave mh,  
 Thus to flee thy Flora's arms,

Were yon vows but to deceive me,  
 Valiant o'er my yielding charms?  
 All I bore for thee, sweet Charly,  
 Want o' sleep, fatigued wi' care,  
 Brav'd the ocean late and early,  
 Left my friends, for thou wast fair.

Sleep ye winds that waft him frae me,  
 Blow ye western breezes blow,  
 Swell the sails, for I love Charly—  
 Ah! they whisper Flora no.  
 Cold she sinks beneath yon billow,  
 Dash'd from yonder rocky shore,  
 Flora, pride and flower of Isla,  
 Ne'er to meet her Charly more.

Dark the night, the tempest howling,  
 Bleak along the western sky,  
 Hear the dreadful thunders rolling,  
 See the darted lightning fly.  
 No more we'll hear the maid of Isla,  
 Pensive o'er the winding deep.  
 Her last words were, O my Charly,  
 As she sunk into the deep.

FINIS.