

A MOST EXCELENT SONG, CALLED,
THE SODGER'S RETURN.

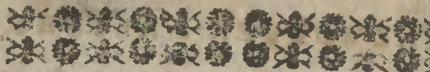
To which are added,

A THE AIRTS THE WIN CAN BLAW.

The Girl I left behind me.



Printed for the Hawkers.



THE SODGER'S RETURN

When wild war's deadly blast was blown
and gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
that had been bleer'd with mourning,
I left the lines and taint'd 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 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 youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
whar early life I sported,
I pass'd the Mill and Myrtling-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 was swelling,

his alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
happy, happy must he be.
that's welcome to thy bosom,
thy purse is light, I've far to gang;
and fain would be a lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang.
tak' pity on a sodger.

She wistfully she gaz'd on me,
and lovelier grew than ever,
so she. A sodger 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,
you're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddn'd like a rose——
so fine pale like ony lily,
she sank into my arms and cried,
art thou my ain dear Willy?—
O 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 wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 and find thee still true hearted,
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 and mair we se ne'er be parted.
 Quoth she My Grandfire left me gowd,
 a mailin plenish'd fairly;
 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.

LOVELY JEAN,

Of a' the airts the win can blaw
 I dearly like the west;
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best,
 Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 W' m'ny a hill between,
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight,
 Is ever wi' my Jean.
 I see her in the dewy flower,

Sae lovely, sweet, and fair,
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air;
 There's not a bonny flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,
 The lasses busk them braw;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a';
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest of the town;
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' dress'd in rust' goun,

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dam,
 Mair harmless canna be,
 She has nae faut (if sic we ca't)
 Except her love for me;
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
 Is like her shining e'en;
 In shape an' air wha could compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlen win's blaw fast,
 Among the leafy trees;
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees;

An' bring the lassie back to me,
 That's ay fae neat an' clean,
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean,

What fights and vows among the knowes,
 Hae past atween us twa;
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gade awa!
 The powr's aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

THE SEQUEL TO THE
 GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Yeung Sandy was a bonny lad,
 He was baith tall and handsome,
 No Scottish boy that e'er I saw
 Was so braw at pipe or dancing.

For when my darling parted me,
 His words doth still remind me;
 I know my darling loves me weel,
 Though he left me behind him.

On the links of Leith we were born baith
 Together were united,

We toyed and play'd baith night and day,
 With him I was delighted,

And with each fond and kind embrace,
 He swore he'd e'er adore me,
 I doated on his lovely face,
 He did list and go before me.

My mither said, you giddy jade,
 Why have you been so fiekle,
 Your father he's a crusty man,
 And will not part one pickle.

But let them all say what they will,
 And let them stripe and score me,
 I'll doat upon young Sandy still,
 He's listen and gone before me.

For when we'd on a party go,
 His treat was rum and brandy,
 The wenches round the dancing ground,
 All envy'd me of sandy,

Yet all in vain, he'd them disdain,
 And swore he'd e'er adore me,
 We join'd our hands he left the lands,
 And sail'd away before me.

How blest was I with Sandy dear,
 Till cruel war's alarms,
 Or warlike drums began to beat,
 Which call'd him from my arms,

To let him go to serve his king,
My love he did implore me,
He hop'd that I would follow him,
And said he'd go before me.

Both neat and trim she followed him,
Drest in a man's attire,
She said she'd follow him to the war,
And by his side expire.

'll take delight with him to fight,
Suppose the bullets bore me,
No danger e'er shall me affright,
With the boy that's gone before me.]

FINIS.