

THE
SOLDIERS DREAM,

To which are added.

Johnny Bluster's Wife.

L. Banks of Doon.

Death of Sally Roy.

Braes aboon Bonaw.

A victim of delicate love.



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Our bugles had sung, for the night cloud had lower'd

And the sentinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow-
er'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scarin' faggot, and guarded the
slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice e'er the cock crew, I dreamt it again

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far far I had roamed on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way,
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travelled so oft,
In life's morning march, when my bosom was

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,

And well know the strain which the corn-reap-
era sang.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part:

My little ones kissed me a hundred times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of
heart.

Stay stay with us! rest thou art weary and worn
And fair was the way broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.

Johnny Bluster dwelt on Tweed,
The place they call it Broadletony;

Johnny was a jolly, gude

Naam could wield a place like Johnny.

Lizie Pann was Johnny's wife,

And fine Betty was her bairn;

Sic a wife a Johnny had,

I wad a gie a button for her.

Johnny was awca half is love,

His fancy was by beauty haunted,

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Heaven shone in Lizie's e'e.
But nae the heaven Johnnie wanted ;
For Johnny courted Lizie Painch,
'Cause Lizie Painch she had the siller,
Sic a wife as Lizie Painch,
I wadna gi'e a button for her.
Lizie's face was like the moor,
Her shouther's maist as braid Samson's :
Her very picture's like the sign,
That hings aboon auld Robin Tamson's,
But dail a prin does Johnny care,
Were Lizie like the witch of Ender :
Johnny fattens on her gear—
He wadna gi'e a buttoa for her.

BANKS OF DOON.

Ye banks and braes of benny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can your blue stream clear,
When I am sae weary fu' o' care
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton on yon flowery thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft have I rov'd by banny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 What ilka bird sang of it's love,
 And sae did I wi' glee of mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 The sweetest on it's thorny tree,
 But my false love has stown the rose,
 And, oh! he's left the the thorn wi' me!

DEATH OF SALLY ROY.

Fair Lally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;
 She lost her lover and she died,
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Susy.
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.
 Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd, his martial power to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 At noon she saw the youth depart,
 At eve she lost her darling joy;

Ere night the last thro' of her heart
 Declard the fate of Sally Roy,

The virgin train in tears are seen,
 When yellow mid night fills each valley,
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally!
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
 Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
 The mourning dirge ascending high,
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Wilt thou go my bonny lassie,
 Wilt thou go my braw lassie,
 Wilt thou go say ay or no,
 To the braes aboon Bonaw lassie.

Though Donsie has na' mair phrase,
 Wi' Lalien speech, hie, lassie,
 What he'll impart, comes frae the heart,
 Sae let it be frae thine, lassie,
 Wilt thou go my bonny lassie, &c.

W' sill-r clasp I'll deck thy waist,
 W' silken snood thy hair, lassie;

Thou'll sleep 'twixt Donald and the wa',
On bed o' bent sae rare, lassie.

Wilt thou go, &c.

When simmer days clead a' the braes,
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine lassie,
At milking stool we'll j in the reel,
My flacks shall a' be thine lassie.

Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the rae, the hart, the doe,
The tarmigan sae shy lassie;
For buck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want that thee come nigh lassie.

Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and p'r wi' canny care,
I'll wylie skin the flec lassie,
Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa wi' me lassie.

"Yes I'll go, my bonny laddie,
Yes I'll go, my braw laddie,
I'll kilt my coats, and tend the goats,
On the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

Gin thou'll prove true, thou's never rue
The love thou bear'at for me, ladaie,

Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share;
 Until the day I die, laddie.
 Come awa my bonny laddie,
 Come awa my braw laddie,
 Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt and gae
 To the braes aboon Bowaw laddie.

A VICTIM TO DELICATE LOVE.

My lodging is in Leather-lane,
 A parlour that's next to the sky;
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy.
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubbina the fair.
 Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots,
 In Dyot-street Bloomsbury square.
 Oh, was I pint, quart, or gill
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands;
 Let others possess what they will,
 Of learning or houses, or lands.
 But should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended, I'll dangle in air
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury square.

FINIS.