

# THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Inverness,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
He wears a tartan dress.

## CHORUS.

Awa' wi' him awa' wi' him cushet,  
Awa' wi' him I'll go,  
I'll follow wi' my Highland lad,  
His knees are like the snow.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Peterhead,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
He wears a tartan plaid.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Aberdeen,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
With buckles on his shoon.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Loudenskirik,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
He wears the Highland dirk.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Montrose,  
Commend me to the Highland lad,  
He wears the Highland hose.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been into Dundee,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
With the kilts aboon his knee,

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been into Cupar a Fife,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
He'll take me for his wife.

Of all the towns that I have been in,  
I have been in Edinburgh,  
Commend me to my Highland lad,  
He'll marry me to-morrow.

His coat is of scarlet red,  
His phillabeg is green,  
A bra' blue bonnet on his head,  
And feathers till his e'en.

Now my lad has married me,  
And we have got bairns three,  
They will follow up their Highland chief,  
When their old daddy dees.

Awa' wi' him awa' wi' him,  
Awa' him awa' wi' him I'll go,  
I'll follow wi' my Highland lad,  
His knees are like the snow.



# POOR MAN'S LABOUR NEVER DONE.

When I was a young man I lived rarely,  
Still my mind was discontent,  
I married a wife for to lie by me,  
That was a thing I did lament.  
Fal lal, &c.

The very first night that we were married,  
I could not get a wink of sleep,  
She scratched the skin all of my shins,  
I said my honey keep down your feet.

In nine months end we got a babby,  
I took care and she neglect,  
I went dandle, dandle, dandle,  
I went dandle when it wak'd,

When I came home both wet and weary,  
Wind and weather could na' shun,  
She set me down to rock the cradle,  
The poor man's labour is never done.

But she set me down to change the hippens,  
Which was a thing I was na' fit,  
So I turned the bairn o'er and o'er,  
Till I got my hands all o'er the

Fal lal, &c.

Now all young men that do love women,  
Mind who you take for a wife,  
For if you get our Peggy's sister,  
She will lead you such a life.

For she set me down to change the hippens,  
Which was a thing I was na' fit,  
So I turned the bairn o'er and o'er,  
Till I get my hands all o'er the

Fal lal, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

[265]

