

16
No. 12.

EXCELLENT NEW

Songs,

VIZ.

The Soldier's Return,
The Heaving of the Lead,
Hal the Woodman,
The Banks O' Doon.



ALNWICK:

Printed and Sold by W. Davison.

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 field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander;
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling,
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 O! happy, happy, may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom.
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 Fain wad I be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a soldier.

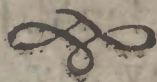
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever:
 Quoth she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him I shall never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake o't,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 You're welcome for the sake o't,

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily,
 She sunk within my arms and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willy?

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 wars 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'll ne'er be parted.
 Quoth she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin 'plenish'd fairly:
 Come then, my faithful soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honour;
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.



HEAVING OF THE LEAD,

For England when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd ;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
“ By the deep—nine !”

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view ;
An abbey-tow'r an harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
“ By the mark—seven !”

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
“ Quarter less—five !”

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh ;
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 “ Stand clear the cable ! ” is the cry—
 The anchor’s gone ; we safely ride.
 The watch is set—and thro’ the night,
 We hear the seaman with delight
 Proclaim—“ All’s well ! ”

HAL THE WOODMAN.

STAY traveler, tarry here to-night,
 The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
 The moon too has withdrawn her light,
 And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
 ’Tis seven long miles across the moor ;
 And should you from our cottage stray,
 You’ll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
 No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
 This stranger shall partake our best ;
 A cake and rasher be his fare,
 With ale, that makes the weary blest.
 Approach the hearth, there take a place ;
 And till the hour of death draws nigh,

Of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase,
 We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.
 Had I the means, I'd use you well;
 'Tis little I have got to boast;
 But should you of our cottage tell,
 Say, Hal the Woodman was your host

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant ye little birds,
 While I'm sae wae and fu' o' care?
 Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,
 That wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn,
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
 And cheerfully I join'd wi' mine,
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
 A rose out o' its thorny tree:

But my fause love has stown the rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses blaw your bonny bloom,
And draw the wild birds by the burn;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
Ah! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,
My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonny birds ye needna sing,
For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love in broken sighs,
At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'd shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wr a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes and joins the mane
I make for him I loved sae lang.

FINIS.