

The SOLDIER'S RETURN,  
*The Irish Smugglers,*

Loudon's bonny Woods and  
Braes,

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH,

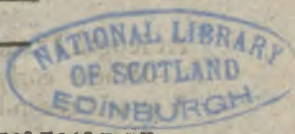
AND

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

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No. 32.



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J. FRASER, PRINTER, STIRLING.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

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WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a babe sweet fatherless,  
And mony a widow mourning:  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang 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 wi' 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 youthful fancy.

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

Wha spied I but my 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's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom.  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain would be thy lodger;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang—  
 Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier was then ever;  
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never:  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for th' sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale like ony lily;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Williie?  
 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 hante,  
 And find thee still true hearted;  
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair wese ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin' plenish'd fairly;  
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome for it dearly!

For go!d the merchant plows the main,  
 The farmer ploughs 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.

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THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

FROM Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff  
 For pebbles and shells to explore,  
 When, low! a small barrel was dropp'd from the  
 skiff,  
 Which floated, at length, to the shore:  
 Says Dermot to Pat we the owner will bilk—  
 To-night we'll be merry and frisky;  
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,  
 Dear joy, 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!  
 (Now Pat you must know, was no joker;)  
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,  
 And borrow his kitchen hot pocker.  
 'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bor'd  
 (No Bacchanals ever felt prouder,)  
 When Paddy found out a small error on board,  
 The whisky, alas! was gunpowder.

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,  
 And high in air, sported a leg;  
 Yet instinct prevails when philosophy fails,  
 So he kept a tight hold of the keg.  
 But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,  
 I'm not to be chous'd, Mr. Wiseman,  
 If you do not come down I'll run into the town  
 And, by St. Patrick, I'll tell the exciseman.

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### LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

LOUDON'S bonnie woods and braes,  
 I maun lea' them a' lassie;  
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
 Would gie Britons law, lassie?  
 Wha would shun the field of danger?  
 Wha frae fame would live a stranger!  
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha would shun her ca' lassie?

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes  
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
 And gentie hope shall sooth thy waes  
 When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings,  
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the wearie moments counting,  
 Far frae love, and thee, laddie!  
 O'er the gory fields of war,  
 When vengeance drives his crimson car,  
 'Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,  
 O suppress thy fears, lassie,  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the soldier shares, lassie;  
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,  
 'Till the vengeful strife is over;  
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,  
 'Till the day we die, lassie:  
 'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

THE SAILOR'S EPIGRAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For death has brought him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair;  
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,  
 Ah! many's the time and oft;  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,  
 In vain Tom's life had doff'd;  
 For, tho' his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

---

 THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

SHE'S jilted me, an' now I'm free  
 To seek anither dearie;  
 But ne'er again shall onie she,  
 My bosom mak sae eerie.  
 Her skin is white—her een are blue—  
 But oh! she gaed wi' Johnie;  
 An' gin to me she was na true,  
 What is't to me how bonnie?

~~~~~  
 What tho' she's fair and unco fair,  
 An' comely as she's bonnie?  
 I still wad look for something mair,  
 Than beauty in a cronie.  
 My mither lo'ed the lassie weel,  
 An' her consent wad gie me;  
 But now for me she'll get the deil  
 Before that she gets Jamie.

An' tho' I'm puir, an' unco puir,  
 I think mysel' fu' cannie:  
 She's aff to Jock out-owre the mair,  
 Sae I'll awa to Nannie.  
 Let simple chiels tak' tent an' fear  
 Lest they sic jades discover,  
 Wha wad, for sake o' warly gear,  
 Slight a true-hearted lover.

FINIS.