

The Lammy;

To which are added,

The Soldiers return.

Gow's fareweel to Whisky.

Gloomy Winter's now awa.



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THE LAMMY.

Whare hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?

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My boy Tammy?

I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just new come frae her mammy.

And whare gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?

I gat her down on yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy?

I praised her een sae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek and bonnie mou,
I pri'e'd it aft, as ye may trow——
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart !

My young, my smiling lammie !

I hae a house it cost me dear,

I've wealth o' plenishing and gear ;

Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,

Gin ye will leave yonr mammy.

We'll tak her hame and make her fain,

My ain kind-hearted lammie !

We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,

We'll be her comfort a' her days ;

The wee thing gies her hand and says,

There gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,

My boy lammie ?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her e'e—

But oh she's but a young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast had blawn,

And gentle peace returning,

And eyes-gain with pleasure beam'd,

That had been blear'd with mourning.

I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I had been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor, but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
 And for fair Scotia hame again,
 I cheèry 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 bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported
 I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
 Whare 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 e'e was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet maid,
 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,
 Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever,
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never ;
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye free'y shall partake o't ;
 That galiant badge, the dear cockade,
 You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd, she redden'd like a rose,
 Syne pale as ony lily,
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie ?
 By him that made yon sea 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'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin' plenished fairy,

Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dear y.

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

GOW'S FAREWHEEL TO WHISKY.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
 The man that played the fiddie weel;
 I wat he was a canty chiel,
 And dearly lo'ed the Whisky, O.
 And ay since he wore tartan trews,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose,
 And wae was he you may suppose,
 To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

Alake! quoth Neil I'm frail an' auld,
 And find my bluid grow unco cauld,
 I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland Whisky, O.

Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
 That whisky s no the thing for me:
 Saul quoth Neil 'twil spoil my glee,
 Should they part me and Whisky, O.

Tho' I can baith get wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale,
 I'll be content tho' legs should fail,
 To play fareweel to Whisky, O.
 But still I think on auld lang's ne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind,
 Forbid, like Highland Whisky, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs of music come,
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle strings wili no play bum,
 To say fareweel to Whisky. O.
 Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland Whisky, O.

GLOOMY WINTER'S COME AGAIN.

Gloomy winter's come again,
 Heavy fa's the sleet and rain;

Flaky snaw decks white the plain,
 Where Nature bloom'd sae cheery, O,
 Hoary frost o'erspreads the dell,
 Glazing firm each crystal rill;
 They mind me o' thy sickle sel,
 My fair yet faithless Mary, O.
 I lanely tread each trackless way,
 Whare with thee, Mary, I did stray;
 My heart's oppress'd wi grief and wae,
 Thou'rt false, and a' looks dreary, O.

The snaw-clad hills o'ertap the clouds,
 The hares rin tim'rous thro' the woods,
 The trees, forsaken by their buds,
 Are emblems o' my Mary, O.
 A' around deserted looks,
 Tangies fringe the barren rocks,
 While bairnies by the ingle nooks,
 Tell tales that mak them eerie, O.
 Storms may rage and tempests roar,
 Restless billows beat the shore,
 Joy on earth I'll find no more,
 Unless wi' thee, my Mary, O.

FINIS.