

THREE EXCELLENT

N E W S O N G S,

Bonny Mally Stewart.

The Soldier's Return.

A N S W E R

To the Soldier's return.



Edinburgh, printed by J. Morren,

BONNY MALLY STEWART.

THE cold winter is past and gone,
 and now comes on the spring.
 And I am one of the king's life guards
 and I must go fight for my king now.
 Now since to the wars you must go.
 one thing I pray grant me,
 It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
 and I'll travel along with thee my dear,
 and I'll travel along with thee.
 I would not for ten thousand worlds,
 that my love endangra'd were
 The rattling of drums and shining of sword
 will cause you great sorrow & wo my dear
 will cause you great sorrow and wo.
 I will do the thing for my true love,
 that she will not do for me;
 It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red clothes
 and mourn till the day I die, my dear
 and mourn till the day I die.
 I will do more for my true love,
 than she will do for me;
 I will cut my hair and roll me bare,
 and mourn till the day I die my dear,
 and mourn till the day I die,
 So farewell my mother and father dear,
 I'll bid adieu and farewell;
 Farewell my bonny Mally Stewart,
 You're the cause of all my wo, my dear
 you're the cause of all my wo.

When we came in to Stirling town,
 as we all lay in camp,
 By the King's order's we were all taken,
 and to Germany we were sent, my dear,
 and to Germany we were sent,
 When these wars are past and gone,
 and I returning home:
 And in a short time I will return again,
 and hold you in my arms my dear,
 and hold you in my arms.
 So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 and the maids therein also;
 And farewell my bonny Mally Stewart,
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
 you're the cause of all my wo.
 She took the slippers of her feet,
 and the cockups off her hair;
 And she has taken a long journey,
 for seven long years and mair, my dear,
 for seven long years and mair.
 Sometimes she rode, sometimes she gade,
 sometimes sat down to mourn;
 And it war ay the o'er word o' her tale^e
 shall e'er I see my bonny laddie come?
 shall e'er I see my bonny laddie come?
 The trooper turn'd nimself about,
 all on the Irish shore;
 He has giv'n the bridie reins a shake,
 saying adieu for evermore, my dear,
 saying, adieu for evermore,

The Soldier's Return,

WHEN war's strong blast was fairly blown
 and gentle peace returning
 And eyes again v' i' pleasure beam'd,
 that had been blear'd wi' mourning,
 I left these lines and tinted fields,
 where oft I'd been a lodger,
 A humble knapeck a' my wealth,
 a poor but honest sodger.

A leel light heart beat in my breast,
 a hand unstayn'd wi' plunder,
 And to fair Scotia hame again,
 I cheary on did wander,
 I thought upon the banks of Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon her witching smile
 that caught my youthfull fancy;

At last I reach'd the bonny glen,
 where early life I sported,
 I past the mill and trysting thorn,
 where Nancy oft I courted,
 Who spy'd I but my own dear lass,
 down by her father's dwelling,
 I turn'd me round to hide the flood,
 that in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I sweet maid,
 sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 Sure happy happy is the man,
 that's nearest to thy bosom;

My purse is light I've far to gang,
 and fain wad be thy lodger.
 I've serv'd my king and country long,
 take pity on a sodger.

So wishfully she on me gaz'd,
 and lovelier grew than ever:
 Said she a sodger once I lov'd,
 forget him I will never;
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,
 you freely shall partake o't,
 That galliant badge the dear cockade,
 you're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd, she redden'd like the rose,
 syne turn'd as white's a lilly.
 And falling in my arms she cry'd,
 are you my ain dear Willy.
 By him who made yon inn and sky,
 by whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man and thus may still
 true lovers be rewarded.

The wars is o'er and I'm come hame,
 and find you still true hearted,
 Though poor in gear we're rich in love,
 so mair well ne'er be parted
 Quoth she my grandsire left me gowd,
 a millen pleuish'd fairly,
 And so my faithful sodger lad,
 you're welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant plows the main,
 the farmer plows 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.

Answer to the Soldiers Return.

THE new I hear does cheer my heart,
 since peace it is concluded,
 The swain I love, from me was taen,
 by soldiers was deluded;
 And sent away beyond the sea,
 to fight the French, so cruel,
 On burning sands in Turkish lands,
 encamp'd my ain dear jewel

The day that he and I did part,
 my pen can scarce describe it,
 The grief and anguish fill'd my heart.
 to this hour ne'er decided;
 My lofty air and snowy breast,
 and youthful colour jaded,
 The rosy bloom that dy'd my cheek,
 with grief is fairly faded.

How can I help but grieve for one,
 I plac'd my whole affection
 When we were young he gain'd my heart,
 without the least inspection,
 Each sunny day, day uad sport and play,
 where trees did bloom and blossom,

Would kiss and toy when none was nigh,
and hug me in his bosom.

At length my joy was chang'd to grief,
I feasted all on thinking.

No kinds of mirth could cheer my heart,
but still my spirits sinking;
Nocturnal dreams stopt my repose,
for want of sleep grew silly,
For not a souldier pass'd by,
but still I thought on Willy.

Down to bonny glens wou'd go
both, shades and flowery places,
Where he and I have often been
right well I knew our traces,
When thinking on the times we had
amongst the shady bowers,
Whilst love's sick thoughts did pierce my
and tears did fall in showers. (mind,

'Tis when my Will was far awa,
vain notions did oppress me,
For fear my darling he shou'd wed,
which sorely did distress me;
But now find he's always kind,
his former love retaining,
For loyalty exceeds the dove,
and constant still remaining.

My love he was both neat and trim,
no souldier more completer,
His air and mien became the dress,
refin'd in every feature

Respectful I will constant be,
 and never will deceive him,
 No foreign foe that sac'd the field,
 by valour, cou'd out brave him.

Where mighty wars, survey'd those pla
 with musket bullets flying
 Whilst thundering canons drown'd the cri
 of wounded foldiers dying,
 Their colours spread and standards rear'd
 and Aid du camps conveying,
 The hostile news, to plan the fight,
 and warlike music playng.

Now since my love's return'd home,
 safe from rhe place of slaughter,
 My house and lands, he shall enjoy,
 likewise the widows daughter;
 Both gold and treasure he shall have,
 right willing we will share it,
 With all my heart he shall have part,
 no man but he shall heir it.

Now to conclude in mirth and joy,
 we both have got ilght hePrted,
 I now enjoy my darling boy,
 to death we'll ne'er be parted,
 In wedlock.s baud we now are join'd,
 and I bends our time in pleasure,
 No more we'll room to foreign lands,
 thank God the war is over.