

Robert Burns

"When Wild Ward Deadly Blast"

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WHEN WILD WAR'D DEADLY BLAST
(Robert Burns)
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lines and tented field
Where lang I'd been a lodger
My humble knapsack all my wealth
A poor but honest sodger.
At length I reached the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn
Where Nancy oft 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.
She gazed, she redden'd like a rose
Syne pale as any lily,
She sank within my arms and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him that made you sun and sky
By whom true love's regarded
I am the man! And thus may still
True lovers be rewarded."
"The wars are owre, an' I've come hame
And find the still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quoth she, "My grand-sire left me gowd
A mailin plenished fairly
Then come, my faithful sodger lad
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."
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