

Robert Burns, The Deidly Wars Are Past And Gane

THE DEIDLY WARS ARE PAST AND GANE

For the deidly wars are passed and gane
and gentle peace returning

Left mony's the sweet babe faitherless
and mony's the widow mourning

I left the lines and the tented field
whaur I'm no longer a lodger

A humble knapsack, it's a' my wealth

I'm a poor but honest sodger

A lea-licht hert was in my brest

my hands unstained wi' plunder

It's all for Scotia hame again

I cheery on did wonder

I thocht upon the banks of Coille

I thocht upon my Nancy

I thocht upon her bewitching smile

that stole my youthful fancy

Norman Kennedy gor this from Jeannie Robertson

who thought it was Robert Burns

filename[DEIDLYWR

play.exe DEIDLYWR

SF

===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===