

## I murder hate & The Soldier's return

### I murder hate

I murder hate by flood or field,  
Tho' glory's name may screen us;  
In wars at home I'll spend my blood-  
Life-giving wars of Venus.  
The deities that I adore  
Are social Peace and Plenty;  
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,  
Than be the death of twenty.

### The Soldier's return

C                    F                    G  
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
C        F                    G        C  
And gentle peace returning,  
C            F        G        C  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
C                    FG C  
And mony a widow mourning;  
C                    F        G  
I left the lines and tented field,  
C                    FG  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
C                    F        G  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
C                    F        G        C  
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
My hand 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 bonie 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.

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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 than 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 the sake o't."

She gaz'd-she redden'd like a rose -  
Synne pale like only lily;  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"  
"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 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 mailen plenish'd fairly;  
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honor:  
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.