

# Robert Burns, When Wild Ward Deadly Blast

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  
Syn'e 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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play.exe DEIDL2YWR  
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