

The Bonny Lassie's Plaidy
 awa,
 Flora's Lament for Charlie;
 To which are added,
 The Banks of the Dee,
 Go Plaintive Sounds,
 The Lass of Ballochmyle.



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THE BONNY LASSIE'S PLAIDY AWA.

Frae flesher Rab that liv'd in Crieff,
A bonny bonny lassie, came to buy some beef,
He took her in his arms, and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

Her plaidy awa, her plaidy awa,
'The wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa,
He took her in his arms, and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

The plaidy was lost and couldna be fun',
Tho deil's in the plaid, its awa wi' the win',
But what shall I say to the auld fo'ks awa,
I darena say the wind blew the plaidy awa.

It was no long after the plaidy was lost,
Till the bonny lassie grew thick in the waist,
And Rabby was blam'd for the hale o' it a',
And the wind blawing the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

Then Rabby was summon'd to answer the session,
They a' cry'd out ye maun mak' a confession,
But Rabby ne'er answer'd them ae word awa,
But the wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

The auld wife cam'in, poor Rabby to accuse,
The Ministers and Elders began to abuse,

Poor Rabby for trying to mak' ane into twa,
But Rab said the wind blew the plaidy awa.

The lassie was sent for to come there hersel',
She looks in his face, says ye ken how I fell,
And ye had the cause o't, ye darena say na,
'Twas then that the wind blew the plaidy awa.

Rab looks in her face, and gied a bit smile,
He says my bonny lassie, I winna you beguile,
The Minister is here he'll mak' ane o' us twa,
That will pay the plaid that the wind blew awa.

The whisky was sent for to mak' a' things right,
The Minister and Elders they sat a' the night,
And lang before the cock began for to crow,
The wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

Now Rab and his lassie are join'd hand in hand,
They live as contented as ony in the land,
And when he gets fu', he minds o' the fa',
And sings the wind blew the bonny lassie's plaidy awa.

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLIE.

Sweet is the rose that's budding on yon thorn,
Down in yon valley so cheery;
But sweeter is the flower does my bosom adorn,
That springs from the breast of my dearie.
The la' rock may whistle and sing o'er the lea,
Wi' a' its strains sae rarely;
But when will it bring such music to me;
As the voice o' my ain handsome Charlie.

The tears steal gently down frae my een,
 Nae dangers on earth then could fear me ;
 My heart throbbing beat and I heav'd up a sigh,
 When the lad that I lov'd was near me.
 Fu' trig wi' his bonny bonnet sae blue,
 And his tartan dress sae rarely ;
 A heart that was leal and to me ever true,
 Was aye in the breast of my Charlie.

His lang quartered shoon, and his buckles sae clear,
 On his shoulder was knotted the plaidie ;
 Naething on earth was to me half sae dear,
 As a sight of my ain Highland laddie.
 Red was his cheeks and flaxen his hair,
 Hanging down on his shoulders sae rarely ;
 A blink o' his ee wi' a smile banish'd care,
 Sae handsome then was my Charlie.

My laddie, ohon, was the flower o' them a',
 For the loss of my mate I am eerie ;
 For when that the pibroch began for to blaw,
 'Twas then that I lost my dearie
 But waes me alas, wi' their slaughter and war,
 'Twas then that he gaed awa fairly ;
 And broad is the sea now that parts me afar,
 Frae the love o' my ain handsome Charlie.

Ance my hours wi' pleasure were blest,
 But now they are dull and eerie ;
 And when on slumber's soft billows I rest,
 I behold the sweet shade of my dearie.
 But as long as I live, and as long as I breath,
 I will sing to his memory rarely,

Till love is united by the arrows of death,
O Flora shall mourn for her Charlie.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer and sweetly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree ;
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I set myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gained the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the pride and the flower of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me this mourn-
ing,

To quell the proud rebels for valiant is he,
And oh there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring bil-
lows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved wil-
lows,

The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carlessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

GO PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

Go plaintive sounds! and to the fair,
My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.
But she methinks is list'ning now,
To some enchanting strain,
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay
Howe'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.
Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek undimplad now has lost,
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
And be that softness, love.
Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

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Return, ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.
I take no outward shew amiss,
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tw'as even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls haug,
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along.
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless steps I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely shade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's aye,
Her hair like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,

When roving through the garden gay,
 Go wandering in the lonely wild ;
 But woman, nature's darling child,
 There all her charms she does compile,
 Even there her other works are foil'd,
 By the lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed,
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain.
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy with rapture I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain ;
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine,
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward sink the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

FINIS.