

COME UNDER  
MY PLAIDIE.

ON A BONNY DAY

when the heather was blooming

I loo'd ne'er a Laddie but ane.



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## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Tune—Johnny Macgill.

COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to  
fa', [the sn';

COME in frae the cauld blast, the drift and  
COME under my plaidie, and sit down beside  
me, (twa.

There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me for  
COME under my plaidie, and sit down beside  
me, [blaw,

I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can  
COME under my plaidie, and sit down beside  
me, [twa.

There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me for

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie; auld Donald, gae  
'wa. (sna';

I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the  
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit beside  
ye, (wa;

Ye might be my gutcher,—auld Donald, gae  
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and  
he's bonnie, (braw!

He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu'

O nae dances sae lighty, sae gracefu', sae  
 tighty, (the snaw:  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the  
 wa', [ava;

Your Jack's—but a gowk, and has naething  
 The ha'e o' his pack he has now on his  
 back, [twa.

He's thretty, and I am but threescore and  
 Be frank now and kindly, I'll bask ye ay  
 faely, [braw;

To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride  
 in,

And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.

My father ay tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd seek a gude husband, and keep-me ay  
 braw, [bonnie,

It's true I loo Johnnie, he's young and he's  
 But, waes me, I ken he has naething ava  
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,  
 I'm nae mair than twenty, my time is but  
 sma, [ye,

Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside  
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore  
 and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Whare Johnnie was listening, and heard her  
 tell a'; [dunted,  
 The day was appointed,—his proud heart it  
 And strack 'gainst his sides, as if bursting in  
 twa. [drearie,  
 He wander'd hame wearie, the night it was  
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the  
 deep snaw; (Women  
 The howlet was screamin while Johnnie cried,  
 Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay  
 braw.

O the deil's in the lasses, they gang now sae  
 braw, [and twa;  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men of fourscore  
 The hale of their marriage is gowd and a  
 carriage, [blaw.  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can  
 Auld dotards be wary, tak tent wha ye mar-  
 ry, and they'll ca',  
 Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup  
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youth-  
 fu' and bonnie, [claw]  
 And they'll gie ye a horn on ilk haffet to

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 THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

ON a bonny day when the heather was blooming  
 And the silent hill burn'd wi' the sore laden'd  
 bee,

I met a fair maid as I homeward was riding,  
 Herding her sheep on the hill of Glenshee.

The rose in her cheek it was gem'd wi' a dimple,  
 And blythe were the blinks o' her bonny black  
 e'e,

Her face so enchanting so neat and so handsome  
 My heart soon belonged to the Lass of Glenshee.

I kiss'd and carress'd, and said my dear lassie,  
 If ye would but go to St Johnstoun with me,  
 None of the fair should walk on the causeway,  
 With cleading more fine than the Lass of Glen-  
 shee.

A carriage of pleasure you shall hae to ride in,  
 And fouk shall say Mem when they speak un-  
 to thee;

Servants you shall hae for to do your biddin,  
 I'll make you my lady, the Lass of Glenshee.

It is mock me nae mair wi' your carriage to ride  
in,

Ner think that your grandeur I value a fee,  
I would think myself happy wi' a coatie of plai-  
den,

Wi' an innocent herd on the hills of Glenshee.

Believe me, dear lassie: Caledonia's clear waters  
May alter their course and run back from the  
sea,

Her brave hardy sons submit to be in fetters,  
But cease and believe not such baseness in me.

The lark may forget to rise in the morning,  
The spring may forget to revive on the lea,  
But never will I while my senses govern me,  
Forget to be kind to the Lass o' Glenshee.

O let me alone for I'm sure I would b under,  
And set all the gentry a-laughing at me,  
They are book-taught in manners, baith auld  
young,

But we ken but little of that in Glenshee.

They would say look ye at him wi' his highland  
lady;

Set up for a sale in a window so high,  
Rolled up like a witch in a hamely spun plaidie,  
And pointing towards the Lass of Glenshee.

Do not dream of sic stories, but come up be-  
 hind me, (shalt be,  
 Ere Phoebus go round my sweet bride thou  
 This night in my arms I'll daut you sae kindly,  
 She smiled and consented, I took her wi' me.

Now years hae gane round since we hae busked  
 together. (me  
 And seasons hae changed, but nae changes wi  
 She's always as gay as the fine summer weather,  
 Whea the sun's at his height on the hills of  
 Glenshee.

To meet wi' my Jeanie away I would venture,  
 She's sweet as the echo that rings o'er the lee  
 She's spotless and pure as the robes in the winter  
 When laid out to bleach on the hills of Glenshee

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### 1 LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Tune—My lodging is on the celd ground.

I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to mak me his ain,  
 And his ain I'm willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou,  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me.  
 His words are sae sugar d, sae sweet,  
 His sence drives ilk fear far awa!  
 I listen, poor fool, and I greet,  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa!

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,  
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,  
 Tho' we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae!  
 Our laird has bajth honours and wealth,  
 Ye see how he's dwining wi' care,  
 Now we, though we've naithing but health,  
 Are cantie and leel evermair.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,  
 Waes me! can I tak it amiss!  
 My laddie's unpractis'd in guile.  
 He's free ay to daunt and to kiss.  
 Ye lassies wha loo to torment  
 Your woovers wi' fause scorn and pride;  
 Pay your pranks, I hae gien my consent—  
 This night I am Jamie's for life.

FINIS.