

This is
NO MY PLAID.

To which are added,

The auld man gaun to be married.

THOU'R'T GANE AWA.

AND

THE WARNING MOAN.



GLASGOW,
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

This Is No My Plaid

O this is no my plaid,
My plaid, my plaid

O this is no my plaid

Bonny though the colours be

The ground of mine was mix'd wi' blue

I got it frae the lad I loe ;

He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue

and o the plaid was dear to me.

Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey

nae kindly charms for me ye hae

The tartan shall be mine for aye

for o the colours dear to me.

For mine was silky soft and warm

it wrapped me round frae arm to arm

and like myself it bore a charm,

and O! the plaid is dear to me

Although the lad the plaid who wore,
 is now upon a distant shore ;
 And cruel seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the plaid that sheltered me,

The lad that gied me't likes me weel,
 altho' his name I daurna tell
 He likes me just as weel's himsel'
 and o the plaid is dear to me,

O may the plaidie yet be worn,
 by Cale'donians yet unborn.
 I'll fa' the wretch that e'er doth scorn,
 the plaidie that's sae dear to me.

From surly blasts it covers me ;
 he'll me himsel protecton give ;
 I'll loe him till the day I die,
 and O his plaid is dear to me.

I hope he'll no forget me now,
 each often pledged aith and vow ;
 I hope he'll yet return to woo
 me in the plaid sae dear to me.

I hope the time will come my lad
 when we will to the kirk and wed
 Weel happit in the tartan plaid
 the plaidie thats sae dear to me.

The auld man gaun to be Married

In Beith there lived a frail auld man,
 His age was sixty-five an' ten,
 Wha took a break, whan near his en'
 that he wad gang an' marry:

The auld man that liv'd in Beith,
 The aged man that dwell't in Beith,
 The deein' man that liv'd in Beith,
 he wad gang try an' marry.

He lee'd an' cheated pinched his wame,
 Grew rich by mony a dirty scheme,
 But he turned auld an' stiff an' lame,
 Black crabbit an' camstrary.

The rich auld man that liv'd in Beith,
 The worthless man that dwell't in Beith,
 The crabbit man that dwell't in Beith,
 wad faio gae try an' marry.

He thought on Meg sae trig an' douce,
 To wash his claes an' clean his hōuse
 That ne'er a spider, nor a louse,
 in his abode might tarry,

The aged man that liv'd in Beith,
 The dirty man that liv'd in Beith,
 The black auld man that wena'd in Beith,
 saw nae relief but marry.

He promised cash he hecht her brows,
 Himsel an' a' within his wa's
 Nae bittin horse nor empty sa's,
 but brimfu cups to carry.

The loving man that liv'd in Beith,
 The amorous man that dwalt in Beith,
 The frank auld man that dwalt in Beith,
 wad gie his all an' marry.

But ah, the road to her was lang
 The man was frail an' cou'dna gang;
 His kin said things war. a gaun' wrang—
 The auld fool wad them herry.

The frail auld man that liv'd in Beith;
 The cross'd auld chap that liv'd in Beith,
 The vex'd auld man that dwalt in Beith,
 They wadna let him marry.

They watch'd him closely out and in,
 Said he was daft—they wad him bin'
 The frail auld Beith-man didna win
 To court his winzome deary.

The captive man that liv'd in Beith;
 The daft aul fool that was in Beith,
 The auld man that liv'd in Beith,
 He ne'er got leave to marry,

Ye youngsters a' that hear my sang
 Gif e'er ye marry do't ere lang,
 For time and care will ding ye wrang,
 An' ye'll grow stiff and sair—

Just like the auld black man in Beith,
 The doitet worn out man o' Beith,
 The single man that liv'd in Beith,
 Wha couldna maun to marry.

Ye're just as daft's the man o' Beith,
 Your staunch auld friend that liv'd in Beith:
 Ye'll perish like the man o' Beith,
 Wha dee't ere he could marry.

When ye are auld, gin ye be poor,
 Your kin will drive you frae their door:
 Gin ye be rich they'll use you waur,
 They'll never let you marry.

This fate befel the man o' Beith,
 The poor rich man that liv'd in Beith,
 A warning to the folk o' Beith,
 To gang in time and marry.

'Thou'rt Gane Awa'.

Thou'rt gane awa, thou'rt gane awa'
 thou'rt gane awa frae me Mary.
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
 thou st cheated them and me, Mary—
 Until this hour I never thought
 that ought could alter thee, Mary ;
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 wha stole that heart o thine, Mary.
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end;
 nor nae sic love is mine, Mary
 I spake sincere, ne'er flattered much,
 had no unworthy thought, Mary.
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such—
 no, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live
 no other maid I'll woo Mary ;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then farewell, of this be sure,
 since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure
 half what I've done for thee, Mary.

The Warning Moan.

A maiden fair lay dying,
 within her palace hall,
 and round her couch was sighing,
 her bright attendants all,
 Her lately coroneted brow
 feels many a rending throe.
 And the hectic spot is spreading now,
 o'er her wan cheek of woe.

'Tis night fond ones bend o'er her,
 with kind affection's fears;
 As though they could restore her
 by their anguish and their tears;
 No hope their hearts need borrow,
 for the watchdog's doleful cries,
 Tell the painful tale of sorrow,
 ere morning's light she dies.

She gazes round her wildly,
 when that sad sound is heard.
 Then greets her lov'd ones mildly,
 with a parting soul's regard:
 But ere the morning's sun has shone
 that fair one breathes no more.
 And the faithful watchdog's warning moan
 is also hush'd and o'er.