

The Peck o' Maut ;

To which are added,

This is no my Plaid.

The Highland Courtship.



Yonder's the moon, I ken her horn.

STIRLING.
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JUBM O K H S L

THE PECK O' MAUT.

O' Willie brew'd a peck o' maut ;
And Rab and Allan came to pree ;
Three blither hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

We are na fou we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee,
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barl-y-bree.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie,
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cucko'd coward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three :

Thus Willie, Rab and Allan sang,

Thus pass'd the night wi' mirth and glee,

And aye the chorus, a' night lang,

Was, as we're now we hope to be.

And aye they sang We are nae fou,

But just a wee drap in our e'e;

The cock may craw the day may daw,

And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

That time for them the cock did craw,

The harbinger of morn to be;

That time for them the day did daw',

Wi' gowden tint o'er tow'r and tree.

That time for them the moon's pale horn,

Did wax and wane o'er land and sea,

But now has daw'd the halplers morn,

That gilds the graves o' a' the three.

Nae mair they sing, "We are nae fou,"

Nae mair the drappie's in their e'e;

Nor cock does craw nor day does daw',

Nae mair they'll taste the barley bree.

Thus Learning maks for Willie main,

For Robin poesy wipes her e'e,

And Science wails for Allan gone,
 Since death's dark house hauds a' the three.

Then Britons mourn for genius rare,
 A' victims to the barley-bree;
 An bann the bree that couldna spare
 The youthfu' lives o' a' the three.

THIS IS NO PLAID.

O this is no my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,
 O this is no my plaid,
 Bonny though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mix'd wi' blue,
 I gat it frae the lad I lo'e,
 He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue,
 And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey,
 Nae kindly charm for me ye hae,
 The tartan shall be mine for aye,
 For O! the colour's dear to me.

For mine was silky, soft an' warm,
 It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm.

And like himself it bore a charm,
 And O! the p'aid is dear to me.

Although the lad the p'aid who wore,
 Is now upon a distant shore,
 And cruel seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the plaid that shelter'd me.

The lad that gied me't likes me weil,
 Although his name I darena 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 Caledonians yet unborn,
 Ill fa' the wretch wha e'er shall scorn,
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
 He'll me himsel' protection gi'e,
 I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
 And O! his plaid is dear to me.

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

I hope the time may come my lsd.
 When we will to the kirk and wed,
 Weel happit in the tartan plaid
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

O ! this will then be my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,
 O ! this will then be my plaid,
 And while I live shall ever be.

THE HIGHLAND COURTSHIP.

I went between Dundee and Perth
 To see my lassie for to flatter,
 Amongst the groves I there did meet,
 The bonny lass of Tay water,

Will ye gang wi' me lassie,
 To the Highland glens lassie,
 To Breadalbane we will go
 The flocks for to attend lassie.

You shall be comely in your dress,
 And lie upon a bed of heather,
 A tartan mantle you shall wear,
 To keep frae the snawie weather.

You shall hae baith curds and whey,
 And wealth o' flesh to your brochin,
 Our lasses, with their spinning wheels,
 I'm sure will keep you aye laughing.

We will wander up the hill,
 To view the sheep and lambs sae bonnie,
 Sae lassie now make no delay,
 For I love thee best of ony.

I wad not like these highland glens,
 So far awa amang the heather;
 I could freely gang wi' thee,
 But yet I darena for my mither.

I canna gang wi' thee laddie,
 To the Highland glens laddie,
 Nor to Breadalbane I'll not go,
 Your flocks to attend laddie.

For I do love those lowland vales,
 Believe me lad I do not flatter,
 To live between Dundee and Perth,
 Or, at the mouth of Tay water.

Then farewell lass, since you'll nae gang,
 But yet with all you are my deary,

Upon the banks of flowing Tay,
 With you my love I ne'er was weary.

Since ye'll no gang wi' me lassie,
 To the highland glens lassie,
 Now I must bid you farewell,
 I ne'er will come again lassie.

O laddie dinna speak so fast,
 Let us gae thro' Dunkeld thegither,
 To the highlands wi' thee I'll gang,
 Among the bonnie blooming heather.

And I will gang wi' thee laddie,
 To the highland glens laddie,
 For what I said was but in jest,
 Your flocks I will attend laddie.

FINIS.