

# The Highland Plaid ;

to which are added,

The way worn Traveller.

Lament for Burns.

Logan Braes.

From night till morn.

Dame Durden,



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STIRLING.

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THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go,  
Where the hills are clad wi' snow,  
Where, beneath the icy steep,  
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?  
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,  
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery Spring  
Will gar a' our plantings ring :  
Soon our bonny heather braes  
Will put on their simmer claes ;  
On the mountain's sunny side,  
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,  
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,  
Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
Lean us on the primrose bed ;  
While the bu'ning hours preside,  
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
I will launch the bonny boat,

Skim the loch in canty glee,  
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;  
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;  
 Lowland lads hae mair of art;  
 A' my boast's an honest heart,  
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,  
 To row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonny lad ye've been sae leal,  
 My heart would break at our fareweel;  
 Lang your love has made me fain,  
 Take me—take me for your ain!  
 'Cross the Firth, away they glide,  
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

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### THE WAY WORN TRAVELLER.

Faint and wearily, the way-worn traveller  
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop:  
 Wandering drearily, a sad unravelier,  
 Of the mazes t'ward the mountain's top,

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Doubling, fearing,  
While his course he's steering,  
Cottages appearing  
As he's nigh to drop,  
Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller  
Treads the mazes t'ward the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has passed by,  
'Twould be folly now to think on't more :  
Blythe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,  
As he's sitting at the goat-herd's door,  
Eating quaffing,  
At past labours laughing.  
Better far, by half, in  
Spirits than before.

Oh! how merrily the rested traveller  
Seems, while sitting at the goat-herd's door

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#### LAMENT FOR BURNS.

Lang fam'd Rab Burns, ilk lassie mourns,  
ay since he's gane awa'  
His presence did a' griet forbid,  
he cheer'd the lasses a' ;  
Nae mair he'll chant wi' neighbouring rant,  
o'er rowing bowls at e'en,

Awa' he's gane to his lang hame,  
and left his bonny Jean.

His memory dear will still us cheer,  
I'll sing the praise o' Burns;  
Ilk Yaddie here and lassie dear,  
must mingle wi' the worms;  
Uncertain man's life but a span,  
how often times we've seen;  
The fairest flower in nature's bower,  
pull'd in the bud when green.

Ye nymphs and swains among the plains,  
and birds in ilka tree,  
Ye meadows green and farie Queen  
and sailors on the sea,  
Loud blaw the fame o' him that's gane,  
beside the lads in urras,  
Brave Scotia's boys will still rejoice,  
to hear the name of Burns.

Frae morn till night my heart grows light,  
to hear the lasses sing  
His bonny sang that name can bang,  
it gars my lugs a' ring,  
It's bonnie air can banish care,  
by ingle sides at e'en,

Now cauld's the heart that once did smart,  
 frae twa bewitching eon.

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LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,  
 How aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,  
 Herded sheep, and gather'd slaes,  
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.

But now, alas! thae days are gane,  
 And I wi' grief may herd my lane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,  
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;  
 Meet wi' me, and when it's mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.

Well may I sing thae days are gane,  
 Frae kirk and fair I come my lane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Ye powers! my ardent passion prove,  
 And send me hame my darling love,

And while my ruby lips he prees,  
Then could I die on Logan Braes.

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BROM NIGHT TILL MORN.

From night till morn I take my glass,  
In hopes to forget my Chloe,  
But though I take the pleasant draught,  
She's ne'er the less before me,  
Ah no, no, no, wine cannot cure  
The pain I endure for my Chloë.

To wine I flew to ease the pain,  
her beauteous charms created,  
But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
and love would not be cheated:

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DAME DURDEN.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,  
To carry the milking pail,  
She also kept five labouring men,  
To use the spade and flail.  
Twas Moll and Bett, and Doll and Kate  
And Dorothy Draggel-tail,

And John, and Dick, and Joe, and Jack,  
And Humphry with his flail.

'Twas John, and Dick, and Joe and Jack,  
And Dorothy Draggletail ;  
And Katty was a charming girl,  
To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in a morn so soon,  
She did begin to brawl,  
To rouse her servant maids and men,  
She did most nobly call.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,  
When birds began to prate,  
Dame Durden's servant maids and men,  
They all sat down to mate.

FINIS.