


FOUR EXCELLENT.

NEW SONGS,

Come under my Plaidie,
With the Answer.

The plough Boy and Far-
mer's Daughter.

The Praises of Refferilan.



Edinburgh: printed by J. Morren.

COME UNDER MY PLADDIE.

COME under my pladdie, the nights gawn to fa',
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw,
 Come under my pladdie and ly down beside me,
 I'll hap ye frae every, cauld blast that can blaw,
 O come under my pladdie, and ly down beside me,
 There's a room in't dear lassie! believe me for twa,
 Come under my pladdie, and ly down beside me,
 There's room in't dear lassie! believe me for twa.

Gae wa wi' your pladdie! auld Donald gae wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift nor the snaw!
 Gae wa wi' your pladdie! I'll no ly beside ye;
 Ye may be my guchard; auld Donald gae wa:
 I'm gawn to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' brow!
 O there's nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae
 tightly'
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brows like the snaw

Dear Marion let that fice stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jack's but a gowk and has naething ava;
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
 He's thretty and I'm but threescore and twa;
 Be frank now and kindy I'll bask ye ay fin'ly,
 At kirk or at market they'll see gang sae brow,
 A bein house to bide in, a chair for to ride in,
 And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd mak a guid husband and keep me ay brow:
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava:
 I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer,

I'm now mair then twenty my time is but fua' ;
 Sae gi'e me your pladdie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been auld er then threecore and twa.

She crep in ayont him beside the stane wa',
 Where Johnny was listening and heard her tell a',
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And struck 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa,
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
 And thowless he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
 The howlet was screaming while Johnny cried women
 Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay brow.

O the deil's in the lassies ! they gang now fae brow.
 They'll ly down wi' auld men o' three score and twa,
 The hale o' their marriage is goud and a carriage,
 Plain love is the caulest blast now then can blaw.
 Now doards be wary, tak tent wha ye marry,
 Young wives in their coaches will whip and will caw.
 They'll meet wi' a Johnny that's blyth young and
 bonny.

And will gie him something in ilk haffit to claw.

THE ANSWER.

A Young lass overheard him and did him misca,
 For chiding young lassies for gaen to brow.
 When first in the garden the fruit had betray'd them,
 They sewed fig leaves for to cover them a',
 And ever since that time we have been providing
 For baith bed and bed clothes to cover us a';
 It wou'd be bat stupid to see us stark naked,
 Or wandering barefooted among the deep snaw.

Gae wa hame Johnny, ye novice gae wa,
 And ne'er steer anither foot back frae the wa' ;

But sit by the fire until that ye fire,
 And get your auld mammie your back for to claw.
 For young women's cunning, and they'll keep you ay
 running,
 They'll lead you from this place to that place and a',
 And when they are weary they'll flout you ye,
 And leave you to smother among the deep snaw.

Bre Johnny wan hame he got mo' a fa',
 Eeing wearied and daubed all o'er wi' the snaw,
 Being set by the ingle I'll live no more single,
 A wife I will have for I'm laugh'd at by a';
 I'm flighted by Marion, I'll gang to M Laren,
 Wha gangs to the market for trig and fu' brrw,
 Dress in her twa spinning, both warled and lincn,
 I think she's the best lassie yet in the twa,

So Johnny in haste to his lassie gaed awa
 And tell'd her his leighend out flo'ry down a',
 And when she had heard him she smiled and she
 pier'd

If he was in earnest to what he said a'; 'him,
 For if your na't taunting a' h'band I'm wanting,
 I am ready to marry whenever you ca'
 Therefore I am pleas'd and hope you'll be eas'd,
 Eac travelling after among the deep snaw.

So Johnny's got married and beddell and a',
 He's got a young lassie to ly by the wa',
 In his bo'om he tak's her his denty he maks her,
 So now we'll return to threescore and twa.
 He's auld and he's do'ld, he's stiff as a poker,
 He's no' worth a copper to lye wi' at a',
 He tasses and tumbles he snivels and grumbles,
 While Marion's poor heart's like to break into twa,

Crys had I taen Johnny wi' puertith and a',
 I need not been lying thus cold by the wa';
 For the sake of his treasure I've married this miser,
 A piron and a roof good for naething at a',
 But since I cannot mend it I must be contented,
 And leave all young lasses this warning to draw,
 I would have them like single eye in marriage they
 mangle
 Wi' deits and deits at three score and twa.

The Ploughboy and the Farmer's Daughter.

COME all you lads and lasses, come listen here a while,
 I'll sing you a pretty song will make you for to smile,
 My song it is both short and sweet, and it is very fine,
 And you may drink to your sweetheart, and I will drink
 to mine.

It is of a jolly plough-boy was ploughing of his land,
 He called out his horses and bade them for to stand,
 Then he sat down upon his plough, and this began to sing
 The echo of his harmony made all the groves to ring.

'Tis of a farmer's daughter, who was nutting in a wood,
 The song he sung so sweetly it charm'd her as she stood,
 She had no longer power all in the wood to stay,
 But the few nuts she had gathered, she threw them all away.

She went unto young Johnny as he sat on his plough,
 Young man, said she, I find myself I vow I can't tell how,
 Come here my charming creature, and sit you down by me
 Come sit you down longside me I'll ease you of your care,

Then Johnny left his horses and likewise his plough,
 He went into yonder valley, his courage for to shew,

Then he began a sowing and ploughing of his land,
 Young man, said she, I fain would see the world for to turn,
 round.

Then Johnny left of sowing and ploughing of his land,
 And when he got upon his legs he scarcely could stand.
 As they walked together she on his breast did lay ;
 Young man said she, I fain would see the world turn
 round again.

Then Johnny began sowing as he had done before,
 Till he had not one grain of seed left in his barn in store,
 There's one thing more dear Johnny I have to say to the
 If I should chance to be with child, will thou then marry me

When twenty weeks were good as you shall understand,
 She wrote to him a letter but he had left the land-
 When other twenty weeks were passed and gone,
 This fair maid bare a lovely son and he was called John,

Come all ye farmers daughters who in nutting take delight
 I'd have ye go home at a good timef night,
 For if you chance to stay, and here the plough boy sing,
 He may get you with child and lift your apron string.

THE PRAISE OF REFERILAN TOWN.

As I walked up the street,
 it was upon a Monday's eve,
 About the hour of twelve o'clock.
 I had the honour for to perceive
 About half a score of pretty girls,
 all link'd in others arms O.

As soon as I did them perceive,
I thought they rais'd my charms, O.

Chorus. My song's begun and I'll sing on,
to the praise of Keferilan.

I stepped up to these fair maids,
found them both kind and loving, O ;
Catching one of them by the right hand,
and found her pulse was moving, O.
I said fair maid be not afraid,
I'm but a country weaver ;
I'm looking for a job of work,
my shuttle stopt this evening.
my song's begun, &c.

She said young man, what do you mean,
come tell me where your order lies ?
Why do you rove the streets so late ?
I'm afraid the town is full of spies !
She said, my dear, the night is cold,
we'll have a pint of the ramstam !
With all my heart, my dear, said I,
and you shall have what you demand.
my song's begun, &c.

We walk'd along into an inn,
run up the stairs like thunder,
Which fill'd the landlord with surprize,
made all the house to wonder ;
And calling for the landlady,
to fetch a pint of brandy, O,

And I fill'd up a flowing glass,
 by Jove she was the Dandy, O.
 my song's begun, &c.

She said young man come pay my fee,
 for here I have no time to stand,
 And half a crown you must pay down,
 before that you can mention you.
 The landlady was kind and free,
 the mug and glass was in her hand,
 She touch'd me on the shoulder,
 saying, are you up to snuff, young man.
 my song's begun, &c.

I fill'd her up another glass,
 saying take this, and so be gone;
 She ask'd at me where I did live:
 I said it would be hard to tell,
 For I'm a brisk young weaver lad,
 that's lately come from Bellygown,
 If e'er you chance to come that road,
 To call for me you can't go wrong.

My song is o'er, I'll sing no more,
 but I'll rove into and through the town.

F I N I S.