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C L U T H A,

Wi' truest love I love  
thee, Jean,

Blythe hae I been,

Lowland Lassie, will ye go,

HIE BONNIE LASSIE.

## C L U T H A.

Tune—Miss Admiral<sup>s</sup> Cordon's Strathspey.

O CLUTHA! wild thy banks appear,  
And saft thy waters glide,  
And lasses, kind, and blythe, and fair  
Adorn thy wooded side.  
They ken na me, they lo'e na me,  
Tho' a' sae sweet and gay;  
Fu' blythe they be, and kythe they be,  
But I am doylt and wae.

How touching saft the gloamin's gleam,  
On tufted kno'we and fell,  
When o'er the brae the sunnie beam  
Sae mildly glints farewell.  
When dusky vapours slowly row,  
Along the waveless tide,  
And gathrin' cluds o' leaden hue,  
Hang on the mountain's side.

Tho' placid be the closin' scene  
A' gloamin's silent hour,  
Around my breast nae rays serene  
The joys o' e'enin' pour;  
A' things are gay, but I am wae,  
They smile, but I repine;

Thik lover's near his lassie dear—  
But I am far frae mine.

Thou awful spirit o' the floods,  
That scoop'd wide Clutha's vale,  
That flower'd her fields, and rear'd her woods,  
And bade her spread the sail!  
O gie her sons and daughters peace,  
And freedom, health, and joy:  
And ne'er let fate blight present bliss,  
Nor soothing hope destroy.

For me, I'll wander where I list,  
Dark as the wintry storm;  
Nae friend shall sooth my bleeding breast,  
Nae love my sorrow charm.—  
I hae a love, but that sweet love  
Wears cauldness in her ee;  
I hae a love, but that sweet love  
Will never love like me.

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### THE BLACK-EE'D LASSIE.

Tune—My only jo and dearie O.

Wi' truest love I love you Jean—  
But dinna ye be saucy O,

Or why I love I winna tell,  
 My bonnie black e'ed lassie O.  
 Its no thy cheek o' rosy hue,  
 Its no thy little cherry mou;  
 It's a because thy heart's sae true,  
 My bonnie black-e'ed lassie O.

It's no the witch glance o' thy ee,  
 Tho' few for that surpass ye O,  
 That mak's ye aye sae dear to me,  
 My bonnie black-e'ed lassie O.  
 It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,  
 It's no love's dimple on thy chin—  
 It's a' thy modest worth within,  
 My bonnie black-e'ed lassie O.

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,  
 That a' wish to caress ye O;  
 But I adore your heavenly mind,  
 My bonnie black-e'ed lassie O.  
 I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,  
 Shine dimly thro' saft pity's tear,  
 Which makes you ever, ever dear  
 To me, my black-e'ed lassie.

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BLYTHER HAE I BEEN.

Tune—Liggeram Cosh.

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,  
As the lambs before me,  
Careless ilka thought and free,  
As the breeze flew o'er me.  
Now nae langer sport and play,  
Mirth or sang can please me,  
Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
Hopeless love declaring,  
Trembling I do nought but glow'r,  
Sighing, dumb, despairing!  
If she winna ease the thraws,  
In my bosom swelling,  
Underneath the grass-green sod,  
Soon maun be my dwelling.

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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 cheerie Spring  
 Will gar a' our plantings ring;  
 Soon our bonnie heather braes  
 Will put on their summer daes:  
 On the mountain's sunnie side,  
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,  
 Busks the glen in leafy bowers,  
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
 Lean us on the primrose bed:  
 While the burring hours preside,  
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
 I will launch the bonnie boat,  
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,  
 Rest the oats to pleasure thee:

I'll be your Highland plaid.

Lowland lads, my dress ma' fine,  
Woo an' words ma' saft than mine;  
Lowland facts, hae na' o' art,  
A' my breast's an' honest heart,  
Whilk shall ever be my pride,  
O row me in thy Highland plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been so leal,  
My heart would break at our fareweel;  
Lang your love has made me fain,  
Tak me—tak me for your ain,  
'Cross the Frith, away they glide,  
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

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### HIE BONNIE LASSIE.

Hie bonnie lassie blink over the burn,  
And if your flocks wander I'll gie them a turn;  
Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A ewe and twa lammies is a' my hale stock,  
But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,

To buy thee a head-lace sae bonnie and braid,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,  
And oh that wee whittle I liked it weel;  
But I'll gie't to my lassie and mair if I had,  
If she'd be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little sil'ner, and ae hauf years fee,  
But if you will tak it I'll gie't a' to thee,  
And then we'll be married and lie in ae bed,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

*Eden's Lata*

*Burroughs*

FINIS.