

The HIGHLAND PLAID,
Mark yonder pomp,
What ails you now my daintie
Pate,

POOR MARY,
Now Rosy May
comes in wi' flowers.



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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;
I'll 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 claes:
Oa 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 burning 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 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,
 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.

MARK YONDER POMP.

Tune—Deil tak the wars.

Mark yonder pomp of courtly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride;
 But when compar'd wi' real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride,
 What are the showy treasures!
 What are the noisy pleasures!
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art.
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,

And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 O then the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming, [ling soul,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the wil-
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even avarice would deny
 His wershipp'd deity,
 And feel through every vein love's raptures roll

WHAT AILS YOU PATE.

Tune—For a' that, an' a' that.

What ails you now my daintie Pate,
 Ye winna wed-an' a' that?
 Say are ye fley'd or are ye blate,
 To tell your love an' a' that.
 To kiss and clap an' a' that,
 O fy for shame an' a' that,

To spend your life without a wife,
 'Tis no the gate ava that.

Ere lang you will grow auld an' frail,
 Your haffets white an a' that
 An whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,
 Will hae you syne wi' a' that.
 Runkl'd brow an a' that,
 Wizen'd face an a' that,
 Wi' beard sae grey, there's name will hae
 A kiss frae you an a' that.

O stand nae up wi' whare an how,
 Wi' ifs and buts an a' that,
 Wi' feckless scruples not a few;
 Pull up your heart an a' that.
 Crouselly crack an a' that;
 Come try your luck an a' that;
 The hiney-moon will ne'er gang done,
 If guidit weel an a' that.

There's monie lass baith douce an fair,
 Fu' soncy, fier, an a' that
 Wad suit you to a very hair,
 Sae clever they're an a' that;
 Handsome, young, a'n' a' that
 Sae complaisant an a' that;
 Sae sweet an braw, an gude an a',
 What ails the chield at a' that.

Come look about an wale a wife,
 Like honest fouk an a' that;
 An lead a cheerfu virtuous life;
 Hae plenty, peace, an a' that;
 A thrifty wife, an a' that,
 An bonnie bairns an a' that;
 Syne in your ha' shall pleasure's a'
 Smile ilka day on a' that.

POOR MARY.

True—A' body's like to get married but me.

I met my dear lassie short syne in yon dale,
 But deep was her sigh, and her cheek it was pale;
 And sad the saft smile that was heaven to see:
 Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy like me.

A feverish heat has depriv'd o' their bloom,
 Her lips, ance sae rosy, exhaling perfume,
 And chang'd is the glande o' her blythe hazel
 ee,

Poor Mary I fear, is unhappy like me.

'Twas thus a fair flow'ret adorn'd my walk,
 But chill blew the east on its tender green stalk;
 No more its sweet blossoms allure the wild bee,
 Poor Mary, I fear is unhappy like me.

If I were but destin'd to ca' her my ain,
 I'd shield her sae fondly frae sna, win, and rain;
 And nighty this bosom her pillow wad be;
 Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy like me.

Detraction and malice—society's pest, [breast,
 I know 'tis your venom that pains her pure
 But, oh for that haven, yon't life's stormy sea,
 Where Mary, I trust, shall be happy wi' me.

NOW ROSY MAY.

Tune—Dainty Davie.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs,
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 'To wander wi' iny Davie.
 The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Daintie Davie, Daintie Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear daintie Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loo best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me etc.

FINIS.