

Hector MacNeill (1746-1818)

1 *Come under my Plaidie*

'Come under my plaidie, the night's gau'n to fa';  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;  
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me, 5  
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:  
Oh! come under my plaidie and sit down beside me;  
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.'

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,  
I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw; 10  
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
Ye may be my gutcher: — auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
I'm gau'n to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie;  
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw:  
O nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly: 15  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.'

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa':  
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;  
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,  
He's thretty, and I am but — threescore and twa. 20  
Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk you aye finely;  
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;  
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

'My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a', 25  
Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;  
It's true I loo Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,  
But, waes me! ye ken, he has naithing ava!  
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'! 30  
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,  
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.  
The day was appointed! — his proud heart it dunted, 35  
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
He wandered hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;  
The owlet was screamin', while Johnie cried, 'Women  
Wa'd marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.' 40

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hale o' their marriage is *gowd* and *a carriage*;  
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

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