

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Come Under My Plaidie

Come Under My Plaidie

Come under my plaidie the nights gane ta fa'  
Come in frae the cold blast, the drift and the snaw  
Come under my plaidie and sit doon beside me  
There's room in it lassie believe me for twa  
Come under my plaidie and sit doon beside me  
I'll hap ye frae every cauld wind that can blaw  
Come under my plaidie and sit doon beside me  
There's room in it lassie believe me for twa

Gae wa wi your plaidie auld Donald gae wa  
I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift or the snaw  
Gae wa wi your plaidie, I'll no sit beside ye  
Ye might be my gutcher(grandfather)auld Donal gae wa  
I'm gaun tae meet Johnnie, He's young and he's bonnie  
He's been at Meg's bridle fu' trig and fu braw  
Nane dances sae lightly,sae gracefu' sae tightly  
His cheeks like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw

Dear Marion let that flee stick tae the wa  
Your Jock's but a gowk and has naethin' ava'  
The hale o' his pack he has no on his back  
He's thirty and I am but three score an twa  
Be frank noo an' kin'ly I'll busk ye aye finely,  
Tae kirk or tae merket they'll few gang sae braw  
A bien hoose tae bide in a chaise for tae ride in  
And flunkies tae tend ye as aft as ye ca'

My faither aye tellt me my mither an a  
Ye'd mak a guid husband and keep me aye braw  
It's true I lo' Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie  
But wae's me I ken he has naethin' ava'  
I hae little tocher ye've made a guid offer  
I'm noo mair than twenty my time is but sma'  
Sae gie me yer plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye  
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score an' twa.

This is from the Tannahill Weavers' "The Mermaids Song" CD.

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