

Montgomerie's Peggy

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie;
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, -
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.