Laddie Lie Near Me (4)

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Long hae we parted been, lassie my dearie,
Noo we are met again, lassie my dearie.
Near me, near me, lassie my dearie, long hast thou lain alane,
Lassie lie near me.

Frae dread Culloden field, bloody and dreary,
Mourning my country's fate, lame me(?) and weary.
Weary, weary, lame me and weary,
They(?) come as a banished wight, far frae my dearie.

Loud, loud the wind it roared, stormy and eerie,
Far frae my native shore, danger stood near me.
Near me, near me, danger stood near me,
Noo I've escaped the moor, lassie lie near me.

All that I hae endured, lassie my dearie,
hearing (thy name's ae cure(?)), lassie lie near me.
Near me, near me, lassie my dearie,
Long hast thou lain alane, lassie lie near me.

From Dick Gaughan, Folk Friends 2 from Hogg's "Jacobite Relics", Vol. II
MJ
APR99