

Fred's Thread

May 2009

Portlethen and the Bard

This year; being the 250th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns it is appropriate for the first of Fred's Threads to remind ourselves of the link between Portlethen and Burns.

The Bard's poem; "The Lass That Made The Bed To Me" is reference to an illicit affair between King Charles II and Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Patrie, the incumbent of Portlethen House.

Both Robert Patrie (Provost of Aberdeen between 1664 and 1674) and Robert Farquhar of Mounie, (the future husband of Elizabeth) were knighted by Charles II.

The poem itself is a classic tale of seduction. Enjoy!

<p>The Lass That Made The Bed To Me.</p> <p>When Januar' wind was blawin cauld, As to the north I took my way, The mirksome night did me enfauld, I knew na where to lodge till day:</p> <p>By my gude luck a maid I met, Just in the middle o' my care, And kindly she did me invite To walk into a chamber fair.</p> <p>I bow'd fu' low unto this maid, And thanked her for her courtesie; I bow'd fu' low unto this maid, An' bade her make a bed to me; She made the bed baith large and wide, Wi' twa white hands she spread it down; She put the cup to her rosy lips, And drank – "Young man, now sleep ye soun".</p> <p>Chorus; The bonnie lass made the bed to me, The braw lass made the bed to me, I'll ne'er forget till the day I die, The lass that made the bed to me.</p>	<p>She snatch'd the candle in her hand, And frae my chamber went wi' speed; But I call'd her quickly back again, To lay some mair below my head: A cod she laid below my head: And served me with due respect, And, to salute her wi' a kiss, I put my arms about her neck.</p> <p>Chorus</p> <p>"Haud aff your hands, young man!" she said, "And dinnae sae uncivil be; Gif ye hae ony luv for me, O wrang na my virginitee." Her hair was like the links o'gowd, Her teeth were like the ivorie, Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine, The lass that made the bed to me.</p> <p>Chorus</p> <p>Her bosom was the driven snaw, Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see; Her limbs the polished marble stane, The lass that made the bed to me. I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again, And aye she wist na what to say: I laid her 'tween me and the wa'; The lassie thocht na lang till day.</p>	<p>Chorus</p> <p>Upon the morrow when we raise, I thanked her for her courtesie; But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd, And said, "Alas, ye've ruin'd me." I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne, While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e; I said, my lassie, dinna cry. For she aye shall make the bed to me.</p> <p>Chorus</p> <p>She took her mither's Holland sheets, An' made them a'in sarks to me; Blythe and merry may she be, The lass that made the bed to me.</p> <p>Chorus</p>
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For more information, please visit **Portlethen Library**
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