

DAME, DO THE THING WHILK I DESIRE.

This song, which bears a remarkable resemblance in its style of humour and composition to *Tak your Auld Cloak about Ye*, is given by Ritson in his *Scottish Songs*, 1794, from a manuscript of Charles I.'s time in the British Museum (*Bib. Sloan*, 1489).

Get up, guidwife, don on your claise,
 And to the market mak you boune :
 'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase ;
 They're weel-nigh gotten into the toune.
 See ye don on your better goune,
 And gar the lasse big on the fyre.
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,
 But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye hae, guidman !
 Your mother staid till ye war born ;
 Wad ye be at the tother can,
 To scoure your throat sae sune this morne ?
 Guid faith, I haud it but a scorne,
 That ye suld with my rising mell ;¹
 For when ye have baith said and sworne,
 I'll do but what I like mysell.

Guidwife, we maun needs have a care,
 Sae lang's we wonne in neebors' rawe,
 O' neeborheid to tak a share,
 And rise up when the cocks does crawe ;
 For I have heard an auld said sawe,
 'They that rise the last big on the fyre.'
 What wind or weather so ever blaw,
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid ?
 Gif I lig in my bed till noone,
 By nae man's shins I bake my breid,
 And ye need not reck what I have done.
 Nay, look to the clooting o' your shoone,
 And with my rising do not mell ;
 For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,
 I'll do but what I will mysell.

¹ Meddle.

Guidwife, ye maun needs tak a care
 To save the gear that we hae won ;
 Or lay away baith plow and car,
 And hang up Ring¹ when a' is done.
 Then may our bairns a-begging run,
 To seek their mister² in the myre.
 Sae fair a thread as we hae won !
 Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Guidman, ye may weel a-begging gang,
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke :
 Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
 To seek your meat amang guid folke.
 In ilka house ye'll get a locke,³
 When ye come whar your gossips dwell.
 Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,
 I'll do but what I list mysell.

Guidwife, you promised, when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey ;
 Mess John can witness what you said,
 And I'll go fetch him in this day :
 And, gif that haly man will say,
 Ye'se do the thing that I desyre,
 Then sall we sune end up this fray,
 And ye sall do what I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jacke—
 I'll tak my pleasure at my ease ;
 I care not what you say a placke—
 Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.
 And, gin ye want ane of a mease,
 Ye may e'en gae fetch the deil frae helle ;
 I wad you wad let your japin cease,
 For I'll do but what I like mysell.

¹ The dog.² Supposed to signify money, or means of livelihood.³ Handful.

Well, sin' it will nae better be,
I'll tak my share or a' be gane :
The warst card in my hand sall flee,
And, i' faith, I wait I can shifte for ane.
I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd, the waine,
And the greatest spender sall beare the bell :
And then, when all the guidis are gane,
Dame, do the thing ye list yoursell.