

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

To all appearance, this song is in much the same style as the preceding ; and what seems further to justify its being assigned to the sixteenth century, is the quotation of a passage apparently from it by Iago in *Othello*, with only the change of King Robert into King Stephen. We cannot, however, trace the song further back than the *Tea-table Miscellany* of Ramsay, 1724.

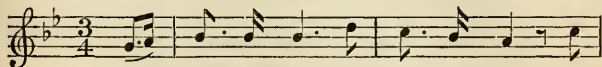
¹ Hob-nailed shoes.

³ The lark on the spit is fully done.

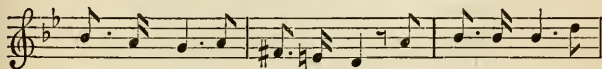
² Furnished.

⁴ So they had foretold.

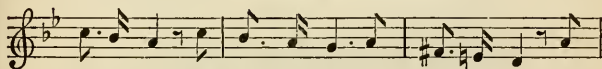
It is needless to remark how the humour of the matrimonial dialogue has rendered the song one of the most favourite with the entire nation. The air, which suits the verses remarkably well, was considered by Mr Stenhouse as most probably coeval with it.



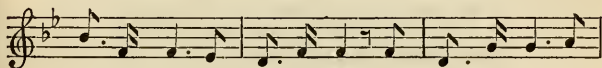
In win - ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And



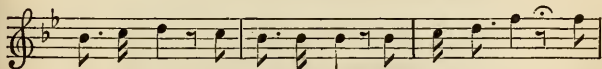
frost and snaw on il - ka hill, And Boreas, wi' his



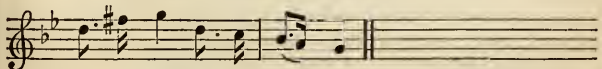
blasts sae bauld, Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill: Then



Bell, my wife, who lo'es na strife, She said to me richt



has - ti - lie, Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life, And



tak your auld cloak a - bout ye.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill:

Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es na strife,
 She said to me richt hastilie,
 Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.¹

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kin' ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end ;
 Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty year :
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-croun ;
 He said they were a groat ower dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon :
 He was the king that wore a croun,
 And thou's the man of laigh degree :
 It's pride puts a' the country down ;
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

¹ In singing this song, a mistake is very generally made in the emphasising of the final line of the verses, which ought to be

'And tak your auld cloak about ye.'

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule :
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin i' the asse ?—
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Guidman, I wat it's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
And we hae had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
If you would prove a guid husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 But she would guide me, if she can ;
And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm guidman :
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.