

Tak your auld cloke about ye

To which are added,

The Lass that made the Bed to me,

AULD ROBIN GRAY,

AND

Saw ye my Phely.



GLASGOW :

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TAK' YOUR AULD CLOKE ABOUT YE.

I N winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, gudeman, save Cromie's life
And tak' your auld cloke about ye.

O Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou kens my cloke is very thin:
It is sae bare and overworn,
A crickit thereon canna rin;
Then I'll nae mair barrow nor lend,
For I'll ance mair apparell'd be,
To-morrow I'll to the town and spend,
And I'll hae a new cloke about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin',
Aft has she wat the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she shou'd tine;
Get up, gudeman; it is fou time,
The sun shines in the list sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld about ye.

My cloke was ance a gude grey cloke;
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scantly worth a groat,
 For I ha'e 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 hae sworn
 To hae a new cloke about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trows they cost but ha'f a crown,
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loun;
 He was a king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride brings a' the kintra down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloke about thee.

Every lang' has its ain laugh;
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rale;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hunklin in the ase?
 I'll hae a new cloke about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had between us twa,
 O' lads and bonnie lasses ten;

Now, they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloke about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she will guide me if she can;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloke about me.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

When Januar' winds were blawing cauld,
 As to the north I bent my way;
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I kenn'd nae where to lodge till day;
 By my good luck a lass I met,
 Just in the middle of my care;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith wide and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank, "Young man now sleep ye soun."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed,
 But I ca'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head,
 A cod she laid below my head,
 And served me wi' due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
 "And dinna sae uncivil be;
 "Gif ye hae ony love for me,
 "O wrang na my virginity!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivory,
 Her cheeks like lillies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

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 owre and owre again,
 And ay she wistna what to say;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
 The lassie thought nae lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her cōurtisie;
 But ay she blush'd. and ay she sigh'd,
 And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e:
 I said "My lassie, dinna cry,
 "For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me,
 Blithe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 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.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at
 hame,
 And a' the world to sleep are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.
 Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for
 his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside!

To mak' that crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun
awa';

My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mither coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e,

Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,

The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die
And why do I live to say Waes me?

Auld Robin argued sair, tho' my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So I gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
 And why do I live to say Waes me;

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jamie for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

SAW YE MY PHELY.

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

FINIS.

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