

Tak your auld Cloak about ye ;

To which are added,

The Bonny Brucked Lassie,
Donald's visit to auld Reekie,
When I meet wi' a Friend,
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher,
Sandy o'er the Lee,
Should I Die.



STIRLING.

Printed for the Booksellers.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT 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'ning a' our kye to kill :
Then Bess, my wife, wha loves nae strife,
She said to me, right hastily,
Get up, gudeman ! save Crummy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye !

My Crummy is an 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 tine.
Get up, gudeman ! it is so' time,
The sun shines i' the lift sae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

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

In days when our-king Robert rang;
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 An' ca'd the tailor-thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man o' low degree;
 It's pride puts a' the country down,
 Sac tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ev'ry land 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 rule.
 Do you not see Bob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklin in the ase?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me!

Gudeman! I wat 'tis thirty year,
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had, atween us twa,
 O' lads and bonny lasses tèn:
 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 cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, shè lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft man yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

The bonny brucket lassie,
 I saw her late yestreen ;
 She was the fairest lassie,
 That danced on the green.
 A lad he lo'ed her dearly,
 She did his love return ;
 But he his vows has broken,
 And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
 My face was fair and clean,
 But now I'm bonny brucket,
 Oblig'd to ly my lane.
 My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 Before they changed their hue ;
 But now they're dull with weeping,
 And a' my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
 My shape they said was neat ;
 But now I am quite changed,
 My stays they winna meet.
 A' night I slept soundly,
 My mind was never sad ;
 But now my rest is broken,
 Wi' thinking on my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me.

No other love I suffer'd,
Within my breast to dwell ;
In nought I have offended,
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanc'd to pass ;
And press'd unto his bosom,
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving,
Since that your love's so true,
My bonny brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

DONALD'S VISIT TO AULD BEEKIE.

An auld Hieland couple sat lone by the ingle,
While smoking their cuttie and cracking awa ;
They spak o' langsyne, their daffing whan singie,
The pranks o' their childhood, their auld age and a'.
To his wife he bragg'd o' his bauldest o' actions,
When he was a sodger for Geordie the Third ;
How the fae fell afore him—the leader o' factions ;
And Donald he grat whan his fae kiss'd the yird.

Yet Donald was bless'd, and his wife heard wi'
pleasure.

His stories o' dangers, his brulzies and toils ;
My Country !” he cried, “ is my best dearest, treasure,
And, Mary, thou'rt next—for I lo'e thy saft smiles.”
These puir happy bodies—their broom-cover'd dwalling
Stood far frae the warl', its tidings and cares ;
Nae news ever reached their sung little cottage,
Except whan a paegman stapp'd in wi' his wares.

A droll gabbie packman cam in ae hairst morning,
And he spak, while he dichted the sweat frae his brow ;
“ Hech, Donald ! ye’ll no ken the King has arrived in
Auld Scotland—the lzn’ o’ the bauld and the true.”
Then Donald’s heart louped wi’ joy at the tidings,
And Mary did dance and Donald did sing :
“ Come, Mary, add gie me my bannet and plaidie,
I’ll be d—d if I dinna see Geordie our King !”

WHEN I MEET WI’ A FRIEND.

WHEN I meet wi’ a friend that is honest and true,
We canna weel part without wæting our mou’ ;
For ‘mang a’ our troubles, our cares, and our griefs,
A drap o’ the creature aye brings us relief.

There some that has plenty they fain would ha’e mair,
Though tae a poor body they naething can spare ;
Yet let poverty squire me up to the wa’,
I’ll ne’er tane my credit whate’er may befa’.

My heart is sincere, it’s open and free,
Content wi’ what providence pleases to gie ;
For though I ha’e little, without e’er a swither,
Kse aye gie a part to help a poor brither.

They may boast of their honour, their wealth and fame,
But what is their honour, it’s only a name ;
Their wealth and their spleander, how fair they may
 seem,
May fade like a shadow, and break like a dream.

Bu't hear ye me now, and tak my advice;
 Least ye for your whistle gi'e o'er big a price;
 Gae daunrin awa when your freedom's your ain,
 For whiskey's a tyrant, his pleasure are vain.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms;
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 and withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 the brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possessit,
 but the sweet yellow datlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 the langer ye hae them, the mair they're quest.
 Then hey, &c.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
 winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;

I winna hae the dōmnice, guid he cannie be,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee.
 For he's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing, me;
 He's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks;
 I winna hae the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad without a penny siller.
 For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad for he gangs to the war;
 I winna hae the seldier lad because he smells o' tar;
 I winna hae the lord nor laird for a' their muckle gear,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.
 For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

SHOULD I DIE.

Should I die by the force of good wine,
 'Tis my will that a tūn by my shrieve,
 And for ages yet to come,
 Let this be engrav'd upon my tomb—
 Here lies a body, once so brave,
 That he by drinking made his grave.
 Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And raise us up a lasting name,
 Drink about, and dare to be nobly interr'd;
 Let misers and knaves
 Slink into their graves
 And rot in a dirty churchyard.

FINIS.