TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



up, guidman, save Crummie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

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

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'han lt's

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

In days when guid King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
An' ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
He was the king that wore the croun,
An' thou'rt a man o' laigh degree;
It's pride puts a' the country doun,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the warl is a' gane daft,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do you not see Rab, Jack, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie;
While I sit hurklin' i' the ase;
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!

Guidman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
An' we ha'e had atween us twa,
O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.
Now they are women rown an' men,
I wish an' pray weel may they be;
An' if you'd prove a guid husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
An' to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's han',
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
An' tak' my auld cloak about me.