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MUS-ETR

BSS

MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

No 5

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT' YE

AN ADMIR'D SCOTTISH SONG

Sung with the Most Distinguished Applause

BY

MR WILSON

ARRANGED WITH

Symphonic Accompaniments

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Ent Sta Hall

Price 1/

EDINBURGH JOHN SUTHERLAND 12 CALTON STREET

LARGHETTO
STACCATO.

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In win-ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on

pp

il...ka hill, And Bo...reas 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 has...ti...ly, Get

up, guidman, save Cromie's life, And tak' your auld cloak a-bout ye."

ff

"My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a guid kyne;
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, guidman, it is four time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I ha'e worn't this thirty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,
 To ha'e 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 o'er dear,
 And ca'd the Tailor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye."

"Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurkling in the neuk?
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me."

"Guidman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken,
 And we ha'e had, between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are woman grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be,
 And if you prove a guid husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

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

