

**SELECT SCOTISH  
SONGS, ANCIENT  
AND MODERN**

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Select Scottish songs, ancient and modern by Robert Burns & R. H. Cromek

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**ROBERT BURNS & R. H. CROMEK**

**SELECT SCOTISH  
SONGS, ANCIENT  
AND MODERN**



*J. B. Hurst*  
SELECT  
SCOTISH SONGS,  
ANCIENT AND MODERN;  
WITH  
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,  
BY ROBERT BURNS.

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EDITED  
By R. H. CROMEK, F. A. S. Ed.

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SELECT SCOTISH SONGS, &c.

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TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

*A PART of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.\**

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,  
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:  
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,  
She said to me right hastily,  
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,  
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,  
And she is come of a good kyne;  
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,  
And I am hith that she shou'd tyme

\* In the drinking scene in Othello. This song was recovered by Dr. Percy, and preserved by him in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
 For I have 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 have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but haff a crown;  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,  
 I think the world is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;



Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit burklen in the ase ;  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,  
 Since we did ane anither ken ;  
 And we have had between us twa,  
 Of lads and boumy lasses ten :  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be ;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

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

## RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

*THE last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq. Writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments.*

O rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 O he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fiddle,  
 And buy some ither ware;  
 But parting wi' his fiddle,  
 The saut tear blint his ee;  
 And rattlin roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine.  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' wou'd think I was mad,  
 For many a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had!

As I cam by Crochallan,  
 I cannilie keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was sitting at yon boord-en' ;  
 Sitting at yon boord-en',  
 And amang guid companie ;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

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WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

*THIS song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co's bank, Edinburgh.*

TUNE—NIEL GOW'S LAMENTATION FOR ABERCAIRNEY.\*

Where braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochels rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wandering eyes.

\* The different publications which have appeared under the name of *Neil Gow*, and which contain not only his sets of the older tunes, but various occasional airs of his own composition,  
 for