

# FOUR

## Popular Songs.

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ROGER AND NELLY.

GAE TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A LASSIE LIVES BY YONDER BURN.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

FOUR  
Popular Songs  
SONGS

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
And Boreas, with his blast 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, goodman, save Crummie's life,  
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a useful cow,  
And she is come of a good kin',  
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',  
And I am laith that she should tynie ;  
Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie,  
Sloth never made a gracious end,  
Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,  
And fitting for my wear ;  
But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
For I've 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 cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;  
 He said they were a groat too dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou a man of laigh degree;  
 Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain burgh,  
 Ilka kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
 I think the world has a' gane daft,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Do you not see Rab, Jock, and Hab,  
 How they are girded gallantlie,  
 While I sit burklen in the ase;  
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat it's thretty year  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we hae had between us twa,  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten.  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray weel may they be;  
 And why wilt thou mysel' misken?  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
 But she wad guide me if she can;  
 And to maintain an éasy life,  
 I oft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman.  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;  
 Sae I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

### LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddie is a canker'd carle,  
 He'll no twin wi' his gear,  
 My mither she's a scolding wife,  
 Hands a' the house a steer.  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me,  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom  
 That's waiting on me;  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He's waiting on me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom  
 That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lightlies me,  
 But weel I ken it's a' envy,  
 F'or ne'er a joe has she.  
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair begnil'd  
 With Johnnie in the glen ;  
 And aye since synè she cries, beware  
 O' false, deluding men.  
 But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast ae night,  
 And spier'd when I saw Pate ?  
 And aye since syne the neighbours round  
 They jeer me ear' and late.  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me,  
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad  
 That's waiting on me ;  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He's waiting on me ;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom  
 That's waiting on me.

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### ROGER AND NELLY.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
 Quite pleasing was the weather,  
 Young Roger would a wooing go,  
 By the consent of his mother ;  
 So ho was drest all in his best,  
 Quite smart without a wrinkle,  
 A rusty sword down by his side,  
 Tied on with beggars inkle.

Then Roger call'd to his man John,  
 Go fetch me out old Dobbin,  
 Comb out his mane, cock up his tail,  
 That it may not hang bobbing;  
 With a saddle-tree bound down with hay,  
 Which is a thing so proper,  
 And a patten ring, tied in a string  
 Of linsey-wolsey cropper.

Then Roger to his chest would go  
 Straightway to unlock it,  
 Three halfpence of old Irish coin  
 He put into his pocket.  
 With the bridle best, pick'd from the rest,  
 Which he had for a stirrup;  
 A besom stick he had for a whip,  
 With half a yard of cart-rope.

Then Roger rose and took the road,  
 They took him for a 'torney,  
 With his pistol long, it was well load,  
 For fear he should be robbed;  
 And every little while he said,  
 Come mend your pace, old Dobbin;  
 Should night o'ercast we'll lose our road.  
 Then let us both keep joggin'.

Then Roger to the town did go,  
 For his doxy to inquire;  
 Making a rout he found her out,  
 Next door to the town-crier.

Then he said to his dear Nell,  
 Let us in wedlock join ;  
 But first tell me thy fortune,  
 And then I'll tell thee mine.

I have a box without a top,  
 A spade without a handle,  
 A pepper box, an old cart rope,  
 And half a farthing candlo ;  
 A washing tub, a pewther dish,  
 A pestle and a mortar,  
 A leathern bucket old and good,  
 'Twill serve us years in futuro.

Besides, says she, it is well known  
 I have great store of linen,  
 Full forty yards of hemp and yarn,  
 And all of my own spinning.  
 O then, says Roger, it's well known  
 I've Dobbin in the stable,  
 A pig, a calf, a crown and half,  
 And a rare old kitchen table.

Besides, says he, I have a house,  
 Fetches fifteen-pence a quarter,  
 An old bedstead without a head,  
 And a pot to catch your water.  
 Come, said he, my dear sweet Nell,  
 Let us to church be jogging ;  
 With all my heart, I'll say my part,  
 Go fetch me out old Dobbin.



So then to church they did repair,  
 And in wedlock's bands were joined ;  
 When all was o'er, to bed they went,  
 And now their toils are ended.

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### A LASSIE LIVES BY YONDER BURN.

A lassie lives by yonder burn  
 That jinks about the seggins,  
 There aft she gi'es her sheep a turn,  
 To feed amang the brakens.  
 Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,  
 In spite of mam or daddie,  
 I'd aften slip out owre the lea,  
 An' row her in my plaidie.

Her breast to busk I'd violets pu'  
 That blaw aboon the boggie,  
 And blue bells hingin' wat wi' dew  
 Frae yonder glen sae foggie.  
 Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,  
 An' tak me for her laddie,  
 I'd aften slip out owre the lea,  
 And row her in my plaidie.

I maun awa, I canna stay,  
 Should a' gang tapsalteerie ;  
 Should bogles meet me in the way,  
 This night I'll see my dearie.  
 I'll ben the spence and dress a-wee,  
 Wi' knots and bughts fu' gaudy,  
 For I canna rest until I see  
 Gin she'll come in my plaidie.