

A Collection of

POPULAR SONGS

VIZ.

fa' the airts the wind can blaw

ak your auld cloak about ye.

Vap your wealth thegither.



EDINBURGH:

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OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lbe best.

Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
Wee moun't a hill between
Baith day and night my fancy's flight,
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet and fair!
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green:
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw,
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a'
Li hamely, weeds she far exceeds,
The fairest o' the town;
Baith grave and gay, confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks it's dam,
 Mair' harmless canna be:
 She has nae faul (if sic we ca't,)
 Except her love for me,
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
 's like her shining een;
 In shape an' air, wha can compare,
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean,

O blaw, ye weevilin' winds blaw soft,
 Among the leafy trees;
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,
 An' bring in the lassie back to me,
 That's aye sae neat and clean:
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes,
 Hae part' between us twa,
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa,
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That none can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

ABOUT YE.

And frost and snaw on ilka hill,

And Boreas wi' his blast sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' o'ur kye to kill,
 Then Bell my wife wha lo'es 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 a useful cow,
 And she is come of a guid kin;
 Aft has she wet the bairn's mou',
 And I am laith that she should tine;
 Get up, gudeman it is fall 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 gude gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scarcely worth a goat,
 For I have 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 have 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 goat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lown,
 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.

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Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do you not see Rab, Jack and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly?
While I sit hurklin in the ase—
I'll have a new cloak about me,

Gudeman, I wat 'tis th'retty years,
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
And we have had, between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lassies ten:
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, she lo'es hae strife;
But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I aft maun' 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 where I began,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

WAP YOUR WEALTH TOGETHER.

O mither dear, I gin to fear,
tho' I'm baith young and bonny,

I winna keep : for in my sleep,
I start and dream o' Johany.

CHORUS.
Up stairs, down stairs,
timber stairs fear me,
I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
and Johany's bed sae near me.

When Johnny he comes down the glen,
to woo me do not hinder
But with content gi'e your consent,
for we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
for shame and aken's the clink o't,
To thole the dole, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't.

Sae whie 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
that gars poor Epps gae whigging,
With haunches fu', and een sse-biew,
to a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
the kirk wad ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town;
a'ake how can she mend it.

Now Tam maun face the minister,
and she maun mount the pillar;

And that's the way that they maun gae.
for poor fouk has nae siller.

Now ha'd your tongue, my daughter young,
repy'd the kindly mither,
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
syne wap your wealth together.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
ye'll do your part discreetly,
And prove a wife will gar his life,
and barrel run right sweetly.

AULD LANGSYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear ;
For auld langsyne ;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
An' pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hæe run about the braes,
 When summer days were prime;
 But seas between us braid hæe roar'd,
 Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld lannsyne, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty friep',
 And gie's a haud o' thine.

And we'll toom th e stoup to friendship's growth,
 And auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,

An' we'll tak a right gude willy-waught,
 For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

FINIS.

