

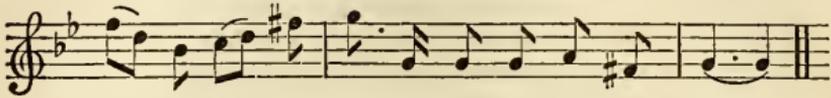
## THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

We owe the preservation of this capital old song to the *Teatable Miscellany*, where it appears with the signature J. It has for many years been usually ascribed to King James V., but upon no authority, and apparently for no other reason but that it relates such a rustic adventure as the fifth James is said to have been addicted to, when he went about in disguise to make himself acquainted with his subjects. In reality, there is not the faintest assimilation of the style of this song to the manner of any of the 'makkers' of the early part of the sixteenth century. Had it been published as a composition of the same pen as *Muirland Willie*, no one would have been surprised.

The paw - ky auld carle cam ower the lea, Wi'  
mo - ny guid-e-ens and days to me, Saying, Guidwife, for your  
cour - te - sie, Will ye lodge a sil - ly puir man?  
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat, And



doun a - yont the ingle he sat; My dochter's shouthers he



'gan to clap, And cad - gi - ly - rant - ed and sang.

The pawky auld carle cam ower the lee,  
 Wi' mony guid-e'ens and days to me,  
 Saying, Guidwife, for your courtesie,  
 Will ye lodge a silly puir man?  
 The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,  
 And doun ayont the ingle he sat;  
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O, wow! quo' he, were I as free  
 As first when I saw this countrie,  
 How blithe and merry wad I be,  
 And I wad never think lang!  
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minnie ken  
 What thir slee twa together were sayin',  
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black  
 As e'er the croun o' my daddie's hat,  
 It's I wad lay ye by my back,  
 And awa' wi' me ye should gang.  
 And O! quo' she, an I were as white  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,  
 And awa' wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
 They rase a wee afore the cock,  
 And wylily they shot the lock,  
 And fast to the bent are they gane.  
 Up i' the morn the auld wife rase,  
 And at her leisure put on her claise ;  
 Syne to the servants' bed she gaes,  
 To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;  
 The strae was cauld—he was away ;  
 She clapped her hands, cried, Waladay !  
 For some o' our gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist ;  
 But nocht was stown that could be mist.  
 She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodged a leal puir man !

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yirne ;  
 Gae butt the house, and wauken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.  
 The servant gaed where the dauchter lay :  
 The sheets were cauld—she was away,  
 And fast to her guidwife 'gan say,  
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunyie man !

Oh, fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,  
 And haste ye find thae traitors again ;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' gaberlunyie man !  
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit ;  
 She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit,  
 But aye she cursed and she bann'd.

'Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
     Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
 The prievin' was guid—it pleased them baith ;  
 To lo'e her for aye he gae her his aith ;  
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
     My winsome gaberlunyie man.

O, kend my minnie I were wi' you,  
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou' ;  
 Sic a puir man she'll never trow,  
     After the gaberlunyie man.  
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet ower young,  
 And ha'na learn'd the beggars' tongue,  
 To follow me frae toun to toun,  
     And carry the gaberlunyie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spinles and whorles for them wha need ;  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
     To carry the gaberlunyie on.  
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout ower my e'e ;  
 A cripple and blind they will ca' me,  
     While we'll be merry and sing.

*The Gaberlunyie*, and the eight preceding songs, have some common characters deserving of attention. They are all clever compositions, verifying themselves as the product, not of rustic, but of cultivated minds. They display humour both of a rough and hearty, and of a sly kind. They have all come before the world anonymously, and for the most part can be traced to the early part of the eighteenth century—the epoch just preceding that of Ramsay. Being greatly superior to Ramsay's poetry, it is the more remarkable that there should be no trace of the authors,

or, shall we say, author, for it is not impossible that they have all come from one source—an EARLIER BURNS, who has chosen to remain for ever unknown.

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