

Andy M. Stewart, The Gaberlunzieman

THE GABERLUNZIEMAN

Oh the pawky auld carle cam o'er the lea
Wi' mony guild-e'ens and guid-days tae me
Sayin', "Guid wife for your charity
Would you lodge a leal poor man?";
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

Well the nicht being cauld, the carle being wat
It's doon ayant the ingle he sat
My dochters shouthers he began tae clap
And cadgily ranted and sang
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

Between the twa was made a plot
They'd rise a wee afore the cock
And wilyly they shot the lock
And fast to the bent they are gane
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

The aul wife gaed whaur the beggar lay
The strae was cauld, he was away
She clappit her hands cryin
"Waladay!
For some of our gear will be gane";
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

The servant gaed whaur the dochtor lay
Th sheets were cauld, she was away
And fast to the guid wife she gan say
"Shes awa wi' the Gaberlunzieman";
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

"O fy gar ride and fy gar rin
And haste ye find these traitors again!
For she's be burnt and he's be slain
The wearyful beggarman";
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

Meanwhile farhind oot o'er the lea
Fu-slug in a glen where nane could see
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee
Would lo'e the hale day lang
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

Oh the lady cam riding o'er the lea,
efer mony years her guidwife tae see
She had wedded a lord, nae begger he,
That had gaed as the beggarman
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae

Well the lady came riding o'er the strand
Wi' fower and twenty at her command
She was the brawest in the land
And she went wi' the beggarman
Laddie wi' my tow-ro-ae