

T H E

Goodman of Auchtermouchtie;

O R, T H E

Goodwife turn'd Goodman.

B E I N G

A merry Account how the Goodman
was fitted to his Mind.

To which is added,


When I do, May I never Drink more.



G L A S G O W.

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THE GOODMAN OF AUCHTERMOUTHIE.

Tune—Willie was a wanton Wag.

IN Auchtermouthie liv'd a man,
 If a' be true that I heard say,
 Who yok'd his plough upon the plain,
 Upon a wet and rainy day :

The wind blew cauld which did him flay,
 From the north-east bairn hail and rain,
 He lous'd his plough, he doughtna stay,
 The cauld did chase him hame again.

Goodwife, quoth he, rise up amain,
 and gi'e the stots baith corn and hay,
 The morn ye shall my trouble ken :
 and 'se be goodwife as I may.

Ye've dwelt fou lown this meny' a day,
 about the fire ye sit right glad,
 To-morrow ye shall try the way,
 and learn yourself the plough to hand.

The feed-time it proves cauld and bad,
 and ye sit warm nae trouble fees ;
 The morn ye shall pass with the lad,
 and then ye'll ken what drinkers drees.

Goodman, quoth she, if it you please,
 that I must travel to the plough ;
 And you to dwell at hame at ease,
 perhaps you may get toil enough.

Jack, dare you venture west the Cleugh,
 and thou shalt hand and I shall ca',

I shall reward thee well enough,
 of fine cravins I'll gi'e thee twa.
 Goodman frae, ye ha'e made this law,
 then guide a' weel and dinna break,
 They rode sicker that ne'er did fa',
 therefore let naething be neglect.
 Since with my trade ye are affected,
 see first ye sift and then ye kned,
 Let all things rightly be directed,
 keep well the gallins frae the gled.
 And see the brains fyle not the bed
 and kirn the kirn and mak the cheese,
 And if you occupy your trade,
 I trow you will find little ease

She sat up late her mind to please,
 for to her trade she had a care,
 She kirn'd the kirn, she bor'd his neese,
 no rigmar she left him there.
 Upon the morn she rose up air,
 and on her liver laid her disjoon,
 As meikle in her lap, and nair,
 as wad a serv'd four men at noon.

Then on she goes with merry tone,
 away with Jock to yoke the pleugh,
 I trow or a' the play be done
 that our goodman got toil enough.
 The calling she was strang and tough,
 and o' her trade she took nae fear,
 she fild a tree she pull'd a berran.

Then our goodman when time drew near,
got up for to gae ny the spinning,

His spindle fell, all ran arear,
alas! he got en ill beginning.

I watna whether yarn or linnig,
was on the rock. or lint or tow,

But round about the fire rinnig,
I wat his rock's head took a low.

And up into the lumb did flow,
the foot took fire, it flied him then,
Some lumps did fa' and burn'd his pow,

I wat he was a pretty man.

Yet he got water in a pan,
wherewith he flock'ned out the fire;

To sweep the house he then began,
to hand a right was his desire.

He fetch'd the kirn ben frae the byre,
wheremat he wrought until he swat:

But should he plunge until he tyre,
he little or no butter gat.

Then on the fire he hang the pat,
and with twa sroups ran to the spout,

Or ever he came back I wat,
the new pat bottom was burnt out.

Next all the bairns rair'd in a rout,
he thought to catch them a' up clean,

The first he gat his arms about,
was a bedirten to the ceen.

Alas! quoth he, What did I mean,
at first to tak this wark in hand,

I think I have bewitched been,
 when syled blankets all he fand.

Then forth to wash them in the strand,
 and for to poss them on a stane;

A rush of flood came frae the laet,
 and down the water lath them tane.

By that time ky and calves ilk ane

did meet, the goodman ran to red,

The brandit cow, thief break her baue,
 did bore his buttocks till they bled.

I trow he thought he was ill stead,

gallins wander'd far awa',

And by them came the greedy glet,

she took up three and left but twa.

These poor beasts paid the skaith for a',

the sow he gav her little thank,

Drew o'er the kirn with her fore pa',

and ay she winked and she drank.

He took the kirn-staff by the shank,

wherewith to reach the sow a rout,

The twa poor gallins got a clank,

for their braies he chapped out.

Then he pull'd the auld sow by the snout,

and with the kirn-staff on the back,

He did hit her a right sound rout,

till o'er the ribs the shank play'd crack.

Had you been there to see the knack,

you would have laught to seen the sport,

The sow his finger gave a snack,

with his sharp tusks she made it short.

Then he began to rove ahort,
 for of his trade he then did tyre,
 Great beatings to the kils he set,
 while all the ribs were on a fire.

Up through the corn it did aspire,
 and to the roof it took the way,
 Wae's me, quoth he, a dear kiln-hyre,
 alas! that e'er I saw this day.

For I was ne'er in sic a fray,
 since first my dame did rock my head,
 For every thing did gang astray,
 I think there shall be no remed.

But all shall turn to wrack indeed,
 I wish I had my plough-silms kepted,
 Let never better come of seed,
 with that he sat him down and weeped.
 And o'er his cheeks the tears they creeped,
 with h oft he dighted with a clout;
 Then upon the dyke-head he leaped,
 and on the wife gave meny a shout.

Who still did steer her stots about,
 and for her husband took gae care,
 But at him baith did laugh and float,
 indeed she thought the sport was rare.
 While the poor man was in despair,
 not knowing what to say or do,
 For every thing did back ward fair,
 that he did put his hand unto.

But yet at length it chanced so,
 that he did see the wife come lane,

The goodman said, Ye're welcome jo',
for of my trade I think great shame.

Your occupation take my dame,

quoth she, goodman, well may ye bruike,
What is the cause your hand is lame?

quoth he the sow, mischief her choak.

Did get it in her teeth and shoak,
and eke the meikle branded cow,
Into my breech her horn did yerk,
and's made my buttocks sair I trow:

And now this charge I'll quit to you,
all controversies let be ended;

Both corn and kilt is quite burnt throw,
what miss is done cannot be mended.

Wherefore my dear, be not offended,
but tak your charge and I'll tak mine;

I wish that I had quite miskend it,
for now I dree baith shame and pain.

Quoth she goodman, the fau't was thine,
ye took my trade against my will;

Now after this do not repine,
but occupy your own with skill:

Since of my place you have your fill:

then do not boast I live at ease,
When forth ye walk the pleugh until,

for now you know what drinkers dries,
Gae fetch me butter, milk, and cheese,

and let us eat and drink and gree,
Indeed goodwife, if it you please,

the ne'er a crumb the sow left me.

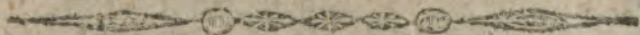
Goodman, quoth she, How may this be,
that every thing is gone arear?

Goodwife. Wa'k out and in, and see,
and then you will have cause to speer.

Quoth she, Goodman, Indeed I fear,
if you should occupy this trade,
Within a quarter of a year,
our house will come to a small stead.

Now when you have these lines all read,
and of the writer would have skill.

From the highway you need not speed,
but speer for Lady Ann's New Mill.

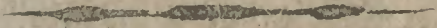


When I do, may I never Drink more.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
With my friends I'll be drinking,
And with vigour pursue my delight;
While the fool is designing,
His fatal confining,
With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
With madness and folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For so foolish an end!

When I do, may I never drink more.



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