

# The Gaberlunzieman

Andy M. Stewart

Oh the pawky auld carle cam o'er the lea  
Wi' mony guid-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 wilily 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-snug 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,  
efter 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