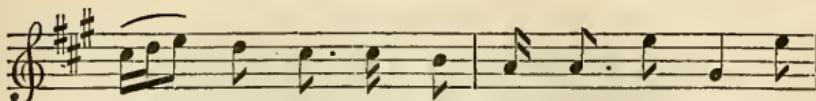


# EVER ALAKE MY AULD GUIDMAN.<sup>1</sup>

This is a third song, of apparently old date, upon the humours involved in matrimonial altercations. It appeared in the *Teatable Miscellany*, marked as a song of unknown antiquity.

Late in an even - ing forth I went, A  
lit - tle before the sun gaed down; And there I chanced, by  
ac - ci - dent, To light on a bat - tle new be - gun.  
A man and his wife were faun in strife; I  
can - na weel tell ye how it began; But aye she wail'd her

<sup>1</sup> Anglicè—*My first husband.*



wretch - ed life, And cried, Ev - er a - lake my  
 auld guid - man!

Late in an evening forth I went,  
 A little before the sun gaed down ;  
 And there I chanced, by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun.  
 A man and his wife were faun in strife ;  
 I canna weel tell how it began ;  
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cried, Ever alake my auld guidman !

## HE.

The auld guidman that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a puir silly vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leuch him to scorn ;  
 For he did spend and mak an end  
 Of gear that his forefathers wan ;  
 He gart the puir stand frae the door :  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld guidman.

## SHE.

My heart, alake, is like to break,  
 When I think on my winsome John ;  
 His blinking een, and gait sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dozent drone.  
 His rosy face and flaxen hair,  
 And skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withal ;  
 And thou 'lt never be like my auld guidman.

## HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee mainteen ;  
For meal and maut thou disna want ;  
But thy wild bees I canna please,  
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.  
Of household stuff thou hast enough ;  
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;  
Of siclike ware he left thee bare :  
Sae tell me nae mair of thy auld guidman.

## SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myself,  
To think on the blythe days I had,  
When he and I thegither lay  
In arms, into a weel-made bed.  
But now I sigh, and may be sad ;  
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan ;  
Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep :  
And thou'l never be like my auld guidman.

Then coming was the nicht sae dark,  
And gane was a' the licht of day ;  
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
And therefore wad nae langer stay.  
Then up he gat, and he ran his way ;  
I trow the wife the day she wan ;  
And aye the owerword o' the fray  
Was, Ever alake my auld guidman !