

MY AULD MAN.

In the land of Fife there lived a wick - ed
wife, And in the town of Cu - par then, Who
sore - ly did la - ment, and made her com - plaint, Oh
when will ye die, my auld man?

In the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,
And in the town of Cupar then,
Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,
Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,
She said, What's guid for an auld man?
O wheat-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;
That's guid for an auld man.

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,
And what for cam ye in ?
For bear-bread and water, I'm sure, is much better—
It's ower guid for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,
Into his cauld grave he's gane :
Lie still wi' my blessing ! of thee I hae nae missing ;
I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three-quarters of a year,
She was married to a young man then,
Who drank at the wine, and tiddled at the beer,
And spent mair gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,
And cauld grew her pat and her pan :
And now she sighs, and aye she says,
I wish I had my silly auld man !¹