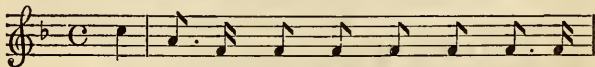
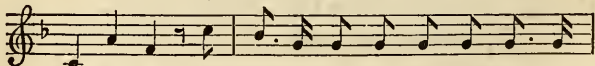


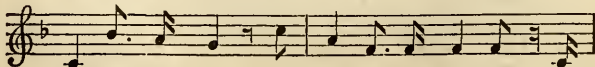
OUR GUIDMAN CAM HAME AT E'EN.



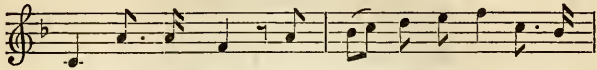
O, our guid - man cam hame at e'en, And



hame cam he; And there he saw a rid - ing horse, Where

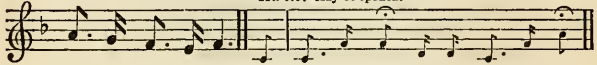


nae horse should be. Oh, how cam this horse here? And

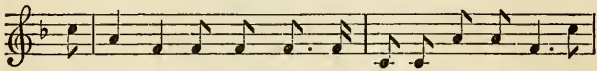


how can this be? And how cam this horse here, With-

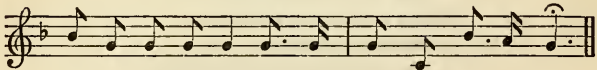
Ad lib. May be spoken.



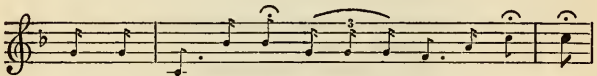
out the leave o' me? A horse! quo' she! Ay, a horse, quo' he.



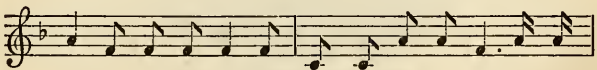
Ye auld blind dot - ard carle, And blind - er mat ye be! It's



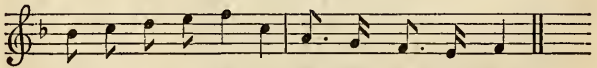
but a bon - nie milk cow, My mith - er sent to me.



A milk cow! quo' he; Ay, a milk cow, quo' she. Weel,



far hae I rid - den, And muckle hae I seen; But a



sad - dle on a milk cow Saw I nev - er nane.

O, our guidman cam hame at e'en,
 And hame cam he;
 And there he saw a riding-horse,
 Where nae horse should be.

Oh, how cam this horse here ?
 How can this be ?
 How cam this horse here,
 Without the leave o' me ?
 A horse ! quo' she !
 Ay, a horse, quo' he.
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be !
 It's but a bonnie milk-cow,
 My mither sent to me.
 A milk-cow ! quo' he ;
 Ay, a milk-cow, quo' she.
 Weel, far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen ;
 But a saddle on a milk-cow
 Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,
 And hame cam he ;
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
 Where nae boots should be.
 What's this now, guidwife ?
 What's this I see ?
 How cam thae boots here,
 Without the leave o' me ?
 Boots ! quo' she ;
 Ay, boots, quo' he.
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be !
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups,
 The cooper sent to me.
 Water-stoups ! quo' he ;
 Ay, water-stoups, quo' she.
 Weel, far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen ;
 But siller-spurs on water-stoups
 Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he ;
And there he saw a siller sword,
Where nae sword should be.
What's this now, guidwife ?
What's this I see ?
O how cam this sword here,
Without the leave o' me ?
A sword ! quo' she ;
Ay, a sword, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder mat ye be !
It's but a parridge-spurtle,
My minnie sent to me.
A parridge-spurtle ! quo' he ;
Ay, a parridge-spurtle, quo' she.
Weel, far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen ;
But siller-handed parridge-spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he ;
And there he spied a mickle wig,
Where nae wig should be.
What's this now, guidwife ?
What's this I see ?
How cam this wig here,
Without the leave o' me ?
A wig ! quo' she ;
Ay, a wig, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder mat ye be !
'Tis naething but a clocken-hen
My minnie sent to me.
A clocken-hen ! quo' he ;
Ay, a clocken-hen, quo' she.

Weel, far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen,
 But pouter on a clocken-hen
 Saw I never nane.

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,
 And hame cam he ;
 And there he saw a big coat,
 Where nae coat should be.
 How cam this coat here ?
 How can this be ?
 How cam this coat here,
 Without the leave o' me ?
 A coat ! quo' she ;
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be !
 It's but a pair o' blankets
 My minnie sent to me.
 Blankets ! quo' he ;
 Ay, blankets, quo' she.
 Weel, far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen :
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane !

Ben gaed our guidman,
 And ben gaed he ;
 And there he spied a sturdy man
 Where nae man should be.
 How cam this man here ?
 How can this be ?
 How cam this man here,
 Without the leave o' me ?
 A man ! quo' she ;
 Ay, a man quo' he.

Puir blind body,
 And blinder mat you be !
 It's but a new milk-maid
 My mither sent to me.
 A maid ! quo' he ;
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.
 Weel, far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen,
 But lang-bearded milk-maids
 Saw I never nane.

Modern singers modify the last verse as follows :

A man ! quo' she ;
 Ay, a man, quo' he.
 Oh, hooly, hooly, our guidman,
 And dinna angered be—
 It's but our cousin Macintosh,
 Come frae the north countrie !
 Our cousin Macintosh ! quo' he ;
 Ay, our cousin Macintosh, quo' she.
 Ye 'll hae us a' hanged, guidwife,
 And that 'll be to see ;
 Ye 're hiding rebels in the house,
 Without the leave o' me.

This capital piece of humour appeared first in Herd's Collection. The air was given in Johnson's *Musical Museum*. It bears all the marks of a pure Scottish authorship ; yet a song on the same set of ideas has long been known in England. Mr J. H. Dixon gives a copy from Yorkshire, beginning :

O, I went into the stable, and there for to see,
 And there I saw three horses stand by one, by two, and by three ;
 O, I called to my loving wife, and, Anon, kind sir, quoth she ;
 O, what do these three horses here, without the leave o' me ?
 Why, you old fool, blind fool, can't you very well see,
 These are three milking cows my mother sent to me !
 Odds bobs, well done I, milking cows with saddles on !
 The like was never known !

There is a copy of this English version of the tale in the *Roxburghe Collection*, and therefore probably not later than the seventeenth century.