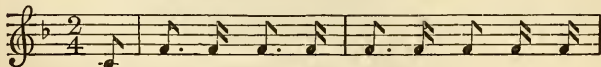
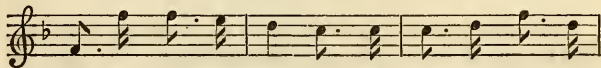


## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

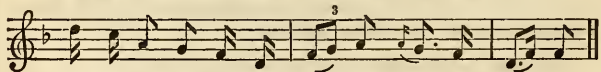
The little comic difficulties of matrimonial life have long been favourite subjects with the Scottish muse; for example, *Tak your Auld Cloak about Ye, Ever Alike my Auld Guidman*, and others in this collection. In the present instance, the humour takes a practical turn, with irresistible effect. The piece, of the authorship of which not the faintest trace survives, appeared in Herd's Collection, and the air was given by Johnson. It is not unworthy of notice that the favourite after-piece of *No Song, No Supper*, contains a scene founded on this song.



It fell a - bout the Martin-mas time, And a



gay time it was than, O, That our guid - wife had



puddins to mak, And she boil'd them in the pan, O.

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was than, O,  
That our guidwife had puddins to mak,  
And she boil'd them in the pan, O.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north;  
It blew into the floor, O ;  
Says our guidman to our guidwife,  
Get up and bar the door, O.

My hand is in my hussyfe-skep,  
Guidman, as ye may see, O ;  
An it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,  
It's no be barr'd for me, O.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure, O,  
The first that spak the foremost word  
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O ;  
And they could neither see house nor ha',  
Nor coal nor candle-licht, O.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a puir, O ?  
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,  
For the barrin' o' the door, O.

And first they ate the white puddins,  
And syne they ate the black, O ;  
And muckle thocht our guidwife to hersel,  
But never a word she spak, O.

Then said the tane unto the tother,  
Hae, man, take ye my knife, O,  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the guidwife, O.

But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than, O ?  
What ails ye at the puddin' broo,  
That boils into the pan, O ?

O, up then started our guidman,  
And an angry man was he, O :  
Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,  
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O ?

Then up and startit our guidwife,  
Gi'ed three skips on the floor, O :  
Guidman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door, O.

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