

Author: Anonymous

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Anonymous

***The Good-Man of Auchter Muchty: Or the Wife
Turned Good-Man (n.d.)***

Tune of Pultring, Poverty.

In Auchtermuchty lived a Man,
If all be true I heard say
Who yok'd his Pleugh upon the Plain,
Upon a wet and windy Day.

The wind blew cald which made him stay,
From the North-east baith Hail and Rain,
He lous'd his Pleugh he dought not stay;
The Cald did chase him Hame again.

Goodwife, quoth he, rise up amain,
And give the Stots both Corn and Hay,
The morn ye shall my trouble ken;

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And I'll be good wife as I may.

Y've dwelt so lown this mony Day,
About the Fire ye sit right glad,
To morrow ye shall try the Way,
And learn yourself the Pleugh to had.

This Seed Time it proves cald and bad,
And ye sit warm no Troubles sees,
The Morn ye shall pass with the Lad,
And then ye'll ken what Drinkers drees.

Good-man, quoth she, if you please,
That I must travel to the Pleugh,
And you to dwell at Hame at Ease,
Perhaps you may get Toil enough.

Jack, dare we venture west the Cleugh,
And thou shalt had, and I shall ca,
I shall reward thee well enough,
Of fine Gravats I'll give the twa.

Good-man, since you have made this Law,
Then guide a' well and don't break,
They rode safe that did ne'er fa
Therefore let naithing be neglect.

Since with my trade ye are affected,
See first ye sist, and then ye kned,
Let all Things rightly be directed,
keep all the Gaislings frae the Gled.

And see the Bairns fyle not the Bed,
And kirn the Kirn, and mak the Cheese,
And of you occupy your Trade
I trow you shall find little Ease.

She sat up late her mind to please,
For to her Trade she had a Care;
She kirn'd the Kirn, she bor'd his Neese,
No Rigmari she left him there.

Upon the Morn she raise up air,
And on her Lives said her disjoon;

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As meekle in her Lap and mair,
As wad have serv'd four Men at Noon.

Then on she goes with Merry Tone,
Away with Jack to yoke the Pleugh,
I trow e'er all the Play be plaid,
O our Good-man will get Toil enough.

The Carling she was string and tough,
And of her Trade she took no Fear;
But from a Tree she pull'd a Beugh,
And stoutly made the Stots to steer.

The our Good-man when time drew near,
Got up for to go try the Spinning,
His Spindle fell, all run a Rear,
Alas! he got an ill Beginning.

I wat na whether Yearn or Linning,
Was on the Rock, or Lint, or Tow,
But round about the Fire Spinning,
I wat his rock's Head took a Low.

And up into the L[u]mb did flow,
The Soot took Fire, it fled him then,
Some Lumps did fa' and burnt his Pow,
I wat he was a dririe Man.

Yet he got Water in a Pan,
Wherewith the slocked out the Fire,
To sweep the House he then began,
To had a'right was his Desire.

He fetch'd the Kirm ben from the Byre,
Whereat he wrought until he swat,
But should he plunge until he tyre,
He little or no butter gat.

Then on the Fire he hung the Pot,
And with twa Stoups ran to the Spout
Or ever he came back I wa[t],
The new Pot Bottom was brunt out.

Next all the Bairns rair'd in a Rour,

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He thought to catch them all up clean,
The first he got his Arms about,
Was all bedirten to the Een.

Alas! quoth he, what did I mean,
At first to take this Work in Hand?
I think I have bewitched been;
Then fyl'd the Blankets all he fand.

Then forth to wash them in the strand,
And for to poss the on a Stane,
A Rush of Flood came from the Land,
And down the Water hath them tane.

By that Time Kine and Calves ilk ane,
Did meet, the Good-man ran to red,
The Brandit Cow, Thief break her Bane;
Did bore his Buttocks all they bled.

I trow he thought he was ill sted,
The Gaislings wander'd far awa'
And by then came greedy Gled,
She took up three and left but twa'.

These poor Beasts paid the Skaith for a',
The Sow he gave her little thank,
Drew o'er the Kirn with her fo[?]e Pa,
And ay she winked, and ay she drank.

He took the Kirn staff by the Shank,
Wherewith to reach the Sow a Rout,
The twa poor Gaislings got a Clank,
For their Bairns he chapped out,

Then pull he th'old Sow by the Snout,
And with the Kirn Staff on the Back,
He did her hit a right sound Rour,
'Till o'er her Ribs the Shank plaid Crack.

Had you been there to see the Knack,
You would have laugh'd to seen the Sport,
The Sow his fingers gave a Snack,
With her sharp Tusks she made them short.

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Then he began to rove a Thort,
For of his Trade he then did tyre,
Great Bearings to the Kiln did sort,
While all the Ribs were on a Fire.

Up through the Corn it did aspire,
And to the Roof it took the Way,
Wa's me, quoth he, a dear Kiln here
Alas! that e'er I saw this Day.

For I was never at sic a Fray,
Since first my Dame did rock my Head;
For every Thing doth gang astray,
I think there shall be no Remeed.

But all shall turn to Wreck indeed,
I wish I had my Pleugh Stilts kept;
Let never better come of Fead,
With that he sat him down and weeped.

And o'er his Cheeks the Tears they creeped,
Which oft he dighted with a Clout:
Then on the Dyke-head he leaped,
And on his Wife gave many a Shout:

Who did steer her Stots about,
And for her Husband took no Care,
But at him did both laugh and flout,
Indeed she thought the Sport was rare.

While the poor man was in Despair,
Not knowing what to say or do;
For every thing did backward fair,
That he put his Hand unto.

But yet at Length it chanced so
The Pleugh did loose, the wide came Hame,
The good man said, your welcome Jo
For of my trade I think great Shame.

Your Occupation take my Dame;
Quoth she, Good-man well may you bruik,
What is the Cause your hand is lame,
Quoth he, the Sow, Mischief her choak.

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(n.d.)**

Did get it in her Teeth and shoak;
And eke the meikle branded Cow,
Into my Breech her Horns did yoak,
And's made my buttocks fair I trow.

And now this Charge I'll quit to you,
All Controversies let be ended,
Both Corn and Kiln is quite burnt throw,
What miss is done none can be mended.

Therefore my Dear be not offended,
But take your Charge, and I'll take mine,
I wish that I had quite miskend it,
For now I dree, both shame and pine.

Quoth she, Good-man the fault was thine,
You took my Trade against my Will,
Now after this do not repine,
But occupy your own with Skill.

since of my Place you have your Fill,
Then do not boast I live at ease,
When forth you walk the Pleugh until,
For now you know what Drinkers drees.

Gae fetch me Butter, Milk and Cheese,
And let us eat, and drink, and 'gree.
Indeed Good-wife, if you it please,
The ne'er a Crumb the Sow left me.

Good-man, quoth she, how may this be,
That every thing is gone arrear.
Good-wife walk in and out, and see,
And then you will have Cause to spear.

Quoth she, good-man, indeed I fear,
If you shouls occupy this Trade,
Within a Quarter of a Year,
Our House would come to a short Steal.

Now when you have these Lines all read,
And of the Writer you have Skill,
From the highway you need not speed,



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But speir for Lady Ann's new Mile.

