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The Newcombe Gauger

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There was a sailor brisk and neat
A bonnie lassie he did entreat
A bonnie lassie he did entreat
To go wi' him, the sailor.

"Oh no," says the lassie," Why that won't do
For my mammy would be in an awful stew
My mammy would be in an awful stew
If I wed wi' ye, a sailor."

"Then what contrivance can we make,
What contrivance can we take?
What contrivance can we take?
For tae beguile your mammy?"

"You must tak off yer suit o' blue
And on wi' the garb o' a gauger too
It's on wi' the garb o' a gauger too
And come to oor town as a gauger."

He's ta'en off his suit o' blue
And on wi' the garb o' a gauger too
It's on wi' the garb o' a gauger too
He's come to our town as a gauger.

He's told the townsmwn "Tell to me
Where your gin and malt may be
Where your gin and malt may be
For I am the Newcombe Gauger.

He's searched but and he's searched ben
He's searched oot and he's searched in
But never a speck o' the malt could he find
For he hadna the wiles o' a gauger.

"Come along, lass, and tell to me
Where the gin and malt may be
If I can't have the malt, lassie, I'll have thee
For beguiling o' the gauger."

Said the old woman, "Oh that's well done

For she's always ready wi' anyone
She's always ready wi' anyone
But most wi' the Newcombe Gauger."

Now three months and a day are done
The gauger and the lass are gone;
The gauger and the lass are gone;
She's awa' wi' the roving sailor!

Recorded by Ewan MacColl, Haul on the Bowline.