

**The False Bride**

The False Bride  
from Gavin Grieg

I once loved a fair maid both handsome and gay  
I hated all people who against her did say  
But now she's rewarded me ill for my pains  
For she's gone to be wed to another

When I saw my bonnie love unto the church go  
Wi bridegroom and maidens they made a fine show  
But I followed after wi a heart full of woe  
To see how my bonnie love was guarded

When I saw my bonnie love at the church stile  
I trampt on her goon tails but I did not them fyle  
She turned her around and she gave a sweet smile  
Says, You're troubling yourself over nothing

When I saw my bonnie love into the church stand  
Wi the ring on her finger and the glove in her hand  
I wished him that got her both houses and land  
Tho it wasna my fortune to get her

The clerk of the parish, he gave a loud cry  
If there's any objections, I pray bring them neigh  
Think's I to myself, good objections have I  
But I had not the will to affront her

When the marriage was over and we all took a seat  
I sat down among them, but in small mood to eat  
My heart for a moment gaed I beat for beat  
That it wasna my fortune to get her

When the marriage was over and also the dine  
I took up the bottle and served up the wine  
And I drank to the bonnie lass that should have been mine  
Tho it wasna my fortune to get her

When the supper was over and all bound for bed  
I raxed owre the table and I kissed the bride  
Wishing I'd been the young man to lie by her side  
Tho it wasna my fortune to get her

But spoke the bridegroom, begone for a coward  
You have ridden too long on the point of your sword  
You have ridden too long in an unknown ford  
So Begone, for you ne'er can enjoy her

O hold your tongue, bridegroom, I'll tell you a guise

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She's but my auld sheen, when you've gotten her

Ye but wear my auld sheen, ye but wear my auld sheen  
And ye may dance in them till you dance them deen  
And when they are deen ye can sole them again  
For she's but my auld sheen when you've gotten her

But since she's gone, even so let her go  
I'll never give over to sorrow or woe  
But I'll cheer up my heart and aroving I'll go  
No fear, but I'll soon find another

DT #845

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