

I'm O'er Young To Marry Yet

Chorus.-I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I am my mammny's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir,
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud an' shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again;
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.