

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

This characteristic old song appeared in Herd's Collection, but had probably been in existence for a considerable time before.

The bride cam out o' the byre, And,
 O, as she dight - ed her checks! Sirs,
 I'm to be mar - ried the night, And have
 neith - er blank - ets nor sheets; Have
 neith - er blank - ets nor sheets, Nor
 scarce a cov - er - let too; The
 bride that has a' thing to bor - row, Has

Chorus.

e'en right muckle a - do. Woo'd, and mar - ried, and a',
 Mar - ried, and woo'd, and a'! And
 was she nae ve - ry weel off, That was
 woo'd, and mar - ried, and a'?

The bride cam out o' the byre,
 And, O, as she dighted her cheeks !
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets ;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.
 Woo'd, and married, and a',
 Married, and woo'd, and a' !
 And was she nae very weel off,
 That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out and spake the bride's father,
 As he cam in frae the pleugh ;
 O, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye'se get gear enough ;
 The stirk stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' bawsint yade
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?

Out and spake the bride's mither,
 What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,
 And ne'er a sark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.

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Out and spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kye ;
 Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.

Out and spake the bride's sister
 As she came in frae the byre ;
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire :
 But we poor folk maun live single,
 And do the best that we can ;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want
 If I cou'd get but a man.

At a more recent date, a lady, usually described as 'Mrs Scott of Dumbartonshire,' composed a song to the same tune ; a piece embodying pretty successfully the prudent, pride-humbling philosophy of the Scottish commonalty :

The grass had nae freedom o' growin'
 As lang as she wasna awa' ;
 Nor in the toun could there be stowin'
 For woers that wanted to ca'.

Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
 Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw ;
 The toun was for ever in brulyies :
 But now the lassie's awa'.
 Wooded, and married, and a',
 Married, and wooded, and a' ;
 The dandilie toast of the parish,
 She's wooded, and she's carried awa'.

But had he a-kenn'd her as I did,
 His woin' it wad hae been sma' :
 She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
 Nor cardin', nor spinnin' ava ;
 But a' her skill lies in her buskin' :
 And, O, if her brows were awa',
 She sune wad wear out o' fashion,
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And, O, she was bonnie and brow ;
 She cried on her guidman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa.
 He took, and he set down beside her
 A wheel and a reel for to ca' ;
 She cried, Was he that way to guide her ?
 And out at the door and awa'.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
 Wha said, Lassie, how gaes a' ?
 Quo' she, Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa',
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 And at it for ever to ca' ?
 And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie
 That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie !
He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa ;
There'll be little to put in the tassie,
Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;
For now ye should work like a tiger,
And at it baith wallop and ca',
Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,
And weanies and debt keep awa'.

Sae swift away hame to your haddin' ;
The mair fule ye e'er came awa' :
Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and brow ;
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
And wi' him should cannilie draw ;
Or else ye deserve to be knockit—
So that's an answer for a'.

Young luckie thus fand hersel mither'd,
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa' ;
At length wi' hersel she consider'd,
That hameward 'twas better to draw,
And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',
However that matters might fa' :
Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',
That's wooed, and married, and a'.¹
