

## 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'.<sup>1</sup>