

I'm Owre Young to Marry Yet

Chorus:

I'm owre young, I'm owre young, (too)

I'm owre young to marry yet;

I'm owre young, t'wad be a sin,

To tak' me frae my mammie yet. (from)

I am my mammie's ae bairn,

(one child)

Wi' un-co folk I weary, sir;

(with strangers)

And lying in a man's bed,

I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.

(frightened, melancholy)

Chorus

Hallowmass is come and gane,

(All Saints' Day, gone)

The nights are lang in winter, sir,

(long)

And you an' I in ae bed,

(one)

In trowth, I dare na venture, sir

(truth, not)

Chorus

Fu' loud an' shrill the frosty wind

(full)

Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;

(blows, timber)

But if ye come this gate again,

I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

(older, come summer)

Chorus