

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, fir,
 And running wi' a man awa,
 I'm fley'd it make me irie, fir.
 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 fin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, fir ;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin fimmer, fir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

I'm o'er young to marry yet. ³¹

Violin

Slow

I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir, And

running wi' a' Man a-wa I'm fley'd it make me i-rie Sir. 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 fin To tak me frae my mammy yet.