

*THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.*

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THERE came a young man to my daddy's  
                   door,  
 My daddy's door, my daddy's door,  
 There came a young man to my daddy's door,  
           Came seeking me to woo ;

And vow but he was a braw young lad,  
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,  
 And vow but he was a braw young lad,  
           Came seeking me to woo.

But I was basking when he came,  
 When he came, when he came ;  
 I took him in, and ga'e him a scone  
 To thow his frozen mou'.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

I fet him in afide the bink,  
 I ga'e him bread, and ale to drink ;  
 And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,  
           Until that he was fou.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,  
 Ye four-looking cauldrie wooer,  
 I staightway shaw'd him to th' door,  
           Saying, come nae mair to woo.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door ;  
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
           And there fell he, I trow.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

Out came the good man and high he shouted,  
 Out came the goodwife and low she louted,  
 And a' the town neighbours were gather'd  
           about it ;  
           And there lay he I trow.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,  
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,  
           We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.  
                                 And vow but, &c.

# Ever Brisk young Lad.

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Violin

Lively

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