

Betsy Bell

The Unthanks

O my name is Betsy Bell, in the Gallowgate I dwell.
Nae doot you'll wonder whit I'm daein' here.
Well, I'm lookin' for a man, be he auld or be he young,
And onything in breeks will dae wi' me.

Well, 'twas on last Friday nicht I met auld Sandy Wricht,
And he asked me for tae be his lovin' bride.
But I couldnae let him see I was desperate as could be,
So I tellt him for tae come awa' inside.

Well, he jumpit at the chance, aye, it fairly made me dance,
And I gied tae him my answer there and then,
But when I'd bought my wedding frock, he said,
"Lord, it's a' a joke!"
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the men.

So if there's onybody here wha wad like a nice wee dear,
Although I'm only three score and ten,
Be he young or be he auld, curly-heided, fringed, or bald,
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the men.

For of lads I've had my share; I've had a score or mair,
But why they threw me up I dinna ken.
For I'm neither prood nor shy, that the lads should pass me by.
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the men.