## Young Mairi McGill

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3. Three years have past since first we met, good friends we have become. I'm so fond of her, and she of me, her true love I have won. But to take her hand in marriage, her father would not agree. For I'm just a common ploughboy, of no wealth or pedigree.

4. For to prove myself so worthy, to battle I must go. For you'll find none other better, with sword or lance or bow. For my father was a soldier, and he taught me all he knew. I am now his Lordship's champion. I have lands and honour too.

5. For to take her hand in marrage, to her father I must go. For I'm not that common ploughboy, that once he used to know. I have lands and wealth and honour, equil to his own. I now ask the hand of Mairi, for her love is mine alone.

6. For her father knew of their true love, and how happy she would be. For that boy he knew, is now a man, of wealth and dignity. He did give her hand in marrage, that they would wed that year. As we stand here at the altar, the bells ring loud and clear.