

ROBIN QUO' SHE.

ROBIN is my only Joe, He's tall and sonfy, frank and free;
 Robin has the art to loo, Loo'd by a', and dear to me;
 So to his suit I mean to bow, Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because I ken he loo's me; Because my Robin loo's me,
 Happy, happy, was the show'r, My titty Mary said to me,
 That led me to his birken bow'r; Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r, And I ere lang be made to see
 And ken'd that Robin loo'd me, That Robin did na' loo' me.
 They speak of napkins, speak of rings; But little kens she what has been
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings; Me and my honest Rob between,
 And name a thousand bonny things, And in his wooing, O! so keen
 And ca' them signs he loo's me; Kind Robin is that loo's me;
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob, Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 Sporting on the velvet fog, And hasten on the happy day,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb, When, join'd our hands, mefs John shall say,
 Because I ken he loo's me. And mak him mine that loo's me.

'Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin loo's me.
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loo's me!

Robin quo' she.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Robin is my on-ly Joe, Robin has the art to

7 8 7 8 6 5 2 3 2 3 4 3 5 6 5 6 6

loo; So to his suit I mean to bow Because I ken he looes me.

f 5 7 5 8 6 # 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

Happy happy was the fhow'r That led me to his birken bow'r Where

6 5 - 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 # 5 6

first of love I fand the pow'r And kend that Robin loo'd me.

6 - 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 8 lower - 4 3