

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

There was a very old song called *Kind Robin Lo'es Me*, but of a rude and homely character, and of which no more than two verses have been preserved :

Hech, hey, Robin, quo' she,
Hech, hey, Robin, quo' she,
Hech, hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me, &c.

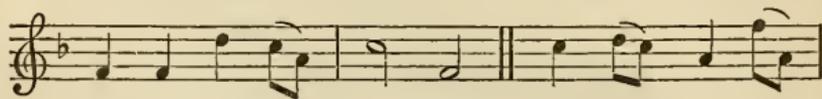
In Herd's Collection appeared the song here presented, which has been much a favourite in Scotland.



Ro - bin is my on - ly jo, For Ro - bin has the



art to lo'e; Sae to his suit I mean to bow, Be-



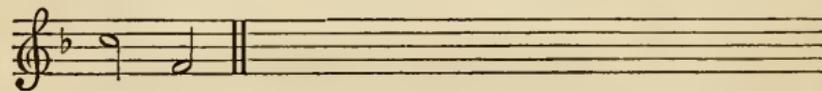
cause I ken he lo'es me. Hap - py, hap - py



was the shower, That led me to his birk - en bower, Where



first of love I fand the power, And kenn'd that Ro - bin



lo'ed me.

Robin is my only jo,
 For Robin has the art to lo'e ;
 Sae to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy, happy was the shower,
 That led me to his birken bower,
 Where first of love I fand the power,
 And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissin' strings ;
 And name a thousand bonnie things,

And ca' them signs he lo'es me.

But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
 Seated on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab ;
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsie, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me ;

Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,

Because my Robin lo'es me.

My tittie Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I or lang be made to see

That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between ;

And in his wooing, O sae keen

Kind Robin is that lo'es me.

Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,

And hasten on the happy day,

When, Join your hands, Mess John will say,

And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite
 To fix our love and give delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,

Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.

O hey, Robin ! quo' she,

O hey, Robin ! quo' she,

O hey, Robin ! quo' she ;

Kind Robin lo'es me.