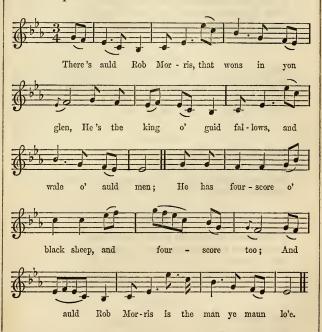
AULD ROB MORRIS.

This song appears in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1724, as an old song with additions. Its air, which is traced to a music-book, dated 1692, where it appears under the name of *Jock the Laird's Brother*, has secured it popularity, and induced Burns to compose

¹ From Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810.

² Laing's Notes to Stenhouse, p. 222*.

another song on the basis of the same name, but with a different strain of ideas, by which the present lyric has been in a great measure superseded.



MOTHER.

There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men; He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too; And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee; For his eild¹ and my eild can never agree: They'll never agree, and that will be seen; For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride, For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride; [Ye'll hae a bein house and right little to do], Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel, His back sticks out like ony peat-creel; He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too: Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man, Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan;² Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe, For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae, His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray; I had rather die than live wi' him a year; Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear.

¹ Age. ² This expression has become proverbial in Scotland.