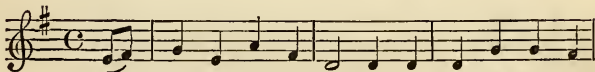
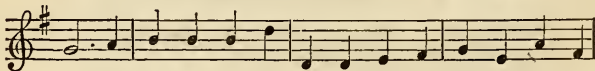


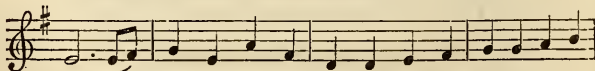
ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.



Guid day, now, bon-nie Ro-bin, How lang hae ye been

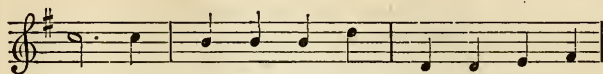


here? I've been a bird a-bout this bush This mair than twenty

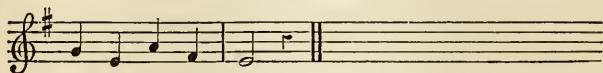


year. But now I am the sick-est bird That ever sat on

¹ From Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1793.



brier; And I wad mak my tes - ta - ment, Guid-



man, if ye wad hear.

Guid day, now, bonnie Robin,
 How lang hae ye been here?
 I've been a bird about this bush
 This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird
 That ever sat on brier;
 And I wad mak my testament,
 Guidman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,
 That picks upon the corn;
 And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton,
 To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my neb;
 And gie to the Lady Hamilton,
 To fill a feather-bed.

Gar tak this guid richt leg o' mine,
 And mend the brig o' Tay;
 It will be a post and pillar guid,
 It will neither bow nor [gae].

And tak this other leg o' mine,
 And mend the brig o' Weir;
 It will be a post and pillar guid,
 It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my tail ;
And gie to the lads o' Hamilton
To be a barn-flail.

And tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast ;
And gie them to the bonnie lad,
Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam my Lady Wren,
Wi' mony a sigh and groan,
O what care I for a' the lads,
If my ain lad be gone !

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
E'en like a little king ;
Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,
Ye little cutty-quean.¹