

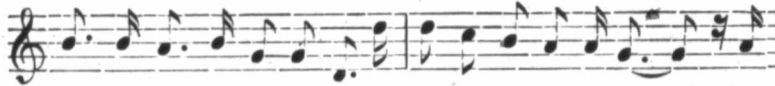
ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

With sly humor.

ALEX. RODGER.



1. My mither men't my auld breeks, An' wow! but they were duddy; She



sent me to get Mal-ly shod At Ro-bin Tamson's smiddy:.... The



smid-dy stands be-side the burn That wimples thro' the clachan;.... I



nev-er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a-laugh-in'.

Now Robin was a wealthy carle,

An' had ae bonnie dochter,

Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,

Tho' mony lads had sought her.

But what think ye o' my exploit!—

The time our mare was shoein',

I slippit up beside the lass,

An' briskly fell a-wooin'.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,

The time that we sat crackin';

Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,

I've new anes for the makin';

But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,

An' lea' the carle, your father,

Ye 'se get my breeks to keep in trim,

Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,

I really think I'll tak' it;

Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,

We'll baith slip on the back o't,

For gin I wait my father's time,

I'll wait till I be fifty;

But na!—I'll marry in my prime,

An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man

At tyning o' his dochter:

Through a' the kintra-side he ran,

An' far an' near he sought her;

But when he cam' to our fire-end,

An' fand us baith thegither,

Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,

An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,

Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,

But I'll just tak' ye at your word,

An' end this hurry-burry.

So Robin an' our auld gudewife

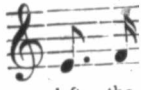
Agreed to creep thegither;

Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,

An' Robin has my mither.

Andante.

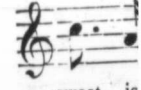
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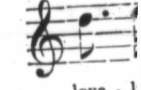
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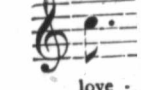
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