

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*Slow, with feeling.
Dolce.**Rev. William Leves.*

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had
nae - thing be - side. To make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
crown and the pound were baith for me. He had na been gane a
week but on - ly twa, when my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa; My
mith - er she fell sick, and my Ja - mie at the sea, And
auld Ro - bin Gray cam a - court - ing me.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else be - side.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brake his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wreck! Why didna Jenny dee!
Oh why do I live to say, Oh wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae I gied to Rob my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

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