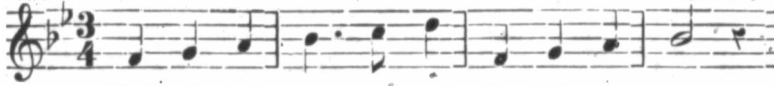


ROBIN ADAIR.

*Expressive.**Irish and Scotch form of melody.*

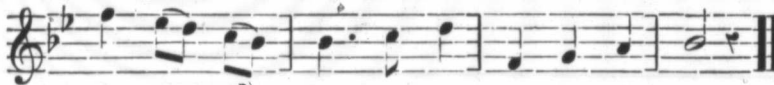
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near.



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?



Where all the joy and mirth Made this town heav'n on earth?



Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

What made th' assembly shine?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh, it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair,

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet he I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh, I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

AFTON WATER.

Andante.

BURNS.



1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green



braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy



praise; My Ma-ry's a sleep by thy mur-mur-ing



stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove,
the glen,
Ye wild whistlin'
den,
Thou green-cres-
forbear,
I charge you dis-

How lofty, swe
hills,
Far marked wi
rills!
There daily I w
My flocks and m

How pleasant t
below,
Where wild in
blow!

Andante.

1.



ma-zes



bon-nie

Let us wand
To the cove
Where th
Of the ros
Through th
lassie

O Kelvin be
When the s
O,
There th
Throws s
Round the
lassie

Though I
lass
As the smi
O,
Yet with
I could
And win t