

ROBIN, QUO' SHE.

ROBIN is my only Joe,
 Robin has the art to loo,
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he loo's me;
 Happy, happy, was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r;
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r,
 And ken'd that Robin loo'd me,

They speak of napkins, speak of rings;
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings;
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them signs he loo's me;
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb,
 Because I ken he loo's me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free;
 Loo'd by a', and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin loo's me.
 My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I ere lang be made to see
 That Robin did na' loo' me.

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, O! so keen
 Kind Robin is that loo's me;
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, join'd our hands, mefs John shall say,
 And mak him mine that loo's me.

'Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin loo's me.
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loo's me!

Robin quo' she.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Robin is my on-ly Joe, Robin has the art to.

7 8 7 8 6 5 2 3 2 3 4 3 5 6 5 6 6

2 3 2 3 4 3 5 6 5 3 3

loo; So to his suit I mean to bow Because I ken he looes me.

f 5 7 5 8 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

5 3 6 # 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

Happy happy was the fhow'r That led me to his birken bow'r Where

6 5 - 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 # 5 6

3 - 4 4 3 6 5 # 5 6

first of love I fand the pow'r And kend that Robin loo'd me.

6 - 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

5 - 4 3 2 3 4 3 8 lower- 4 3