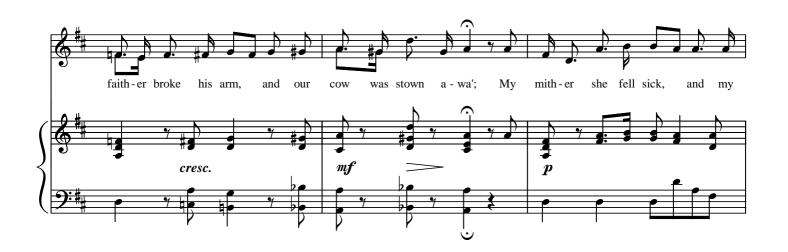
## **Auld Robin Gray**

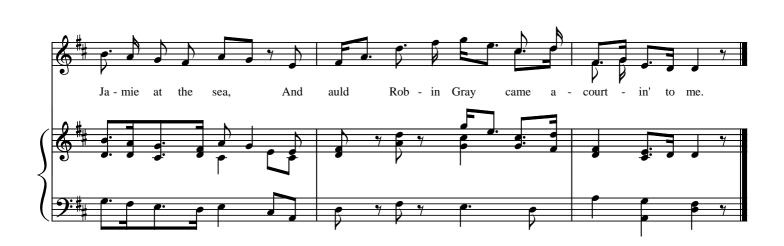
Lady Anne Lindsay

William Leeves (1748-1828)



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My faither couldna work, my mither couldna spin, I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e Said 'Jenny, for their sakes wull ye no marry me?' My heart is said Na, for I look'd for Jamie back; But the wind it blew high, and his ship it was a wrack! The ship it was a wrack! why didna Jamie dee?

And why was he spared to cry, 'Wae is me'?

— 2 —

My faither argued sair - my mither didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist - I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

**—** 3 **—** 

O! sair did we greet, and mickle did we say; We took but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away. I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee; O! why do I live to say, 'O! wae's me!' I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin; I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin: But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be, For auld Robin Gray is a kind mon to me.