

Auld Robin Gray;

WITH THE

A N S W E R.

To which is added,

The two Constant Lovers.

The W I D O W.

The CAPTAIN of LOVE.



Entered according to Order.

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A U L D R O B I N G R A Y.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld & the ky at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
 The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs frae me eye,
 When my goodman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for his
 But, saving a crown, he had naething beside, (bride,
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna' been awa' a week but only twa', (awa',
 When my mither she fell sick and the cow was stown
 My father brake his arm, and my Jamie gade to sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting o' me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win,
 And Rob maintain'd them baith, & wi' tears in his eye,
 Said, Jenny for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jenny die?
 And why did I live to cry waes me?

Auld Robin argu'd fair: tho' my mither didna' speak,
 She look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break,
 So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was i' the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is a guidman to me.

I hadna' been a wife, a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's warth, but I didna' think it he,
 Till he said I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but ac kifs, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,
 And why did I live, to say waes me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie for that wou'd be a sin,
 But I'll do my best, a guid wife to be,
 For auld Robin Grey is kind to me.

THE ANSWER.

I'VE got my Jenny bell to sleep by my side,
 I'll ever bless the day I got her for my bride;
 For she's but twenty-four, and I'm but sixty-three,
 And yet she is a kind and loving wife to me.

Young Jamie loe'd her well, & sought her for his wife,
 But he went to the sea, and there he lost his life,
 Full sore she did mourn, but it helped cou'dna be,
 Then I wish'd in my mind she'd be a wife to me.

Her father got a fall by which his arm he broke,
 Her mother she fell sick, and little was their stock,
 They had but ae milk cow was stolen frae the byre,
 And my bonny Jenny Bell at working did not tyre.

Full sore did she work, and toil'd late and air,
 Her parents to support, but scanty was their fare,
 I said I would maintain them, if that she would agree:
 And ever wou'd befriend them, if she would marry me.

She said, for to marry she never did incline,
 Because her dearest Jamie was ever in her mind,
 She ne'er wou'd love another, so dear's she loved he,
 Therefore to my proposal she ne'er cou'd agree.

I applied to her mother, whose aged heart did bleed,
 Because that I had often supported them indeed;
 She was loath to advise her, but said she'd happy be,
 If her daughter wou'd consent to be a wife to me.

I made my Jenny presents of silver broach and rings,
 Yet still she shun'd my presence for all these handsome
 At last I grew so ill that some thought I wou'd die, (things
 Then my bonny Jenny Bell came to visit me.

At soon as I beheld her this charming beauty bright;
 I said, if she wou'd marry me, I hoped yet to live,
 She kindly did encourage me, so I grew well again,
 So of my bonny Jenny Bell I grew wondrous fain.

I've cloth'd her like a lady, she like a queen appears,
 I'm younger like already by more than twenty years,
 She uses me so kindly, so well we do agree, (me.
 No mortal lives more friendly than Jenny Bell and

The two Constant LOVERS, who
 died by the ROAD.

Draw near you young gallants, while I do unfold,
 A tragical story as ever was told,
 It's of a young couple, whose hearts were linked fast,
 Till death broke afunder their contract at last.

Near Exeter city this couple did dwell,
 The lass was so pretty, few could her excel,
 Most comely in favour, most proper and tall,
 And constant in heart, the best virtue of all.

But Cupid, who cunningly fixed his dart,
 Had shot this fair maid, and wounded her heart,
 With his cunning arrows had wounded her so,
 For love it will creep where it cannot well go.

A brisk young shop-keeper who lived hard by,
 Would oft on this damsel be casting an eye,
 She often with smiles upon him did the same,
 They both were possess'd with a secret flame.

For love, which could then be no longer conceal'd,
 By this loving couple was quickly reveal'd,
 As they one evening did meet in a grove,
 The young man began to discover his love.

Well met, my dear mistress, the joy of my heart,
 The height of perfection in every part,
 The love which I long in my heart have conceal'd,
 Shall here to my dearest be quickly reveal'd.

If you be so cruel, my suit to deny,
 My amorous lover for thee I must die,
 My heart is bleeding, and lies at your feet,
 Then kill me or cure me, as you think it meet.

This damsel appeared as quite struck dumb,
 While blushes like flashes of lightning did come,
 At length she reply'd, there's no trust in young men,
 And what would you have me to answer you then.

My heart to my dearest shall constant remain,
 The thoughts of false lovers I freely disdain,
 May I bid all pleasures forever adieu,
 My dearest when I prove false unto you.

This beautiful damsel no longer could hide,
 Her tender affection, but freely reply'd,
 My heart is your own, and shall be till I die,
 Then into his arms she like lightning did fly.

A ring of pure gold from her finger she took,
 And just in the middle the same she did break,
 Quoth she, As a token of love you thus take,
 And this as a pledge I'll keep for your sake.

With hugging and kissing in each others arms,
 They then were possess'd with raptures and charms,
 From that very minute they constant did prove,
 As loyal as ever was the turtle dove.

But fortune was cruel and on them did frown,
 Her love to her parents was quickly made known;
 But they to their daughter were sharp and severe,
 For an heiress she was of three hundred a year.

They presently sent this young damsel away,
 To London, that she with her uncle might stay,
 Thinking in a short time her love would abate,
 But true love should not be serv'd at such a rate,

Sometimes with her uncle this damsel did stay,
 While she did a letter in private convey,
 To her loyal lover, the joy of her heart,
 Whom covetous parents did cruelly part.

When that true lover the letter had read,
 He sent unto her a letter with speed,
 Saying, The whole world shall not us divide,
 For I will come to you whatever betide.

But her true lover's answer she never receiv'd,
 For which she lamenting, lay heartily griev'd,
 Saying, Hath my love forsaken me quite;
 Oh! now all my pleasures have taken their flight.

Sure he was too loyal his love to deceive,
 When here I will sorrow ev'n down to my grave,
 But now for fair Exeter I will repair,
 Tho' my shadow be here, my heart it is there.

This damsel without any longer delay,
 For fair Exeter she then took her way,
 And that very minute for London he came,
 In hopes for to meet his amorous dame.

But still cruel fortune upon them did frown,
 The one coming up, the other coming down,
 And then on the road each other they miss,
 Oh! who can discover the sorrow of this.

But when they both found their labour was lost,
 And both their designs by misfortune were cross,
 Without any stay they returned again,
 With tears full of irreconcilable pain.

Thus three times together each other did miss,
 While trouble and sorrow their hearts did possess,
 This innocent damsel her heart then did break,
 And dy'd on the road for her true lover's sake.

The inn where the damsel that night had deceas'd,
 This young man, her lover, came in as a guest,
 They asked this young man what news was abroad,
 If he knew a young damsel that died by the road.

The corps then he desired for to see,
 Which when he beheld, he cry'd woes me,
 My long, long travel, now an end shall have,
 My dearest and I will be laid in one grave.

Ten thousand times over her weeping he lay,
 He kiss'd her cold lips that were colder than clay,
 And that very minute his heart it did break,
 And like a true lover he dy'd for her sake.

You covetuous parents wherever you be,
 Consider the same, and lament you with me,
 Let not gold or silver true lovers divide,
 Lest dreadful examples unto you betide.



The W I D O W.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;
 Then have at the widow my laddie.

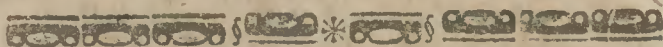
With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate,
 Speak well and do better, and that's the best gate,
 To win a young widow my laddie.

The widow she's youthful, and never ae hair,
 The war o' the wearing, and has a good skair,
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointer, my laddie.

What could you wish better your pleasures to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With naething, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow my laddie.

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesy dead,
 The' stark love and kindness be all you can plead,
 Be heartsome and airy and hope to succeed,
 With a bonny gay widow my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wauld,
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thawieless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow. my laddie.



The CAPTAIN of LOVE.

THERE was a rich noble, as lately we hear,
 He had but one daughter most charming & fair,
 Whom he much admired, yet this beautiful child,
 By fly Cupid's arrow in love was beguil'd.

Her father being dead—One day for 'her ease,
 To visit her workmen she rode in her chaise,
 A handsome young plowman she there did espy,
 And in raptures upon him she fixed her eye.

This flame in her bosom so strongly did glow,
 To gaze on his beauty to the fields she would go:
 He whistled so sweetly made the vallies to ring,
 He had cheeks like the roses that bloom in the Spring.

Then home to her maidens this lady she goes,
 And resolved to dress in gay regimental cloaths,
 With broad sword in hand, she went to the grove,
 And the plowman was press'd by the captain of love.

Unto the young Plowman this lady she said,
 Come, come, jolly farmer, and join the parade,
 No longer to toil at the plow and to sow,
 But abroad for a soldier with me you must go.

You're handsome and proper well fitted to shine,
 In a lac'd hat and feather, and scarlet so fine,
 Then with me you must go and your captain I'll be,
 And a Lady shall court you of noble degree.

Withia a close room he was straightway confin'd,
 While she changed her cloathes and then told him her
 In his arms he embrac'd her, & solemnly swore, (mind,
 That the Captain of love he would ever adore.

Away then to church straight this young couple went
 And were joined in wedlock with mutual content,
 How happy the plowman, now changed was he,
 From a poor man's estate a rich noble to be.