

(15)

ROBIN'S CURE

For a Bad Wife.

To which are added,

Bad News is come

to Town,

AND THE

Flower of Edinburgh.



Falkirk—Printed by T. JOHNSTON.

ROBIN'S CURE FOR A BAD WIFE.

For a Bad Wife.

ROBIN'S gane to the south country,
holland's green, holland;
And there he's courted a lady gay,
benty bows, Robin.

He's wed her, and he's brought her'home,
holland's green, holland;
But well I wat she's a dainty dame,
benty bows, Robin.

She winna wash she winna wring,
holland's green, holland;
For weaving of her gay gold ring,
benty bows, Robin.

She winna bake, she winna brew,
holland's green, holland;
For spoiling of her comely hew,
benty bows, Robin.

She winna spin, she winna card,
holland's green, holland;
But she will play her with the Laird,
benty bows, Robin.

Robin's come hame frae the plough,
holland's green, holland;
Cries, Is my dinner ready now,
benty bows, Robin.

You're a' mista'en, goodman, says he,
holland's green, holland;
Da you think I'll servant be to thee?
benty bows, Robin.

Robin's gane unto the faul,
holland's green, holland;
He's catch'd a wedder by the spaul,
benty bows, Robin.

He carried it, and brought it hame,
holland's green, holland,
To gie it to his dainty dame;
benty bows Robin.

Robin kill'd his wedder black,
holland's green, holland;
He's laid the skin upon her back;
benty bows, Robin.

He's laid the skin upon her back,
holland's green, holland;
And on the skin he's laid a crack;
benty bows, Robin.

I darna pay thee for thy kin;
 holland's green, holland;
 But I may pay my wedder's skin;
 benty bows, Robin.

I darna pay my lads back;
 holland's green, holland;
 But I may pay my wedder black;
 benty bows, Robin.

O Robin, Robin let me be;
 holland's green, holland;
 And I'll a good wife be to thee;
 benty bows, Robin.

I will wash, and I will wring;
 holland's green, holland;
 I'll never spare my gay gold ring;
 benty bows, Robin.

I will bake, and I will brew;
 holland's green, holland;
 I'll ne'er regard my comely hue;
 benty bows, Robin.

I will spin, and I will card;
 holland's green, holland;
 I'll never play me with the Laird;
 benty bows, Robin.

BAD NEWS IS COME TO TOWN.

BAD news is come to town,

bad news is carrid,

Bad news is come to town,

that my true love is married.

O my love is married

Onto me she've hid her heart,

but now she've hid her heart,

O bad news is come to town,

bad news for me,

How my love has got a love,

that's new come from the sea,

These two-three years I've courted her,

she never said me no,

But now she's gone and taken another,

and never let me know.

O bad news is come to town,

bad news is carrid,

How pretty Molly living town

was so quickly married.

Thrice proclaimed in a day

and married at night;

She's left me here my eyes to tear,

and given me the light.

O bad news is come to town,
 bad news for me,
 That ev'ry lad can have a lass,
 but calls me Jack the bee.
 Some call me the weather cock,
 and some call me the scout,
 As I've courted all the pretty maids,
 that's living round about.

Such bad news is come to town,
 bad news they carry,
 That when I got a maid's consent,
 I would no longer tarry:
 I courted them, I cuddled them,
 until they said me Yee,

And then I made no more of it,
 but took the parting kiss,
 O bad news is come to town,
 bad news for me,

All maidens take me for a bite,
 and from my presence flee:
 I have courted forty-five of them,
 to wael a wife that's good.
 But half of them was foolish fond,
 the other hellish proud.

O bad news is come to town,
 bad news is carried,
 The women call me Jack the rogue,
 and say I'll ne'er be married:

But if I be not married,
 As other men have been,
 You maidens fair, then have a care,
 I'll sé ly with you at e'en.

THE FLOWER OF EDINBURGH.

My love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin;
 The absence of his bonny face

I ha' rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain,

And exclaim gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha' taken from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.

To seek my love I range and rove,
 thro' evry grove and distant plain:
 Thus I'll never cease, but spend my days,
 to hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 since parents shew such cruelty;
 They've caus'd my love from me to range,
 and knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids, and tender lambs,
 may cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 for the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 to lend a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 and convey me upon your tail.
 Heav'n's bless my voyage with success,
 while crying of the raging main
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 to meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
 to grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus blest with charms in my love's arms,
 my heart, once more I will regain;
 Thence I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 but in love will enjoy my darling swain.

F I N I S.

Balkin—T. Johnston, Printer