

## Brown Robin (Child 97A)

- 1 THE king but an his nobles a' [*bis*]  
Sat birling at the wine; [*bis*]  
He would ha nane but his ae daughter  
To wait on them at dine.
- 2 She 's servd them butt, she 's servd them ben,  
Intill a gown of green,  
But her ee was ay on Brown Robin,  
That stood low under the rain.
- 3 She 's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud gang,  
An there she 's drawn her shot-window,  
An she 's harped an she sang.
- 4 'There sits a bird i my father's garden,  
An O but she sings sweet!  
I hope to live an see the day  
Whan wi my love I 'll meet.'
- 5 'O gin that ye like me as well  
As your tongue tells to me,  
What hour o the night, my lady bright,  
At your bowr sal I be?'
- 6 'Whan my father an gay Gilbert  
Are baith set at the wine,  
O ready, ready I will be  
To lat my true-love in.'
- 7 O she has birld her father's porter  
Wi strong beer an wi wine,  
Until he was as beastly drunk  
As ony wild-wood swine:  
She 's stown the keys o her father's yates  
An latten her true-love in.
- 8 Whan night was gane, an day was come,  
An the sun shone on their feet,  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
I 'll be discoverd yet.
- 9 Then out it spake that gay lady:

My love, ye need na doubt;  
For wi ae wile I've got you in,  
Wi anither I'll bring you out.

- 10 She's taen her to her father's cellar,  
As fast as she can fare;  
She's drawn a cup o the gude red wine,  
Hung 't low down by her gare;  
An she met wi her father dear  
Just coming down the stair.
- 11 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,  
That ye hold i your han  
For a' the wines in my cellar,  
An gantrees whare the stan.'
- 12 'O wae be to your wine, father,  
That ever 't came oer the sea;  
'T 'is pitten my head in sick a steer  
I my bowr I canna be.'
- 13 'Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,  
Gang out an tack the air;  
Gang out an walk i the good green wood,  
An a' your marys fair.'
- 14 Then out it spake the proud porter —  
Our lady wishd him shame —  
'We'll send the marys to the wood,  
But we'll keep our lady at hame.'
- 15 'There's thirty marys i my bowr,  
There's thirty o them an three;  
But there's nae ane amo them a'  
Kens what flowr gains for me.'
- 16 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she could gang,  
An she has dresst him Brown Robin  
Like ony bowr-woman.
- 17 The gown she pat upon her love  
Was o the dainty green,  
His hose was o the saft, saft silk,  
His shoon o the cordwain fine.

- 18 She 's pitten his bow in her bosom,  
His arrow in her sleeve,  
His sturdy bran her body next,  
Because he was her love.
- 19 Then she is unto her bowr-door,  
As fast as she coud gang;  
But out it spake the proud porter —  
Our lady wishd him shame —  
'We 'll count our marys to the wood,  
An we 'll count them back again.'
- 20 The firsten mary she sent out  
Was Brown Robin by name;  
Then out it spake the king himsel,  
'This is a sturdy dame.'
- 21 O she went out in a May morning,  
In a May morning so gay,  
But she came never back again,  
Her auld father to see.