

Robin Thompson's Smiddy.

My mither mend't my auld breeks,
And O but they were duddy,
And she sent me to git shod our mear,
At Robin Thompson's smiddy.
The smiddy stands beside the burn,
That wamples through the clachan,
I never yet gang by the door
But aye I fa' a laughing.

Chorus.

With my fal the dall the dy do,
Lall the doo a daddy,
With my fal the dall the dy do,
Fal lall the doo a daddy O.

Robin Thompson was a wealthy carle,
And had aye bonny daughter,
Yet ne'er waud let her tak' a man,
Tho' mony a lad had sought her.
But what think ye o' my exploits,
The time our mear was shoeing,
I slipped up beside the lass,
And briskly fell a wooing.

And aye she'd e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat cracking,
Quo' I my lass ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new aens at the making.
But if ye'll come hame wi' me,
And le'e the auld carle your father,
Ye's get my breeks in trim
Mysel' and a' together.

Deed lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae gang away slip out the mear,
We'll beath git on the back o't,
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'd wait till I was fifty,
But now I'll marry in my prime,
And mak' a wife thru thrifty.

Robin Thompson was an angry man,
At loosing o' his daughter,
Through the country side he ran,
And far and near he sought her.
And when he came to our fire end,
And faund us beath the gether,
Quo' I good man I've ta'en your bairn,
And ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girnt and shook his paw,
Good sooth, quo' he, ye'r merry,
But I'll just tak' you at your word,
And end this hurry burry.
So Robin took our auld good wife,
Agreed to creep together,
So I ta'en Robbin Thompson's bairn,
And Robin's got my mither.



THE DEATH OF PARKER.

You Gods above protect the widow,
With pity now look down on me,
Help me, help me out of trouble,
Out of my sad calamity.
It was all through the death of Parker,
Fortune to me hath prov'd unkind;
Although poor Parker was hung for mutiny,
Worse than him are left behind.

Parker was my lawful husband,
My bosom friend I lov'd so dear,
On the point when he was to suffer,
They would not suffer me to come near;
In vain I ask'd them, In vain I try'd them,
Three times o'er and o'er and o'er,
But still they cried you must be denied,
You must be gone away on shore.

The very last time that I attempted
To go to my love, I was forc'd away,
Press'd with grief and broken hearted,
To think that they should say me nay,
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,
The sign for my love to die,
A gun was fir'd as they requir'd,
To hang on the yard arm so high.

The boatswain did his best endeavour,
To get me on shore without delay,
There I stood watching like a mermaid,
To get my husband's body away,
Every moment I thought an hour,
Until the lonesome night came on,
That I might get my husband's body,
To inter him safe at home.

In the dead of the night, when all was quiet,
And many a thousand were fast asleep,
Me and two women got o'er the wall,
And into the burial ground did creep;
Trembling hands instead of shovels,
The mould from the coffin scratch'd away,
There we convey'd my husband's body,
Out of the church-yard without delay.

The mourning coach for him provided,
And up to London we drove with speed,
And there we had him decently buried,
And a funeral sermon the priest did read,
Farewell, Parker, thou bright angel,
Who was the darling of my heart,
Into the world we did not come together,
And separately we must depart.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

