

Robert Burns, There Was A Lad

There Was a Lad

(Robert Burns)

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o'whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi'Robin.

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin'rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin'Boy,
Rantin'rovin'Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o'Janwar'Win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The Gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo'scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca'him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a'be proud o'Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

"Guid faith," quo'scho, "I doubt you Stir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur-
So blessins on thee, Robin."

Tune[Dainty Davie (140)

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