## Robbie Tamson's Smiddie



(Chrous) Singing fol lol de lol de rol, Ri fol lol de laddy, Sing fol de du-y, du-y day, Sing fol de du-y daddy.

Now Robin was a canny lad Wha had an ainly daughter; He'd niver let her tak a mon, Though mony a yan had sought her. I'll tell you news of my exploits The time the mare was shoeing I steppit in ahint the lass And quickly fell a-wooing.

It's aye she eyed my auld breeks The time that they were making; Say I, "My lass, ne'er mind my breeks. There's new yans in the making. Gin ye'll agree to gang wi' me, And leave the carle thy father, Ye'll hae my breeks to keep in trim, Myself and a' together."

The lassie smiled and shook her head, Says she "You offer's clever; I think I'll gang awa' w' yan, We'll baith gae on the back o't. For gin I wait my father's time I'll wait till I bin fifty; So I think I'll tak ye at your word, And make a wife sa thrifty."

Now Robbie was an angry man For a' t' loss of his daughter, Through all the town baith up and down, And far an near he sought her. But when he cam to our gude inn And found us baith together, Says I "My lad, I've tick your bairn, Tho' ye mak tak my mither." Now RObbie grinned and shook his head; Quo' he, "I think I'll marry; And so I'll tak ye at your word, To end the hurry burry." So Robbie and our ain gudewife Agreed to creep together: So I've ta'en Robbie Tamson's pet, And Robbie's ta'en my mither.