

Rantin', rovin', Robin (Key of A, last line intro)

G D
There was a lad was born in Kyle,
G Em D
But whatna day o' whatna style,
C G EM D
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
G D D7 G
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chorus. -

D G
Robin was a rovin' boy,
C G
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin',
C EM C D
Robin was a rovin' boy,
G D D7 G
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 an' sma',
But aye 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 gar
The bonie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
So blessins on thee! Robin."