

Robbie Tampson's Smitty

Robbie Tampson's Smitty

My mither ment me auld breeks
And oh but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Molly shod
At Robbie Tampson's smitty.

The smitty stands beyont the burn
That wimples through the ciockin'
Yet every time I pass the door
And aye I fa' a-laughin'.

Auld Robin was a wealthy carl
And had a bonny daughter,
So all the lads from far and near
And all the country sought her.

But what think ye of my exploit
The time the mare was shoein'?
I slipped up beside the lass
And briskly fell awooing.

From Maritime Folk Songs, Creighton
Collected from Mr. Ernest Bell, Nova Scotia, 1953
DT #671
Laws O12
oct96