

# Poor Robinson Crusoe - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When I was a lad my fortune was bad,  
My grandfather I did lose, oh!  
I'll bet you a can you've heard of the man,  
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.

Chorus.

Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!  
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!  
High diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle;  
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!

You've read in a book of a voyage be took,  
When de ragin' whirlwind blew so,  
Pat de ship wid a shock, fell plump on a rock.  
Near drounding poor Robinson Crusoe.-Chorus.

Poor soul! none but he escaped from de sea;  
Oh, fate! fate! how could you do so?  
Till at length he was thrown on an island unknown,  
Which received poor Robinson Crusoe.-Chorus.

But he saved from on board, a gun and a sword,  
Another old matter or two; so.  
That by dint of his thrift he managed to shift,  
Pretty well for poor Robinson Crusoe.-Chorus.