Robin Adair

From "Old Songs for Young Voices" collected by Agnes L. Money, 1898

Words by Burns



What made th'assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin Adair!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Ah! was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair!
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair!
Yes he I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Ah! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!