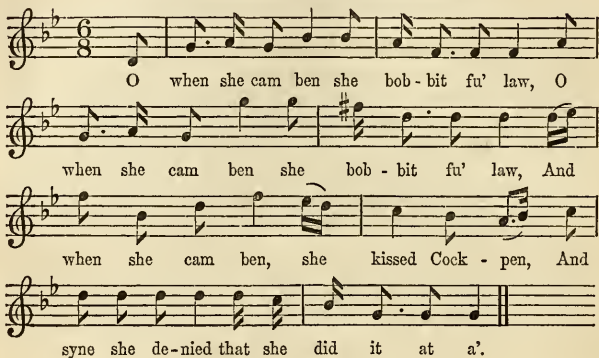


## WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT.



O when she cam ben she bob-bit fu' law, O  
 when she cam ben she bob-bit fu' law, And  
 when she cam ben, she kissed Cock-pen, And  
 syne she de-nied that she did it at a'.

O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,  
 O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,  
 And when she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,  
 And syne she denied that she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',  
 And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',  
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,  
 And kissing a collier lassie an a'?

O never look down, my lassie, at a',  
 O never look down, my lassie, at a';  
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,  
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',  
 Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',  
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,  
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

This is an old song brushed up by Burns. The air appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript, 1709, and it was published in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*. Cockpen is an estate now belonging to the Earl of Dalhousie, in the parish of the same name, Edinburghshire.

An admirable song, under the title of *The Laird of Cockpen*, was written to the same tune by Lady Nairn, and has very much assisted in throwing these old verses out of notice.

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