

## The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin (Child 277A)

- 1 SHE wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
Hollin, green hollin  
For spoiling o her comely hue.  
Bend your bow, Robin
- 2 She wadna wash, she wadna wring, 5  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.
- 3 Robin he 's gane to the fald  
And caught a weather by the spauld.
- 4 And he has killed his weather black  
And laid the skin upon her back. 10
- 5 'I darena pay you, for your kin,  
But I can pay my weather's skin.
- 6 'I darena pay my lady's back,  
But I can pay my weather black.'
- 7 'O Robin, Robin, lat me be, 15  
And I 'll a good wife be to thee.
- 8 'It 's I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mind my gay goud ring.
- 9 'It 's I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mind my comely hue. 20
- 10 'And gin ye thinkna that eneugh,  
I 'se tak the goad and I 'se ca the pleugh.
- 11 'Gin ye ca for mair whan that is doon,  
I 'll sit i the neuk and I 'll dight your shoon.'