

Robin-a-Thrush

Trad. English, Arr. A Tabbush

Robin he married a wife in the West
Moppety moppety mono
And she turned out to be none of the best
With a high jig jiggety, tops and petticoats
Robin-a-thrush cries mono

She milks her cows but once a week
And that's what makes her butter so sweet

When she churns she churns in a boot
And instead of a cruddle she puts in her foot

She puts her cheese upon the shelf
And leaves it to turn til it turns itself

It turned of itself and fell on the floor
Got up on it's feet and ran out of the door

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