

FIFTH EDITION.

WHAT AILS THEE MY SON, ROBIN,

A LANCASHIRE SONG

WRITTEN BY

EDWIN WAUGH,

COMPOSED BY

HENRY PHILLIPS.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

PRICE 3/-

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WHAT AILS THEE MY SON ROBIN.

Written by
Edwin Waugh.

Composed by
Henry Phillips.

ALLEGRO.

VOICE.

PIANO
FORTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano/forte. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked ALLEGRO. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line and the piano/forte accompaniment. The piano/forte part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system features the vocal line with the lyrics "What ails thee, my son Ro... bin? My" and the piano/forte accompaniment with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "heart is sore for thee; Thi cheeks are groo...in' thin...ner, An'" and the piano/forte accompaniment. The piano/forte part uses a variety of dynamics including forte (f), fortissimo (ff), and piano (p).

What ails thee, my son Ro... bin? My

heart is sore for thee; Thi cheeks are groo...in' thin...ner, An'

th'leet has laft thi e'e; Theaw trails abeawt so lonesome, An'

looks so pale at morn; God bless tho, lad, aw'm soory To

see tho so for...lorn. God bless tho, lad, aw'm soo...ry To

see tho so for...lorn. Thi

fiutstep's sadly awter't, - Aw used to know it weel. - Neaw, ar - to fai - ry -

strucken; Or, ar - to gradely ill? Or, has to bin wi' th'witches I th

cloof, at deep o'th neet? Come, tell mo, Robin, tell mo, For

summat is - na reet! Come, tell mo, Robin, tell mo, For

summat isna reet! Neaw,

mother, dunnut fret yo; Aw am not like my--sel; But, 'tisna lung o'th

* feeorin' That han to do wi'th deil; There's nought at thús could daunt mo, I'th

cloof by neet nor day;— It's yon blue e'en o' Mary's They

taen my life a-----way. It's yon blue e'en o' Mary's They

taen my life a-----way. *p* Aw

* feeorin' (fearful things)

deawt aw've done wi' comfort To th'day that aw mun dee, For

th' place hoo sets her fiut on, It's fai-ry greawnd to me; Mother it's no use

spheykin', - Aw con---nut ston her pride: An' when a true heart's

bhreykin' It's very hard to bide! An' when a true heart's bhreykin' It's

ve-ry hard to bide! *p* Neaw,

God be wi' tho, Ro... bin; Just let her have her way; Hoo'll

never meet thy marrow, For mony a summer day; Aw're just same wi' thi

feyther, When first he spoke to me; So, go thi ways, an'

whistle, An' th' lass'll come to thee! So, go thi ways, an' whistle, An'

th' lass'll come to thee!