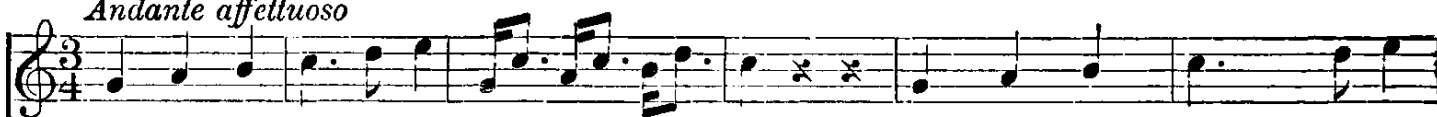


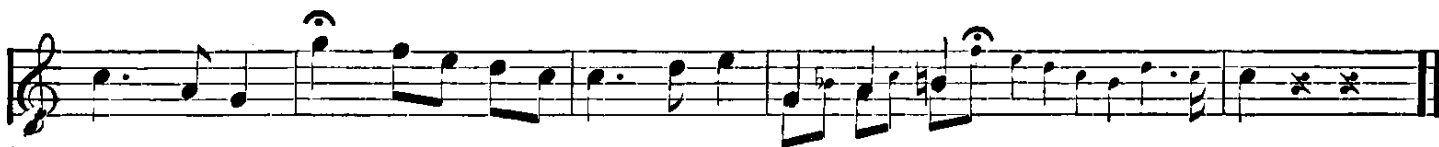
Robin Adair

Andante affettuoso

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
 2. What made th' As-sembly shine? Rob-in A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,



What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
 Rob - in was there! What, when the play was o'er, What made my
 Rob - in A - dair! Yet, him I lov'd so well Still in my



Heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - - - dair!
 heart so sore?—Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - - - dair!
 heart shall dwell! Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A - - - dair!

