

CATHERINE O'GIE.

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To which are added,

THE SPINNING O'T.

PRETTY PEGGY'S LOVE TO SAILOR JACK

RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN.

We've ay been provided for.

THE MIDNIGHT BOWL.



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CATHRINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely :
I chanced to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggie :
I ask'd her name, sweet sir, she said,
My name is Cathrine Ogie.

I stood awhile, and did admire
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk in air she did appear
In a country maid so neatly ;
Such nectar & sweetness she display'd ;
Like lilies in a bogie,
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kathrine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee :
The handsome air and graceful look
Excell each clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or Duke,
My charming Cathrine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain,
 To feed my flocks beside thee
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 P'd think myself a happier man
 Wi Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousand ten,
 Had I but Cathrine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throuc,
 And statemens, dangerous stations ;
 P'd be no king, I'll wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations,
 Might I caress and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie,
 For they are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Cathrine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in Nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 They are both dark and foggie ;
 Pity my case, ye powers above !
 Else I die for Cathrine Ogie.

THE SPINNING O' T.

Now, Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa',
 And simmer we've seen the beginning o' t ;
 I've lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
 And sair hae I ty'd o' the spinning o' t.

For when we were married our cleedin was thin,
 And portith, ye ken, made me eident to spin,
 'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
 And blessings hae follow'd the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, an' the keen frost an'
 snaw

War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 An' ye gaed to wark, be't frost or't be't thaw,
 My task was nae less, at the spinning o't :
 An' now we've a pantry baith muckle an' fu'
 O' ilka thing gude to gang in the mou',
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some malt for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

An' when winter comes back wi' the snell hail an' rain
 Nae mair I'll sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little to think on the beinning o't.

O' sheep we hae scores, an' o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen wad a made us fu' blithe ;
 But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 An' heartles an' hard was the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',

An' first my young skill tried the spinning o't :
 But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
 Fu' neat an' fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
 An' ay look as blithe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

PRETTY PEGGY'S LOVE TO SAILOR JACK.

Oh! where will you hurry my dearest?
 say, say to what clime or what shore?
 Will you tear him from me, the sincerest?
 that ever lov'd woman before.

Ah! cruel hard-hearted from press him,
 and force the dear youth to my arms;
 Restore him, that I may caress him,
 and shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
 and make but a scoff at my woes;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN.

Ae morn, last owk, as I gade out,
 To flit a tether'd ewe and lamb,
 I met (as skiffing ower the green),
 A jolly rantin' Highlandman;
 His shape was neat, wi' feature's sweet,
 An' ilka smile my favour wan;
 I ne'er had seen as blythe a lad,
 As this young rantin' Highlandman!

He said, My dear, bow came ye here,

Sae early throw the fiels to gang?
 Wad ye but gae alang wi' me,
 An' wed a rantin' Highlandman.
 In simmer days, on flowery braes,
 When frisky is the ewe and lamb,
 I'se row you in my tartan plaid,
 Syne be your rantin' Highlandman.

With heather bells that finely smells,
 I'll deck yere hair sae fair and lang;
 If ye'll consent, to scour the bent,
 Wi' me a rantin' Highlandman;
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that e'er we can;
 Then come my dear ye needna fear,
 To trust a rantin' Highlandman.

Tho' Cupid's dart had struck my heart,
 And fain I wad hae gi'en my han',
 Yet durstna lest my mother should
 Dislike a rantin' Highlandman-
 But I expect that he'll be back,
 Then tho' my kin should swear and ban,
 I'll owre the hill, or whare he will,
 Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

WE'VE AY BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

Sit down here, my cronies and gi'e me your crae
 Let the wind tak the care o' this life on its back,
 Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,
 For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we yet
 And sae will we yet &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself :
 Since the bounty of Providence is now ev'ry day,
 As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way,
 Let us live by the way; &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale ;
 We'll ay be the merrier the longer we sit,
 For we've been thegither mony a time, and sae
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through ;
 Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lipen'd ay to providence, and sae will we
 yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the King, and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea ;
 His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
 His Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will they
 yet.

And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course and gae merrily round
 For the sun has to rin, tho' the moon it goes down
 Till the twelve hours run round about, 'tis time e-
 nough to fit ;
 When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we
 yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

THE MIDNIGHT BOWL.

Care thou canker of our joys,

Now thy tyrant reign is o'er ;

Fill the merry bowl my boys,

Join in Bacchanalian' roar.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,

O how happy will we be !

Day was made for vulgar' souls

Night my Boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in

See ! the hated miscreant dies ;

Mirth, with all thy train come in,

Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs,

FINIS.