
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



THE

Blythfome Bridal,

Bonny Katharine Ogie,

Guardian Angels,

Britannia Rule the Waves,


The Flower of Yarrow.



Printed in the Year 1799.

Digitized by Google

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 for there will be lilling there ;
 For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggy,
 the las wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang kail and pottage,
 and bannocks of barley meal ;
 And there will be good sa't herring,
 to relish a cog of good ale. 

Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.
 And there will be Sawney the tutor,
 and Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 with Andrew the Tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,
 with thumblefs Katy's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
 and Lawrie, the laird of the land.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fow-libber Patie,
 and plucky-fac'd Wat-i' the mill,
 Capar-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 that wins in the how of the hill :
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 wha in with blaek Bessie did mool ;
 With sniveling Lilly, and Tibby
 the las that stands aft on the stool.
 Fy let us, &c.

And Madge, that was buckled to Steenie,
and cost him grey breeks to his arse,
Who after was hangit for stealing,
great mercy it happen'd na warfe:
And there will be glead Geordy Janners,
and Kish wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the South for manners,
and bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
and blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flag-lugged, sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
and shangy-mon'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer ars'd Nanfy
and fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
the lass wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie
with his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
the lad that was skipper himsell.
There lads and lasses in pearlins,
will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
that are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
with fowth of good gabbocks of ~~state~~,
Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
and cauler nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
and whitens, and speldings enew,
With finged sheep-heads, and a haggies,
and feallips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
and fowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
and brandy in stoups and caps :
And there will be meal-kzil and castocks,
with skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
and a mill of good smithing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
we'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
for there will be liting there ;
For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggie,
the lass wi' the gowden hair.

©

KATHARINE OGIE.

A S walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flow'rs which grow so rarely

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd, though it was foggy;
 I ask'd her name, Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 to see a nymph so stately:
 So brisk an air there did appear
 in a country maid so neatly;
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 like a lily in a boggie;
 Diana's self was ne'er arriv'd
 like this fame Katharine Ogie.

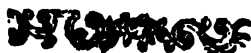
Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 yet these cannot disguise thee;
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 far excels any clownish rogie;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 my charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain!
 to feed my flock beside thee,
 At bughting time to leave the plain,
 in milking time to abide thee;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 with Kate, my club and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 and statesmen's dangerous stations:
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,

Might I carefs and fill possess
 this lass of whom I'm vogue;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But 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,
 that are both dark and foggy:
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 else I die for Katharine Ogie.



GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels now protect me!
 Send, ah send the youth I love!
 Deign, O Cupid! to direct me;
 Lead me to the myrtle grove.
 Bear my sighs; soft floating air,
 Say, I love him to despair;
 Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.

Midst secluded dales I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of night,
 Near some bubbling rill's meander,
 Where he oft has blest my sight;
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day:
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling ;
Deep in some sequester'd vale :
There, in mournful cadence swelling,
Oft repeat my love-sick tale :
And the Lark and Philomel
Oft shall hear a virgin tell
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you !



BRITANNIA RULE THE WAVES.

WHEN Britain first, by Heaven's command,
Arose out of the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain ;
Hail Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
But thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish safe and free
The dread and envy of them all.
Hail Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
Their dire attempts ne'er bend thee down ;
This will but rouse, but rouse thy gen'rous flame
and work their woe in thy renown.
Hail Britannia, &c.

