

KATHARINE OGIE,

To which is added,

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO,

M A R I A.



GLASGOW:

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KATHARINE 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 shined though it was fogie:
 I asked her name; sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood awhile, 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 displayed,
 Like lilies in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er arrayed
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

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

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
 To feed my flock beside thee:
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking 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 Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations,
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown;
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,
 Might I caress, and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;
 For they are toys, and still look less,
 Compared with Kath'rine 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,
 That are both dark and foggie;
 Pity my case, ye powers above!
 Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,

Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your head's turned bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her cannie hand, John,
 Her master-work was *man*:
 And you amang them a' John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journey-work,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 And ye need na think it strange, John,
 Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think you so,
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye in mine John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,

Though the days are gane that we hate seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And money a cantie day, John,
We've had with ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

When Nature first began, Jean,
 To try her cannie hand,
 It's true she first made *man*, Jean,
 And ga'e him great command;
 But naething wad content him, Jean,
 Though king of a' below,
 Till Heaven in pity sent him, Jean,
 What maist he wished—a jo!

Though some may say I'm auld, Jean,
 And say the same of thee,
 Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
 You still look young to me;
 And weel I mind the day, Jean,
 Your breast was white as snow,
 And waist sae jimp ane might it span,
 Jean Anderson, my jo!

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,
 With rapture do I see,
 Come todlin to the fire-side,
 Or sit upon my knee;
 If there is pleasure here, Jean,
 Or happiness below,
 This surely maun be likest it,
 Jean Anderson, my jo.

Though age has sillared owre my pow
 Since we were first acquent,

And changed my glossy raven looks,
 It's left us still content;
 And eild ne'er comes alane, Jean,
 But aft brings mony a wo,
 Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,
 Jean Anderson, my jo.

In innocence we've spent our days,
 And pleasant looks the past;
 Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
 We'er chearful to the last:
 Till Death knock at our door, Jean,
 And warn us baith to go,
 Contented we will live and love,
 Jean Anderson, my jo.

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean;
 Since you and I begun
 To sprachel up life's hill, Jean,
 Our race is nearly run;
 We baith hae done our best, Jean,
 Our sun is wearing low:
 Sac let us quietly sink to rest,
 Jean Anderson, my jo.

MARIA.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her lonely seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free.

Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at opening day;
 But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
 Had now forgot its song.
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast;
 Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,
 And fled with them her rest.

Poor helpless maid! who can behold
 Thy anguish so severe,
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a pitying tear!
 Maria, hapless maid, adieu!
 Thy sorrows soon must cease;
 Soon heaven will take a maid so true
 To everlasting peace.

FINIS.

MS. M.
 Burns
 Exh. 11