

Willie brew'd a peck o' Ma't.

To which are added,

Farewel to FUNERY.

Kath'rine Ogie.

AND,

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS.



STIRLING:

Printed and Sold by M. Randall.



Willie brew'd a peck o' ma't.

WILLIE brew'd a peck o' ma't,
An' Rab an' Allan came to prie ;
Three blyther lads that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

For we are nae fu', we're nae yet fu',
But just a wee drap in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw'
But still we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three jolly boys,
Three jolly boys I trow are we ;
An' mony a canty night we've seen,
An' mony mae we hope to see.
For we are nae fu', &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hi' ;
She shines fu' bright, to waul us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
For we are nae fu', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A coward, cuckold loon is he :
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King amang us three.
 For we are nae fu', &c.

FAREWEL TO FUNERY.

This SONG was composed by the Revd.
 Mr M'LEOD, when leaving his father's
 house for CAMBLETOWN.

THE wind is fair, the day is fine ;
 Swiftly, swiftly runs the time ;
 The boat is floating on the tide,
 That wafts me off from FUNERY.

Erich agustugun O!
 Erich agustugun O!
 Erich agustugun O!
 My last Farewel to FUNERY.

O thousand, thousand tender ties
 Accept to day my heavy sighs,
 My heart within me almost dies
 To think of leaving FUNERY.

Oft with careless steps I've stro'ld
 Where Fingal's palace stood of old,
 And listen'd while the shepherd's told
 Some ancient tales of FUNERY.

Oft have I sat at close of day
 Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
 And view'd the sun's effulgent ray
 Departing o'er dim FUNERY.

Aultna Caluch's gentle stream
 That murmur'd swiftly by the green,
 What happy joyful scenes I've seen
 Beside the banks of FUNERY.

On must I leave those happy scenes;
 I see them spread their flapping sails,
 Adieu a while my native plains,
 I must depart from FUNERY.

Farewel ye hills of storm and snow,
 Ye wild resort of deer and roe,
 In peace may lovely heath cocks crow,
 Along the moors of FUNERY.

It's not the hills nor woody vales
 Alone my toyless heart bewails;

A mournful group this day remains
 Within the walls of FUNERY.

Can I forget that secret mien,
 Farewel my father, best of men,
 May heaven's joy to thee remain!
 You revd. man of FUNERY.

Oh mother! a name to me so dear,
 How can I leave thy tender cares,
 And leave a place so void of snares,
 Far, far frae thee and FUNERY.

Brothers don't yourselves conceal;
 Sister of my love, farewel!
 Thy tears suppress, thy sorrows quell,
 Be happy while at FUNERY.

Archie, my lovely darling child,
 Thy infant steps may heaven guide,
 When I return, Oh! may I find
 Thee smiling still at FUNERY.

No settled home on earth is found,
 But all is pilgrimage around,
 Farewel ye world of awful round,
 Farewel, farewel, to FUNERY.

But hope displays it blooming care,
 Thou happy scenes we yet shall share,
 Happy, happy days that were
 Within the walls of FUNERY.

Kath'rine 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 chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 she shined though it was foggie &
 I ask'd her name; Sweet Sir, she said,
 my name is Kath'rine 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 natural sweetness she displayed,
 like lillies in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er arrayed
 like this fame Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flower 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
 excels each clownish rogie,
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 my bonny 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,
 wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise the imperial throne,
 and statesmen's dangerous stations,
 I'd be no king, I'd 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 wi' Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the Gods have not decreed
 for me to 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 fogie,
 Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
 else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

THO' WOMEN'S MINDS, &c.

THO' women's minds like winter winds
 May shift and turn and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonny lass that I lo'e best
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair.

Their humble slave and a' that:

But lordly will, I hold it still,

A mortal sin to thrāw that. For &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,

Has wit and sense, and a' that;

A bonny lass, I like her best,

And wha a crime dare ca' that? For &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,

Wi' mutual love, and a' that;

But for how lang the flee may stang,

Let inclination law that. For &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,

They've ta'en me in and a' that;

But clear your decks, and here's the sex!

I like the jades for a' that. For &c.

FINIS.