

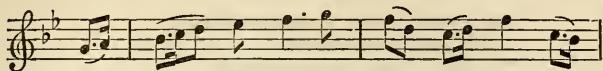
KATHERINE OGIE.

As an Anglo-Scottish production, this may be considered as a twin-piece with *Within a Mile of Edinburgh*, although we only have a rude sketch of it in D'Urfey's Collection.¹ The present version, in which the English origin is apparently obscured by its having passed through a Scottish alembic, is from the *Teatable Miscellany*. The air, a very beautiful one, has been brought conspicuously forward, in consequence of Burns having composed to it his exquisite elegiac song of *Highland Mary*.

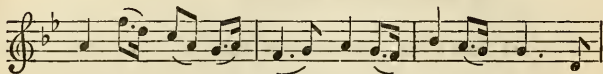
As walk - ing forth to view the plain, Up -
 on a morn - ing ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did
 cheer my brain, From flowers which grow so rare - ly,

¹ Of the original there presented, the opening verse, in all its peculiarities of spelling, may be given as a curiosity :

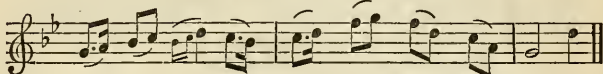
As I cam down by Hay Land town,
 There was lasses many
 Sat in a rank, on either bank,
 And ane more gay than any ;
 Ise leekt about for ane kind face,
 And Ise spy'd *Willy Scroggy* ;
 Ise speir'd of him what was her name,
 And he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.



I chanced to meet a pret - ty maid; She



shined tho' it was fog - gy; I ask'd her name: Sweet



sir, she said, My name is Kath' - rine Og - ie.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely,
 I chanced to meet a pretty maid;
 She shined, though it was foggy;
 I ask'd her name: sweet sir, she said,
 My name is Katherine 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 natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katherine 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,
Far excels any clownish rogie ;
Thou art a match for lord or duke,
My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting-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 Katherine 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 these are toys, and still look less,
Compared with Katherine 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 fogie ;
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katherine Ogie.