## 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. 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.



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.



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.

name

is

Kath' - rine

Og - ie.

sir, she said, My

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 lilie 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.