

# Scotch Songs.

51 —

*Maggy Lauder.*

Katharine Ogie

*Tullochgorum.* 10



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*Maggie Lauder.*

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WHIA wadna be in love  
Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder ?  
A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her :  
Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
Begone, you hallanshaker ;  
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
I'm fidging fain to see thee ;  
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,  
In troth I winna steer thee ;  
For I'm a piper to my trade,  
My name is Rob the Ranter,  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags ?  
Or is your drone in order ?  
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,  
Live you opo' the border ?  
The lasses a', baith far and near,  
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter ;  
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,  
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted ;  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 Weel done, quoth he : play up, quoth she :  
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter ;  
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,  
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Since we lost Habby Simson.  
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter ;  
 Gin you should come to Anster Fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

*Katharine Ogie.*

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AS walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While May's sweet scent did cheer  
 my brain,  
 From flow'rs which grew 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 lilie in a bogie ;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen  
 Whosees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but  
 mean,  
 Yet they 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 a shepherd swain !  
 To feed my flocks 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 Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dangerous 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 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 of nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy :  
 Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,  
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

*Tullochgorum.*

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COME, gie's a sang, the lady cry'd  
 And lay your disputes all aside,  
 What signifies't for folks to chide  
 For what's been done before them  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 Whig and Tory,  
 Whig and Tory,  
 Whig and Tory all agree,      1!  
 To drop their whigmegmorum

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Let Whig and Torry all agree  
 To spend the night wi' mirth and gl  
 And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me  
 The reel of 'Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gar us a' in ane unite ;  
 And ony sumph that keeps up spi  
 In conscience I abhor him.  
 Bithe and merry we's be a',  
 Blithe and merry,  
 Blithe and merry,  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 To make a cheerfu' quorum.  
 Blithe and merry, we's be a',  
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
 The reel of 'Tullochgorum.

There needs nae be so great a phra  
 Wi' bringing dull Italian lays ;  
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys  
 For half a hundred score o'em ;  
 They're douff and dowie at the bes  
 Douff and dowie,  
 Douff and dowie ;  
 They're douff and dowie at the bes  
 Wi' a' their variorum ;

hey're douff and dowie at the best,  
 heir Alegroes, and a' the rest,  
 hey cannot please a Highland taste,  
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess;  
 And silly sauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum:  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
     Sour and sulky,  
     Sour and sulky;  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
     Like auld Philosophorum;  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit?  
 And canna rise to shake a fit  
 To the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
     Be a' that's gude before him!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
     Peace and plenty,  
     Peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by ony vicious blot;  
 And may he never want a groat  
 That's fond of 'Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And blackest fiends devour him!  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance  
 Dole and sorrow,  
 Dole and sorrow,  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance  
 And honest souls abhor him:  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance  
 And a' the ills that come frae France  
 Whae'er he be, that winna dance  
 The reel of 'Tullochgorum.