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The Barking  
Barber.

To which are added,

Katherine Ogie,

AND

7 The Sailor Dear.



FALKIRE—Printed by T. JOHNETON.

THE BARKING BARBER.

Ye Gents give ear to me, I pray,  
 I am a barking Barber,  
 The best accommodation have,  
 Keen razors and hot lat'her :  
 Pray walk in to my noted shop,  
 I shave as clean as any,  
 And when I've done it to your mind,  
 Will charge you but one penny.

Bow, wow, wow,  
 I am a barking Barber.

Ye ragged pates, your hair I'll crop,  
 and dress it vastly pretty ;  
 Or if your locks are bare, walk in,  
 I warrant I can fit ye  
 With bag or que, or long pig-tail,  
 or bushy wig, or grizzl'd ;  
 So well be powder'd, clean and white,  
 and eke so nicely fazzl'd.

Bow, wow, wow,  
 I am a barking Barber.

My shop, well furnish'd out with blocks,  
 becomes an exhibition  
 Of heads of ev'ry age and kind,  
 and every condition :

A Lawyer's head without a quirk,  
without eh'cane a Proctor's,  
A Lady's head without a tongue,  
without a nostrum D.ctor's.

Bow, wow, &c.

A Poet's head without a rhyme,  
a Wit's too without punning,  
Without a crote et Fidler's head,  
a Jockey's without cunning ;  
A Cuckold's head devoid of horns,  
his Wife's without invention :  
A Barbar's head without his brains ;  
and others I could mention.

Bow, wow, &c.

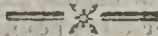
And let none of the wicked wits  
despise my occupation,  
The greater always shaves the less,  
in every rank and station.  
The rich will ever shave the poor,  
the Minister. an t please you,  
Will lather you with promises,  
and shave you mighty easy.

Bow, wow, &c.

And Shavers keen I trow there are,  
of every profession ;  
But pardon now, my customers ;  
this whimsical digression,

And walk into my noted shop,  
 I shave as clean as any,  
 And when I've done it to your mind,  
 will charge you but a penny.

Bow, wow, wow,  
 I am a barking Barber.



## KATHERINE OGIE.

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, tho' it was foggie.  
 I ask'd her name, Sweet Sir, she said,  
 my name is Katherine 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 display'd,  
 like a lily in a bogie,  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 like this same Katherine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
 who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
 yet these can not disguise thee:  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 far excels thy clownish rogie;  
 Thou'it match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 my charming Katherine Ogie.

O were but I a 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 Katherine 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 Katherine Ogie.

But I fear it has not been 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 life, my lovely dove,  
 or I'll die for you, Katherine Ogie.

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## MY SAILOR DEAR.

You maidens pretty, in town and city,  
 pray hear with pity my mournful strain;  
 A maid confounded, in sorrow drowned,  
 and deeply wounded with grief and pain:

All for the sake of a lovely Sailor,  
 I am still bewailing in melting tears ;  
 Whilst other maidens are fondly playing,  
 I am grieving for my Sailor dear.

'Thro' dales and vallies, thro' shades and vallies;  
 and all around each lovely grove,  
 Roll'd in sweet flowers, in shadow bowers,  
 we spent soft hours in mutual love:

Now he has left me, I do not blame him,  
 because my darling was prest away ;  
 It was for my fortune my greedy parents  
 contriv'd to have him sent to sea.

Five thousand pounds left by my uncle,  
besides four hundred pounds a-year,  
It is for that reason they do disdain him,  
as he is below them, my Sailor dear.

May every vengeance be their attendance,  
that caus'd my darling to cross the main;  
For worldly treasure, and my displeasure,  
they parted us for the sake of gain.

Could I command all the wealth in India,  
and the gold and silver far and near,  
I would soon resign even golden mines,  
and in marriage join with my Sailor dear.

My hardened parents gave special orders,  
that I should close confin'd be,  
Within my chamber, free from all danger,  
or lest I should my darling see.

Thirteen long weeks upon bread and water  
I liv'd, and had no other cheer!  
Oh! cruel usage to give a daughter,  
for loving of a Sailor dear.

Fortune befriend him, always attend him,  
and still defend him where'er he goes;  
By land and water may angels guard him,  
while he sits wat' with his country's foes.

O that I were a nimble Sailor;  
no fears nor dangers would I fear,  
But freely enter, and boldly venture,  
to range the seas with my Sailor dear.

Since now my dear has cross'd the ocean,  
I grieve alone with a bleeding heart!  
And fickle fortune, which is uncertain,  
has caus'd my darling and me to part.

No man shall ever obtain my favour,  
my heart is loyal in love sincere;  
Till death destroy me, none shall enjoy me,  
except my charming Sailor dear.

*F I N I S.*

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Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.

