

John Highlandman's

REMARKS ON GLASGOW.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Katherine Ogie,

AND THE

Five-bights Marion.



Edinburgh, Printed by J. B. ...

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S

Remarks on' Glasgow.

Her nainfel into Glasgaw went,
 an earen there to see't,
 And she never saw a bonnyer town
 standing on her feet;
 For a' the houses that be there,
 was thicket wi' blue stains,
 And a stain ladder to gang up,
 no fa' to prack her pains.

I gang upon a staineey road,
 a freet they did him ca',
 And when we seek the chapman's houf
 his name be on the wa'.

I gang to buy a sniith tallback,
 and standing at the cross,
 And tere I saw a dead man
 was riding on a horse!

And O but he be a poor man,
 and no hae mony claife,
 Te brogane we rn aff his feet,
 an' me see a' his taes.

The horse had up his muckle fi
 for to gi' me a shap,

An' gaping wi' his great mouth
to grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand,
to fight me an' he cou'd;
But hersel' be run away frae
his horse be unco proud.
But I be rin around about,
and stand about the guard,
Where I see the de'il chap the hours,
tan me grow unco fear'd.

A wow, wow, wow, I said,
and whare will me go rin,
For yonder pe the black man
that burds the foks for sin.
I'll no be stay no langer tere,
but fast I rin awa',
And see te mans thrawin' reaps
aside the Broomy-law:

And O she be a lang tedder!
I speir'd what they'll do wi't?
He said, To hang the Highlandmen,
for stealing o' their meat.
Hout! hersel's a honest shentleman, ^{brain,}
I never yet did steal, _{y:}
But when I meet a muckle purse
I like her unco well. _{aid,}

'Tan fare you well you fancy fellow,
 I fain your skin would pay ;
 I came to your town the morn but,
 an' I'll gang out yesterday.

'Tan I go to my quarter-house,
 the door was unco bra',
 For they had a cow's husband
 was pricked on the wa'.

O ter we get a shapin ale,
 and tan we get a supper, 145
 A filthy choud of chapped meat,
 boil'd amang a butter.

It was a filthy dirty beef,
 his banes was like te horn ;
 She was a calf wanting the skin,
 before that he was born.

I gang awa' into the kirk,
 to hear the lawland preach,
 And mony a bonny sang they sing,
 ter books it did him teach.

And ter I saw a bonny mattam
 wi' feathers on her weim,
 wonder an' she be gaun to flee,
 or what be in her myn ?

nother mattams follow her,
 wha's arse was round like cogs :

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And clitter clatter cries her feet,
the had on iron brogs.

And ter I saw an ther mattam
into a tarry sack,

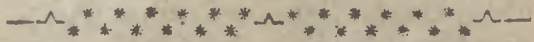
And twa mens be carry her
wi, rapes about hins neck.

She be so fu' of vanity,
as no go on the grun,

But twa poor mans be carry her
in a barrow covert abune.

Some had a fish-tail to her mouth,
and some pe had a bunnet,

But my Jannet and Donald's wife,
wad rather had a bannock.



KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
upon a morning early,

While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
from flow'rs which grew so rarely :

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
the shin'd tho' it was fogie :

I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
my name is Katherine Ogie.

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 fame Katherine Ogie !

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 who sees thee sure must prize ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 yet these can not disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 far excells the clownish regie ;
 Thou'rt 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 conq'ring nations.
 Might I cares and still possess
 this lass of whom I'm vogue;
 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, ye social powers,
 else I die for Katherine Ogie!

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THE
 EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL you go to the ewe -boughts Marion
 and wear in the she ep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 but nae ha'f sae sweet as thee!

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 and the blyth blink's in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 gin Marion wad marry me.

So I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
 a cow and a brawny quey,
 Such I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Di Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 T and waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 T whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 T rane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye for sake me, Marion;
 T I'll e'en gae draw up with Jean.

Sae put on yer rpearlins, Marion;
 C and kirtle o' the creamie.
 And soon as my ych has nae hair on,
 A I shall come west and see ye.

P F I N I S.

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