

TEH

Prisoner's Welcome.

To which are added

Katharine Ogie

The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

Jockie lad an' ye wa'd

Steal Me.

The Power's of love



Printed this present Year.

So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country-maid so neatly ;
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a boggie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd ;
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excels my clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke
 My charming Katharine 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 Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise the imperial throne
 And statesmen's dangerous stations

Kings and princes. for that reason,
Prisoners are as well as we.

Pray, what made great Alexander,
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas because he could not wander,
beyond the world's prison-gate:
For the world is also bounded,
By the heavens and stars above:
Why should we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love.

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,
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;

The Prisoner's Welcome.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, Dun, nor Setter,
 Dare to show their frightful face :
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,
 Else your coat will be in danger ;
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
 From your children, or your wife ;
 wisdom lies in true resignation,
 Thro' the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Tho' beneath the frowns of fate ;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
 And retain us captives here,
 Use will make a goal delightful,
 Since we've nothing else to fear :
 Every island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea ;

Jockie Lad an' Ye wa'd steal me.

JOCKIE came the other morning,
 O! says Katie are ye scorning ;
 Do ye really think to try me ;
 Jockie, lad, I'll ne'er deny ye.

C H O R U S.

Jockie, lad, an' ye wa'd steal me,
 I wa'd surely burn my wheelie,
 My bonny Jock, an' ye wa'd steal me.
 Jockie, &c.

Before he kist me, his mouth he
 dighted,
 Lang ere that he did effect it,
 My mother wi' the Iron-poker,
 She came out o'er my stern quarter.
 Jockie, &c.

Sit ye down ye idle huffie,
 To your wheelie and be buffie ;
 If I find you idle Katie,
 I will thump your rumple neatly.
 Jockie, &c.

But ay since fine I do repent it,
 And sair my heart does now relent ,

The weather is caul'd,
 and my claithing is thin ;
 The ewes are new clipped,
 and the winna bught in ;
 They winna bught in,
 though I should die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie,
 be kind unto me.

They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house,
 Jenny come ben,
 The cheefe is to make,
 and the butter's to kirn,
 Though butter and cheefe,
 and a' should sour.
 I'll crack we' my love,
 ae haff hour ;
 It's ae haff hour,
 and we s e'en make it three
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie,
 my husband shall be.

It's ae haff hour, &c.

I'd be no king I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conq'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 in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy ;
 Pity my cause, ye Pow'rs above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie

THE yellow-hair'd laddie,
 sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk your ewes lassie,
 let none of them gae,
 And ay she milked,
 and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie,
 shall be my gudeman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

That I ran na o'er the Burnie,
After Jockie, my dear honey.
Jockie, &c.

But an ye wa'd tak me by the hand,
And in before the haly band,
I would sell my pickle yarn,
And we'd be bedded in the barn.
Jockie, &c.

The power's of Love.

LOVE's a gentle generous Passion,
Source of all sublime delights,
Which with mutual inclinations,
two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
if compar'd with true content,
That false joy which now bewitches,
when obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
but a chaste and virtuous love,
Is a glorious emulation,
of the blissful state above.

F I N I S.