42. Katharine Ogie

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice I

Voice II

Piano

Violoncello

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around The castle of Mont-

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around The castle of Mont-

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-go-me-ry, Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your
- go - me - ry, Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your

waters, never drum lie! The summer's first un -

fald her robes, And there the long est tar - ry: For
fald her robes, And there the long est tar - ry: For
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
For dear to me as light and life
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
The golden hours, on angel wings,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry:
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - KATHARINE OGIE.
THE OLD SONG.

TO THE SAME AIR.

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 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 natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r 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' a 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 th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations;
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 fogie.
Pity my case, ye Powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie!