

42. Katharine Ogie

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 83

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice I

Voice II

Piano

Violoncello

5

9

[p]

[p]

Ye banks, and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle of Mont -

Ye banks, and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle of Mont -

[p]

[p]

12

- 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_

15

wa - ters_ ne - ver_ drum - lie! There_ sim - mer_ first un -

wa - ters_ ne - ver drum - lie! There_ sim - mer_ first un -

18

fald_ her_ robes, And_ there the_ lang - est_ tar - ry: For_

fald_ her_ robes, And_ there the_ lang - est_ tar - ry: For_

21

there I took the last fare - weel Of my sweet High - land Ma - ry.

there I took the last fare - weel Of my sweet High - land Ma - ry.

25

mf

fz

mf

YE BANKS, AND BRAES, AND STREAMS AROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - KATHARINE OGIE.

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 unfald her robes,
 And there the langest 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.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft ha'e 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.

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!