

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL a awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her :
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I will awa' wi' her.

I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Bogie,
 O'er Bogie wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I will awa' wi' her.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace ;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms,
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms !

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

A kifs of Betty, and a smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Oer Bogie.

Violin

Lively

I will a-wa wi my love, I will a-wa wi' her; Tho'

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a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi her. I'll

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oer Bogie oer Bogie oer Bogie wi' her, Tho'

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a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi' her.

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