

## O'ER BOGIE.

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

I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Bogie,  
 O'er Bogie wi' her,  
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,  
 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.

# O'er Bogie.

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Violin

Lively

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

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