## THE SOGER LADDIE.

MY foger laddie is over the fea,

And he will bring gold and money to me;

And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;

My bleffings gang wi' my foger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handfome and brave,

And can as a foger and lover behave;

True to his country, to love he is fteddy;

There's few to compare with my foger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms, Return him with laurels to my longing arms, Syne frae all my care ye'll pleafantly free me, When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.

O! foon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,

As quickly they must, if he get his due: For in noble actions his courage is ready, Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

