

THE SOGER LADDIE.

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MY foger laddie is over the sea,  
 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 handsome and brave,  
 And can as a foger and lover behave ;  
 'True to his country, to love he is steddly ;  
 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 pleasantly free me,  
 When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.

O ! soon 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 foger laddie.

# The Soger Laddie.

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*Violin*

*Lively*

My So-ger Laddie is over the Sea, And he will bring gold and

money to me, And when he comes hame he'll make me a Lady, My

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Country to love he is fteady, There's few to compare wi my Soger Laddie.