

# Bonny KATHERN LOGGY. A Scotch SONG.

As I came down the hey Land Town, There was Las - ses ma - ny, Sat  
 in a Rank, on ei - ther Bank, And ene more gay than a - ny; Ise  
 leekt a - bout for ene kind Face, And Ise spy'd Wil - ly  
 Scrog - gy; Ise spir'd of him what was her Name, And he  
 caw'd her Ka - thern Log - gy.

A sprightly bonny Gurl sha was,  
 And made my Heart to rise *Joe*;  
 Sha was so fair sa blith a Lass,  
 And Love was in her Eyes so:  
 Ise walkt about like ene possest,  
 And quite forgot poor *Moggy*;  
 For nothing now could give me rest,  
 But bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

My pratty *Katy* then quoth I,  
 And many a Sigh I gave her;  
 Let not a Leard for *Katy* die,  
 But take him to great Favour:  
 Sha laught aloud, and sa did aw,  
 And bad me hemward to ge;  
 And still cry'd out awaw, awaw,  
 Fro bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

A Fardel farther I would see,  
 And some began to muse me;  
 The Lasses they sat wittally,  
 And the Lads began to Rooze me:  
 The Blades with Beaus came down she knows,  
 Like ring Rooks fro *Strecy Boggy*;  
 And four and twanty Highland Lads,  
 Were following *Kathern Loggy*.

When I did ken this muckle Trame,  
 And every ene did know her;  
 I spir'd of *Willy* what they mean,  
 Quo he they aw do Mow her:  
 There's ne'er a Lass in aw *Scotland*,  
 From *Dundee* to *Strecy Boggy*;  
 That has her Fort so bravely Mann'd,  
 As bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

At first indeed I needs must tell,  
 Ise could not well believe it;  
 But when Ise saw how fow they fell,  
 Ise could not but conceive it.  
 There was ne'er a Lad of any note,  
 Or any deaf young Roguey;  
 But he did lift the welly Coat,  
 Of bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

Had I kenn'd on Kittleness,  
 As I came o'er the Moore *Joe*;  
 Ise had n'er ban as Ise ha dun,  
 Nor e'er out-stankt my seln so:  
 For I was then so stankt with stint,  
 I spurr'd my aw'd *Nagg Fogey*;  
 And had I kenn'd sha had been a Whore,  
 I had ne'er Lov'd *Kathern Loggy*.