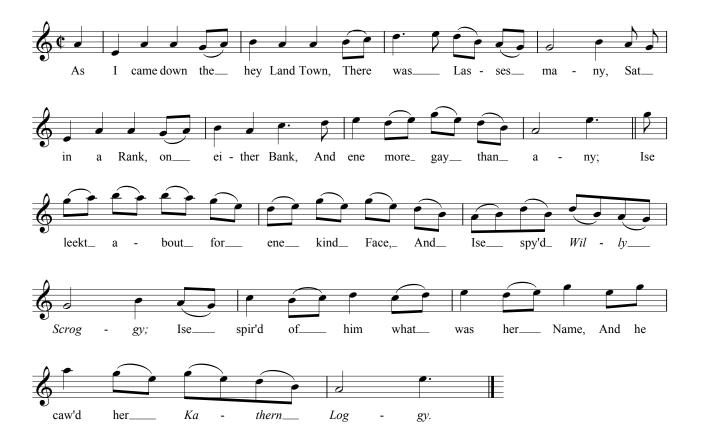
Bonny KATHERN LOGGY. A Scotch SONG.



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*