

Eric Bogle

"The Bogle Bo Or Bugaboo"

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The Bogle Bo (or Bugaboo)
When I was in my prenticeship and learning of my
trade,
I courted my master's daughter, which made my heart
right glad.
I courted her both summers days and winter nights
also
But I never could her favor win till I hired the Bogle Bo.
Day being gone, and night coming on, my neighbor he
took a sheet
And straight into her room he went just like a
wandering spirit.
She went (went) running up and down, not knowing
where to go
But right into my bed she went for fear of the Bogle Bo.
And so my true love and me, (we both) fell fast asleep,
But ere the morn at fair daylight, sore, sore did she
weep
Sore, sore did she weep; sore, sore did she mourn
But ere she rose and put on her clothes, the Bogle bo
was gone.
You've done the thing to me last night, the thing you
cannot shun
You've taen from me my maidenhead, and I am quite
undone.
You've taen from me my maidenhead, and brought my
body low
But, kind sir, if you'll marry me, I will be your jo.
Now he's married her and taen her hame, and it was
but his part
She's proved to him a loving wife, and joy of all his
heart;
He never told her of the joke, nor ne'er intends to do
But aye when his wife smiles on him, he minds the
Bogle bo.

Note: Foggy Dew variant; Collected by John Bell (1783-??);

Printed in Lloyd's Folk Song in England. Lloyd suggests that the
Mysterious "foggy dew" of later versions is a
corruption of this

One: in any case, it makes for a reasonable
explanation, and this
Version tells a good story. LLOYD doesn't give a tune,
but it
Fits nicely to th "Banks and Braes" version of Foggy
Dew" Words
In parentheses were inserted by RG to attempt
scansion. RG
Filename[BOGLEBO
Play.exe FOGGYDEW
RG
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

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