

Andy Kim

"Bogie's Bonnie Bell"

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At market day in Huntley toon, an' it was there I did
agree
Wi' Bogieside the farmer a twelvemonth for to fee
Tae drive his twa best horses, that's a task that I could
do
Tae drive his twa best horses in the harrow and the
ploo

Now Bogie had a dochter, her name was Isabelle
She was the lily o' the valley an' the primrose o' the dell
An' when she went oot walkin', she chose me for her
guide
Doon by the burn at Cairnie, tae watch the fishes glide

And when three months was scarcely o'er, the lassie
lost her
Bloom
An' the red fell frae her bonnie cheeks an' her eyes
began to
Swoon
Noo, the neist nine months were past and gone, she
brought tae me
A son
And I was quickly sent for tae see what could be done
I said that I would marry her, but oh that widna dae
For, "You're nae match for Bonnie Belle, an' she's nae
match for
Thee"
He sent me packin' doon the road, wi' nae penny o' my
fee
Sae a' ye lads o' Huntley toon a lang fareweel tae ye.

But noo she's marrit tae a tinker lad, wha bides in
Huntley toon
He mends pots and pans and paraffin lamps, an'
scours the country
Roon
Maybe she's gotten a better match - auld Bogie canna
tell -
But it was me wha's ta'en the maidenheid o' Bogie's
bonnie Belle

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