

Andy M. Stewart

"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 twelve month 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 out 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
Aan' 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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