

## Bogie's Bonnie Bell

Andy M. Stewart

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