

# Andy M. Stewart, Bogie's Bonnie Belle

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, &quot;You're nae match for Bonnie Belle, an' she's nae match for  
thee&quot;  
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