## Bogie's Bonnie Belle

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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

recorded by Ian Manuel on the Frosty Ploughshare
SOF