

Bogey's Bonnie Belle

Tempest

As I went out by Huntley town one evening for to fee
I met with Bogey O' Cairnie and with him I did agree
To ride his still best horses or cart or harrow or plow
And do anything about farmwork that I well should know
Old Bogey had a daughter, her name was Isabelle
The fairest in the valley and sure I loved her well
And when she went out walking she chose me for her guide
Down by the banks of Cairnie for to watch the small fish glide
Chorus:
Never again to see my love at the tree to kiss or tell
Fare-the-well to Huntley town and Bogey's bonnie belle
I put my arms around her waist and to the ground did
slide
And there we lay together by Bogey's waterside
She swore she would not tell of me
Nor would the horses tell, of my lily of the valley, my primrose in the dell
When three long months were passed
and gone, this lassie lost her bloom
The red fell from her rosy cheeks, her eyes began to swoon
Nine long months had passed and gone, she bore to me a son
It was then that I was sent for to see what could be done
Chorus
I said that I would marry her, but no, that would
not do
For you're no match for my bonnie girl, and she's not a match for you
So I took my young son in my arms, and never will repart
And maybe you'll mean as much to me, as the girl who won my heart
Now she's married to a tinker that comes
from Huntley town
He sells pots and pans and paraffin lamps and he travels the country 'round
Maybe she's got a better match, Bogey can nae tell
So fare-the-well to Huntley town and Bogey's bonnie belle
Chorus
Fare-the well to Huntley town, and Bogie's
bonnie belle

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