

Bogey's Bonnie Belle

Christy Moore

As I went by Huntleigh town
One evening for to see
I met with Bogey O' Cairnee
And with him I did agree

To care for his two best horses
Or cart or harrow or plough
Or anything about farm work
That I very well should know

Old Bogey had a daughter
Her name was Isobel
She's the lily of the valley
And the primrose of the dell

And when she went out walking
She took me for her guide
Down by the Burn O'Cairnee
To watch the small fish glide

And when three months was past and gone
This girl she lost her bloom
The red fell from her rosy cheeks
And her eyes began to swoon

And when nine months were past and gone
She bore to me a son
And I was straight sent for
To see what could be done

I said that I would marry her
But that it would nae do
You're no a match for the bonny wee girl
And she's no match for you

Now she's married to a tinker lad
That comes from Huntleigh town
He sells pots and pans and paraffin lamps
And scours the country round

Maybe she's had a better match
Old Bogey can nae tell
So fair well ye lads o Huntleigh town
And to Bogey's Bonnie Belle