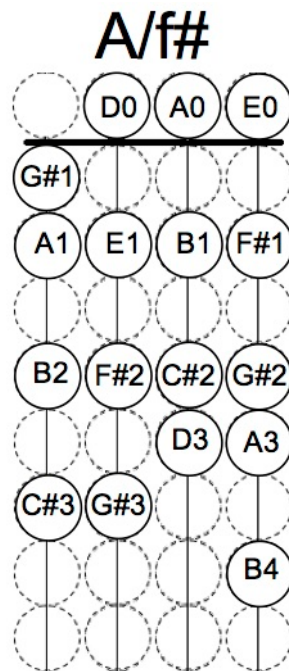


The Barnyards of Delgaty

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*Linten adie, tooren adie,
Linten adie, tooren ay,
Linten lowerin lowerin lowerin,
The Barnyards o Delgaty.*

As ah gaed doon tae Turra Merket,
Turra Merket fur tae fee,
Ah met in wi a wealthy fairmer,
The Barnyards o Delgaty.

He promised me the twa best horse
I ever set my een upon.
When ah gaed hame tae the Barnyards
There was nothin there but skin and bone.

The auld grey mare sat on her hunkers,
The auld dun horse lay in the grime.
For aa that I would 'hup' and cry,
They wouldna rise at yokin time.

When I gang tae the kirk on Sunday,
Mony's the bonny lass I see,
Sittin by her faither's side,
Winkin ower the pews at me.

Some can drink and no be drunk,
And some can fecht and no be slain.
I can coort anither man's lass,
And aye be welcome tae my ain.

Ma candle noo is fair brunt oot,
The snotter's fairly on the wane,
Fare ye weel, ye Barnyards,
Ye'll never catch me here again.