

The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre

At a rickle aul' craft upo' the hill,
Roon the back o' Sprottie's mill,
Tryin' a' his life tae jine the kill
Bade Geordie McIntyre.
He had a wife as sweir's himsel'
An' a dother as black's auld Nick himsel',
There wis some fun – haud awa the smell--
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

Chorus:

For the graip was tint, the besom was deen
The barra widna row its leen,
An siccan a soss there never was seen
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

(Sweir, lazy; dother, daughter; haud awa, except for; graip.... leen, The fork was lost, the broom worn out and the barrow broken; siccan a soss, such a chaotic mess.



*Advertising hoarding improvised out of an old wooden-framed threshing mill;
photographed at Aberdour 1991*