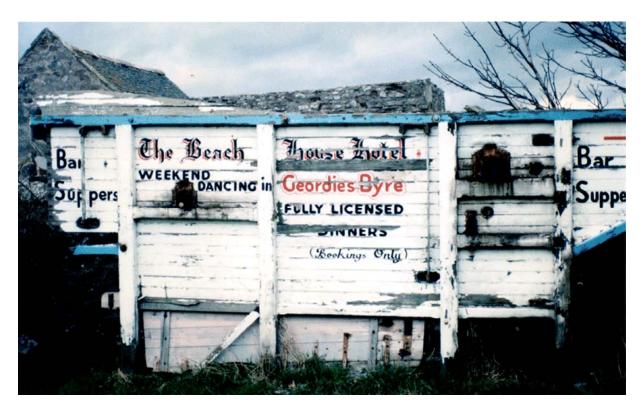
The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre

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