

Barnyards o'Delgaty

G C G
As I cam' in by Turra Market,
G C D
Turra market for to fee,
G C G
I fell in wi'a wealthy farmer
G C D G
The Barnyards o'Delgaty.

G C G
A Linten adie toorin adie,
G C D
Linten adie toorin ea;
G C G
Linten lowrin, lowrin, lowrin,
G C D G
the Barnyards o'Delgaty.

He promised me the one best horse
That ever I set my eyes upon,
But when I came down to the Barnyards
there was nothing there but skin and bone.

Linten adie...

When I go to the kirk on Sunday,
Many's the bonnie lass I see
Sitting by her mother's side,
And winkin' owre the pews at me.

Linten adie...

I can drink and no' be drunken,
I can fecht and no' be slain,
I can lie wi' anither man's lass,
And aye be welcome to my ain.

Linten adie...

Noo my candle is brunt oot,
My snotter's fairly on the wane;
Sae fare ye weel all ye Barnyards,
Ye'll never catch me here again!

||: *Linten adie...* :||

Det var skik og brug i Skotland at hyre ekstra folk i marken når der skulle sås og høstes. Dem fandt man på Turra market. Imens arbejdet stod på, boede disse lejede 'ploughmen' i små skure på godset. Når dagens job var tilendebragt og aftensmaden spist, kunne de ofte sidde og synge og spille og i øvrigt klage over elendige arbejdsforhold. Barnyards er et eksempel på en sang der er blevet til på denne måde.