

The Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

Violin

Slow

As I went o'er yon meadow, and carelessly pased a - long, I

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liftend with pleasure to Jenny, while mournfully fing - ing this song The

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mucking of Geordy's byer, and the shooling the Gruipe so clean, Has aft gart me

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spend the night fleepless, and brought the fat tears in my een.

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THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

AS I went over yon meadow,
 And carelessly passed along,
 I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
 While mournfully singing this song :

The mucking of Geordie's byre,
 And the shooling the Gruip fae clean,
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
 And brought the faut tears in my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
 Nor was it my mither's desire,
 That ever I puddl'd my fingers
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
 The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever fae filthy,
 Or the day fae scoury and foul,
 I wou'd ay be ganging wi' Geordie,
 I lik'd it far better than school.
 The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily
 For being wi' Geordie fae free,
 My sifter she ca's me hood-winked,
 Because he's below my degree.
 The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Altho' he was cunning and flee ;
 He ca's me his dear and his honey,
 And I am sure that my Geordie loo's me.
 The mucking, &c.