

The Barnyards of Delgaty

Scotch

Whistle

G C G C D

As I gang down ta Tur-ra Mar-ket, Tur-ra Mar-ket fa ta fee

G C G D7 G D G G

5 I fell in wit' a weal-thy far-mer The Barn-yards of Del-ga-ty. Lint-a-lad-dy,

C G C G G C G

10 tour-a-lad-dy. Lint-a-lad-dy tour-a-knee; Lint-in-low-rin low-rin low-rin, The

D7 G G

15 Barn-yards of Del-ga-ty.

He promised me the ain best horse
Tha' I set me eyes upon
When I got ta tha' Barnyards
Nothing there but skin and bone.

I go down to church on Sunday
Many a bonny lass I see
Sittin' by her daddy's side
Winkin' o'er the pews at me.

I can drink and no' be drunk;
I can fight and no' be slain
I can lay me another man's lass
And still be welcome to me ain.

Now me candle is burnt oot.
Me snotter's fairly on the wane --
Fare ye well ye Barnyards,
You'll ner see me here again.