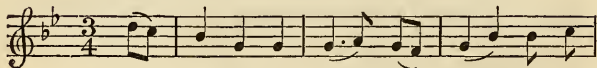


THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.



'The mucking o' Geor - die's byre, And the



sho'eling the gruiop sae clean, Has garred me



weet my cheeks, And greet wi' baith my

een. It ne'er was my fath-er's will, Nor yet my
 mother's de-sire, That e'er I should fyle my
 fing-ers Wi' the mucking o' Geor-die's byre.

The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And the sho'eling the grui¹ sae clean,
 Has garred me weet my cheeks,
 And greet wi' baith my een.
 It ne'er was my father's will,
 Nor yet my mother's desire,
 That e'er I should fyle my fingers
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.

The mouse is a merry beast,
 The moudiewort² wants the een,
 But the warld shall ne'er get wit,
 Sae merry as we hae been.

This song, which appeared in Herd's Collection, is supposed to have been composed at a much earlier period on a *mesalliance* formed by a young lady of rank—a baronet's daughter—with a young peasant; and tradition adds that she had subsequently occasion, more than is even usual in such cases, to lament her folly, as her husband used her ill. The air is a favourite, and various other songs have been written for it, but none of much merit.

¹ The sewer of the cow-house.

² The mole.