

## Drumdelgie

There's a fairm toon up in Cairnie,  
that's kent baith far and wide  
Tae be the Hash o Drumdelgie,  
upon sweet Deveronside  
The fairmer o yon muckle toon,  
he is baith hard and sair  
And the cauldest day that iver blows  
his servants get their share

At five o'clock we quickly rise a  
nd hurry doon the stair  
It's there tae corn oor horses,  
likewise tae straicht their hair  
Syne, aifter workin half an oor,  
each tae the kitchie goes  
It's there we get oor breakfast,  
which generally is brose

We haena got oor brose weel suppit,  
an gien oor pints a tie  
Fin the foreman he cries "Oot,  
my lads, the oor is drawing nigh"  
At sax the clock the mill's put on,  
tae gie us aa straucht work  
It taks fower o us tae mak tae her,  
till ye could wring oor sark

An fin the watter is put aff,  
we hurry doon the stair  
Tae get some quarters through the fan  
till daylight dis appear  
Fin daylight dis begin tae peep,  
an the sky begins tae clear  
The grieve he cries "Come on my lads,  
ye'll be nae langer here

"There's sax o you'll ging tae the ploo,  
and twa tae ca the neeps  
And the baillies they'll be be aifter you  
wi strae raips roon their queets"  
But fin that we were gyaun furth  
an turnin oot tae yoke  
The sna dank on so thick an fast  
that we were like to choke

The frost it wis sae very hard,  
the ploo she widna go

And sae oor cairtin days commenced  
amang the frost and sna  
Oor horses being but young an sma,  
the cairts they didna fill  
They aft required the saiddler  
chains tae drive them up the hill  
But we will sing our horses' praise,  
though they be young and sma  
For they far outshine the Broadland's anes  
that gyang sae full and braw

The termin time has come at last,  
and we will get wir brass  
And we'll awa tae Huntly  
Fair tae hae a pairtin glass  
And we'll gyang in tae Huntly toon  
an there gyang on the spree  
And then the fun it will commence  
the quinies for tae see

Sae fare ye weel Drumdelgie,  
for I maun gyang awa  
Sae fare ye weel Drumdelgie,  
yer weety weather and aa  
Sae fare ye weel Drumdelgie,  
I bid ye aa adieu  
And I'll leave ye as I got ye,  
a maist unceevil crew