

# Barns O' Beneuches

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The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two systems. The first system has a melody line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The chords indicated above the melody are F#m, C#m, and F#m. The guitar accompaniment is shown on a six-line staff with fret numbers (0-6) and a 4/4 time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with chords A, E, C#m, F#m, C#m, and F#m.

My friens ane an' a' I'll sing you a sang  
 If ye all haud yer weeshts it winna tak' me lang <keep quiet>  
 It's about a mannie Kemp, he's a caird tonged fang <abusive lout>  
 For he rages like a deevil in the mornin'.

He's a wee little mannie wi' a fern tickled face  
 A' the days o' yer life ye bever saw sic a mess  
 Ye wid swear he hid deserted frae some tinkler race  
 Afore they had got a' wakened in the mornin'.

At the Barnyards o' Beneuches he has long been a grieve  
 But come May the twenty sixth he has to pad, I believe,  
 For he's sieged at his men, till his maister's gien him leave <stormed>  
 So he canna get them up in the mornin'.

But when he doth rise ye niver heard sic a soun'  
 For he'll siege you and damn you like ony dragoon,  
 His lang caird tonge you'd hear't roun' the toon <scolding>  
 Afore he gets his breakfast in the mornin'.

Dinna gang to the Barns if ye wish to be weel  
 A' the days o' yer life ye ne'er saw sic a chiel  
 He'll treat you to a breakfast o' buttermilk an' meal  
 Wi' a drink o' soor ale in ther mornin'.

We get beef bree whiles weel seasoned wi' reek <smoke>  
 Wi' three seeds o' barley an' the smell o' a leek  
 If you're nae pleased wi' that he'll neen o' yer cheek  
 But he'll put you frae his toon in the mornin'

But if e'er sic a thing as a row should arise  
 My friens ane an' a' tak tent an' be wise <heed>  
 Keep quietness ifyou can or the wife will rise  
 Dancin' mad on her stockin's in the mornin'.

'Twas ae mornin' in March juist as near as I can  
She came swearin' fae the blankets we'd bad used her man  
With her sark tail wiggle waggle into the close she ran  
Dancin' mad on her stockin's in the mornin'.

For a lang caird tonge she's the worst that I ken  
Lord bless me Sic a mornin' may I never see again  
Five or sax naked bairnies a'rinnin' but an' ben  
Cryin', "Od mammie's mad in the mornin'.

Says she to the shepherd, "Ye're nae frien o' mine  
For a'body kens ye're a caird Hielan' thing  
Ye tauld 'em doon at Brunan I gaed milk tae the swine  
An' you soor ale to your porridge in the mornin'.

But it's May the twenty-saxt will be here in a crack  
An' we'll a' leave the Barns never mair to gang back  
We'll gang blithely doon the road like an ill-tonged pack  
Singin' Kempie he can follow in the mornin'.

Now my name I will reveal if sic thing I ever hid  
It's but the country clype I'll ne'er deny, gweed forbid <gossip>  
My neighbors a' that ken me weel they ca' me Jock Wid  
Sae we'll up an' leave the Barns in the mornin'.