

The Poor Ditching Boy



VERSE 1

Wis there iver a winter sae caul an sae sad
The river ower weary tae flood
The storm an the win. cut throw tae ma skin
Bit she cut throw tae ma blood

VERSE 2

I wuis luikin fir trouble tae tangle ma line
Bit trouble cam luikin fir me
I kent I wis stannin on treacherous grun
I wis sinkin ower faist tae rin free

CHORUS 1

Wi her scheemin, idle weys
She left me puir enough
The storm an the win cut throw tae ma skin
Bit she cut throw tae ma blood

VERSE 3

I widna be askin, I widna be seen
A-beggin on mountain or hill
Bit am ready an blin wi ma hauns tied ahin
A've neither a mind nor a will

The Poor Ditching Boy Cont.

CHORUS 2

Wi her scheemin, idle weys
She left me puir enough
The storm an the win cut throw tae ma skin
Bit she cut throw tae ma blood

VERSE 4

It's bitter the need o the puir ditchin boy
He'll ayewis believe whit they say
They tell him its hard tae be honest an true
Dis he mind if he disna get payed?

CHORUS 3

Wi her scheemin, idle weys
She left me puir enough
The storm an the win cut throw tae ma skin
Bit she cut throw tae ma blood

CHORUS 4

Wi her scheemin, idle weys
She left me puir enough
The storm an the win cut throw tae ma skin
Bit she cut throw tae ma blood

