

## **Peterheid Fisherman's Wife**

Fa wid be a fisherman's wife  
Tae run wi a creel and a scrubber and a knife,  
A raivelled bed, and a dee'd-oot fire,  
And awa tae the mussels in the mornin?

### **Chorus:**

Here we come scoorin in  
Three reefs tae the foresail in  
There's nae a dry stich tae pit on wir backs  
But still we're aa teetotallers

Fa'll gie's a hand tae run a ripper-lead,  
Or fish for codlin in the Bay o Peterheid,  
Or maybe tae the Lummies, the Clock or Satis Heid  
Fin we sail tae the sma lines in the mornin?

It's doon the Gaidle Braes in the middle o the nicht  
Wi an auld syrup tin and a cannle for a licht  
Tae gether in the pullers, every een that is in sicht  
Tae get the linie baitit for the mornin

It's easy for the cobbler sittin in his neuk  
Wi a big copper kettle hingin frae a crook  
We're in the boo and we canna get a heuk  
And it's gey sair work in the mornin

It's nae the kind o work a saft quine'll thole  
Wi her fingirs reid-raa wi scrubbin oot a yawl  
A little-een on her hip and awa tae cairry coal  
She'll be caaed fair deen in the mornin

Puir auld faither's in the middle o the flair  
Pittin heuks tae tippins and they're hingin frae his chair  
They're made o horse's hair, and that's the best o gear  
Fin ye gyang tae the fishin in the mornin

But I widna change for the grandest kind o gear  
Tho ye'll never ken the minute that your hert'll lowp wi fear  
Awa tae the sea, he's your bonnie dear –  
You'll be a widow wi his bairnies in the mornin