

## Peterhead Fisherman's Wife

Wha wid be a fisherman's wife  
Tae run wi a creel, an a scrubber, an a knife?  
A raivelled bed, an a deid-oot fire  
An awa tae the mussels in the mornin?

### Chorus

Here we come scourin in  
Three reefs tae the foresail in  
Nae a dry stitch tae pit on wir backs  
But still we're aa teetotallers

Wha'll gies 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  
When 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 an 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  
They're standin in the boo, we canna get a hook  
An it's gey sair work in the mornin

It's nae the kinda work that a saft quine'd thole  
Wi her fingers reid-raw wi scrubbin oot a yawl  
A little-een on her hip, an awa tae carry coal  
She'll be ca'd fair deen in the mornin

Ma pur auld faither in the middle o the flair  
He's dein hooks wi "tippins" as he's sittin in his chair  
They're made o horses hair, and that's the best o gear  
When ye gyang tae the fishin in the mornin

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