"Hud Ma Ticht"

Written and Composed by: Christy Scott



She's quick at the linies,
They're niver a strushle,
She packs aa the fishies,
Fan we tak hame a muckle,
An nae maitter fit time, she's risen that morn,
She's niver crabbit, she's niver a moan.

CHORUS

She's a thrawn heidit quiney,
An naebdy can stop her,
She'll sell aa yer fishies,
An be hame for supper,
An she'll waak roon the toonies for oors on end,
An nae shy awa fan there's linies tae mend.

Fan the hoose is a sotter,
She'll ging till its tidy,
The bairns are aye riggit,
We've twa loons an quinies,
An fan she's a stramash, an there's a bourach aboot,
She's aye got ma sea claithes ready fir gan oot.

CHORUS

Ah'm sometimes ill-trickit,
An sometimes I'm coorse,
The fishin's a hard life,
An nae fish gies me fear,
But I hope thit she kains, fir her, I'd gie ma life,
Cause it canna be easy, bein a fisherman's wife.

CHORUS CHORUS x2