

The Poor Ditching Boy

Fairport Convention

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad
The river too weary to flood
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line
But trouble came looking for me
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground
I was sinking too fast to run free

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I would not be asking, I would not be seen
A-beggin on mountain or hill
But I'm ready and blind with my hands tied behind
I've neither a mind nor a will

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

It's bitter the need of the poor ditching boy
He'll always believe what they say
They tell him it's hard to be honest and true
Does he mind if he doesn't get paid?

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood