

Men of Worth

Mary Black

Leave the land behind, laddie, better days to find
The companies have the money and they'll soon teach you the skills
Green fields fall away, the forties and the brae
Be a madman or a roustabout, they'll soon teach you to drill

But who will tend me sheep when I'm far o'er the deep?
Amanertune or the sea quest when the snow comes to the hill
La, la, la,

Leave the fishing trade, lads, there's money to be made
The hand-line and the Shetland yawl are of a bygone day
Come to Aberdeen; sights you've never seen!
Be a welder on the pipeline or a fitter out on the bay

But when the job is over and your boat rots on the shore
How will you feed your family when the companies go away?
La, la, la,

There's harbors to be built, lads, rigs to tow and tilt
To rest upon the ocean bed like pylons in the sea
Pipeline to be laid and a hundred different trades
That'll pay a decent living wage to the likes of you and me

I know you're men of worth;
You're the best that's in the north
Not men of greed, but men
Who need the work that's come your way
From (fluppatemunke) shore a new industry is born
Old Peterhead and Pomerty will never be the same

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