

Tramps and Hawkers

The Dubliners

Com all ye tramps an the hawkers lads
An gaitherers o blaw
That tramps the contrie rownd an rownd
Com lissen an an a'

A'll tell tae ye a rovin tale
O sites that A hae seen
It's far intae the snawy north
An sooth bi Greetna Green

Aft tyms A've laufd intae mysel'
When A trudged on the road
My tor rags rownd my blister't feet
My face as brown as toad's
Wi lums o cake an tattie scones
Wi whangs o braxie ham

No gien the thocht frae whaur A've com
An lest frae whaur A'm gaun
A've don my share o humpin wi
The dockers on the Clyde

I've helped in Buckie trawlers haul
The herrin o'er the side
A help tae build
The Michty Bridge
That spans the busy Forth

An wi mony an Angus fairmer's trig
A've ploeed the bonnie earth
A'm happy in the summertime
Beneath the bricht blue sky

No thinkin in the mornin whaur
At nicht A'll hae tae lie
In barn or byre or anywhaur
Dossin oot amang the hay
An if the weather treats me richt
A'm happy every day.