

The Mowdie Man

Thole him noo, the mowdie man
A haundy man tae ken,
But thankless ye beheld him when,
He was yin a hunner men

For the navvies came, a hunner strong
Weildin' picks and spades,
Blastin' stanes to clear the way,
For the northern British rail

*Lay lay o'er the sourock
Lay lay lay o'er brae
We have laid a hunder miles*

And we know we cannot stay
He minds the bankin undermined
Yince Mair they chanced their luck
The glaur cam' doon and buried Red
Unner a tonne o muck

Oh Sorrowfu' he sought his freend
He dug wi hands an pick
Till The foreman took him by the airm
And led him back tae work

*Lay lay o'er the sourock
Lay lay lay o'er brae
We have laid 100 miles doon
And we know we cannot stay*

He minds the wife he loved sae dear
Couryin their bairn
And how the tears fell frae her een
Sae sare and summer green

Thole him noo, the mowdie man
A haundy man tae ken,
Oh a hunner men that built the line,
He's the only yin remains

*Lay lay o'er the sourock
Lay lay lay o'er brae
We have laid 100 miles doon
And we know we cannot stay*