

My Laddie Sits Ower Late Up

The Unthanks

My laddie sits ower late up
My hinny sits ower late up
My dearie sits ower late up
Betwixt the pint pot and the cup

Hey Johnny, come hame to your bairn
Hey Johnny, come hame to your bairn
Hey Johnny, come hame to your bairn
With a rye loaf under your airm

He addles three-ha'pence a week
That's nobbut a farthing a day
He sits with his pipe in his cheek
And fiddles his money away

My laddie is never the near
My hinny is never the near
And when I cry out, "Laddie, cum hame"
He calls oot again for mair beer

My laddie sits ower late up...

Hey Johnny...