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Mary Black ''Men of Worth''

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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

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 La, la, la,

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