

There's Bound Tae be a Row

words &
music: traditional

C F

I'm a poor un-luck - y married man, I've such an aw - ful wife

C F/(Am) G/(F) (G) C

To please her I do all I can and still she plagues my life;

C F

If I do ev'ry - thing that's richt, she'll find a fault some - how

C F/(Am) F G C

And if I just stay oot aa' nicht, there's bound tae be a row.

C F

There's bound tae be a row, there's bound tae be a row, Do

C F G C

all in my life for tae please my wife, but there's bound tae be a row.

This song was collected by Alison McMorland from the Border shepherd Willie Scott. Willie was born in Dumfriesshire, but spent

most of his working life in the Borders round Liddesdale, Ettrick valley and Hawick. More of his songs can be found in Alison McMorland's book

There's Bound Tae be a Row

1. I'm a very unlucky married man
I've such an awful wife,
To please her I do all I can
And still she plagues my life;
If I do everything that's richt,
She'll find a fault somehow,
And if I just stay oot aa' nicht,
There's bound tae be a row.

Chorus:

There's bound tae be a row,
There's bound tae be a row,
Do all in my life
For tae please my wife,
There's bound tae be a row.

2. She wakes me in the morning
In an awful cruel way,
She kicks me on the floor
And not a hard word do I say;
I have to wash my stockings,
My shirts and fronts I vow,
And if I don't wash hers as well
There's bound tae be a row.

(Chorus)

3. She has taken in a lodger
And he's single, by the by,
She says I must make room for him,

And on the sofa lie;
They eat the meat, give me the bones,
It don't seem right somehow,
But if I just say half as much,
There's bound tae be a row.

(Chorus)

4. She sometimes makes a party
To some friends that dine at eight,
And I've tae hurry home from work
For to be in time to wait;
And as they hustle me about
If I don't scrape and bow,
And say 'Yes Sir' and 'Thank you
please',
There's bound tae be a row.

(Chorus)

5. Then when I've earned my wages,
After working hard all week,
I turn it every hap-ny up,
And then she has the cheek
To give me tuppence to myself,
And for that I've got to bow,
And if I spend it aa' at yince
There's bound tae be a row.

(Chorus)

*"Herd Laddie O the Glen –
Songs of a Border Shepherd",
ISBN 0-9545052-8-X, which
has been recently reissued with
revised song notes.*