

**The Poor Ditching Boy**  
**Fairport Convention**

[Verse]

**A**

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad

**D**

With the river too weary to flood

**A**

The stormy wind cut through to my skin

**D**

**E**

**A**

**D**

But she cut through to my blood

[Verse]

**A**

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line

**D**

But trouble come a-looking for me

**A**

I knew I was standing on treacherous ground

**D**

**E**

**A**

But I was sinking too fast to run free

[Chorus]

**D**

**Bm**

**A**

**E**

With her scheming, idle ways

**D**

**Bm**

**A**

She left me poor enough

**A**

The storming wind cut through to my skin

**D**

**E**

**A**

**Bm**

**E**

But she cut through to me blood....

[Instrumental]

**A** **D** **A**

**A** **D** **E** **A**

**D** **Bm** **A** **E** **D** **Bm** **A**

**A** **D** **E** **A**

[Verse]

**A**

Now I would not be asking, I would not be seen

**D**

Either begging on a mountain or hill

**A**

Til Iâ€™m ready and Iâ€™m blind, with my arms tied behind

**D**

**E**

**A**

**D**

But Iâ€™ve neither a mind nor a will

[Verse]

**A**

Oh, itâ€™s bitter the need of the poor ditching boy

**D**

For heâ€™ll always believe what they say

**A**

But they tell him itâ€™s hard to be honest and true

**D**

**E**

**A**

Does he mind that he doesnâ€™t get paid?

[Chorus]

**D Bm A E**

With her scheming, idle ways

**D Bm A**

She left me poor enough

**A**

The storming wind cut through to my skin

**D E A**

But she cut through to me blood

[Chorus]

**D Bm A E**

With her scheming, idle ways

**D Bm A**

She left me poor enough

**A**

The storming wind cut through to my skin

**D E D E A**

But she cut through to me blood.....