

It's

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good
It's ill speaking between a full man and a fasting
Home is home though it's never so homely
It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest
It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes
The sharper the storm the sooner it's over
It's a sin to steal a pin
If a thing's worth doing it's worth doing well
It's not what you know it's who you know
It's dogged as does it