

The Loch Tay Boat Song

Silly Wizard

When I've done the work o day,
And I row my boat away,
Down the waters o Loch Tay,
When the evening light is fallin',
And I look towards Ben lawyers,
Where the after glory glow,
And I dream on two Bright eyes,
With a merry mouth below,
Shes my beauteous nigh-ean ruadh,
Shes my joy and sorrow too,
And although she is untrue,
Well I cannot live without her,
For my hearts a boat in tow,
And Id give the world to know,
If she means to let me go,
As I sing hee-re, ho-roNighean ruadh your lovely hair,
Has more beauty I declare,
Than all the trasses fair,
From Killin and Aberfeldy,
Be they lint white, Brown or gold,
Be they blacker than the sloe, They mean not as much to me,
Than the melting flake of snow,
Her dance is like the gleam,
O the sunlight on the stream,
And the song the wee folks sing,
Oh, they're the songs she sings at milking,
But my heart is full of woe,
For last night she bade me go,
And the tears begin to flow,
As I sing Hee-ree, Ho-ro

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