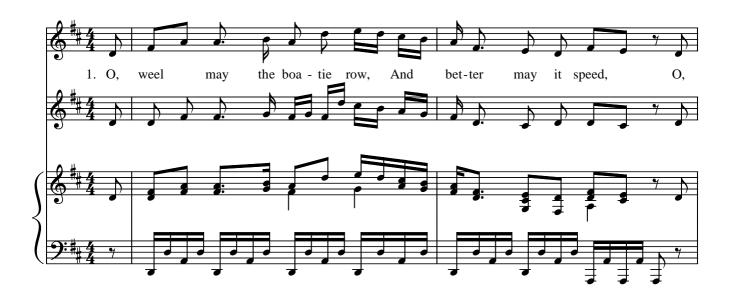
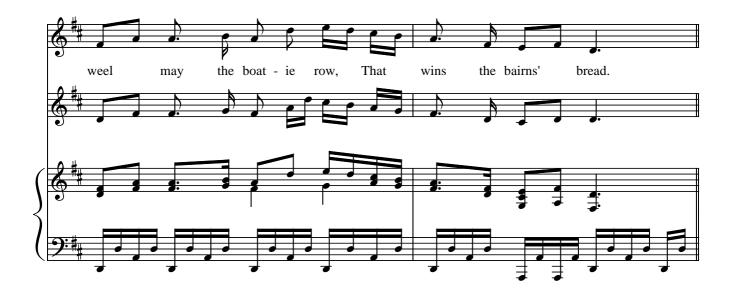
The boatie rows

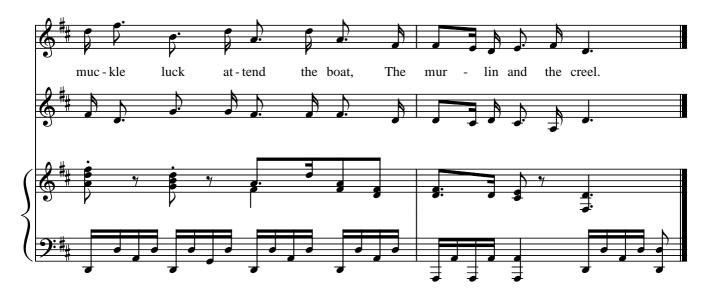
Traditional





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- When Jamie vowed he would be mine, And wan frae me my heart, O, muckle lighter grew my creel! He swore we'd never part. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel; And muckle lighter is the load When love bears up the creel.
- My kurtch I put upon my haed, And dress'd myself fu' braw; I trow my heart was douff an' wae When Jamie gaed awa'.
 But weel may the boatie row, And lucky be her part; And lightsome be the lassie's care That yields an honest heart.

- 4. When Sawny, Jock, and Janetie Are up, and gotten lear, They'll help to gar the boatie row, And lighten a' our care. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel, And lightsome be the heart that bears The murlin and the creel!
- And when wi' age we are worn doun, And hirpling round the door, They'll row to keep us hale and warm, As we did them before Then weel may the boatie row That wins the bairns' bread; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the boatie speed.