

Adria, The Loch Tay Boat Song

When I've done my work of day
And I row my boat away
Doon the waters o' Loch Tay
As the evening light is fading
And I look up on Ben Law'rs
Where the afterglory glows
And I think on two bright eyes
And the melting mouth below
She's my beauteous nighean rue
She's my joy, my sorrow too
And although she is untrue
Well I cannot live without her
For my heart's a boat in tow
And I'd give the world to know
Why she means to let me go
As I sing horee, horo
Nighean Ruadh, your lovely hair
Has more glamour I declare
Than all the tresses rare
'Tween Killin and Aberfeldy
Be they lint white, brown or gold
Be they blacker than the sloe
They are worth no more to me
Than the melting flake o' snow
Her eyes are like the gleam
O' the sunlight on the stream
And the song the fairies sing
Seems like 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 horee, horo.