

## **Craig Herbertson** **"Loch Tay Boat Song"**

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When I've done my work of day, and I row my boat  
away  
Doun the waters of Loch Tay as the evening sun is  
sinking,  
Then I look toward Ben Lawers, where the after glories  
glow  
I dream on two bright eyes and the merry mouth below.

She's my beauteous nighean ruadh, she's my joy and  
sorrow too;  
Though I own she is not true, ah, but I cannot live  
without her.  
For my heart's a boat in tow, and I'd give the world to  
know  
If she means to let me go, as I sing hori horo.

Nighean ruadh, your lovely hair is more beauteous I  
declare  
Than all the tresses fair from Killin to Aberfeldy.  
Be they milk-white, gold, or brown, be they blacker than  
the sloe,  
They mean as much to me as a melting flake of snow.  
And her dance is like the gleam of the sunlight on the  
stream  
And the songs the wee folk sing, 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 hori horo.

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