

Minstrels Of Mayhem

"Loch Tay Boat Song"

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When I've done the work of day,
and I row my boat away,
Down the waters of Loch Tay,
where the evening shade is falling.
And I look toward Ben Loughers,
where the afterglories glow,
And I dream on two bright eyes
and a merry mouth below.
She's my beauteous nighean ruidhh (red-haired girl),
she's my joy and sorrow, too,
Though I own she is not true,
sure 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 hoo-ree, hoo-roo.
Nighean Ruidhh, your glorious hair
is more beauteous, I declare,
Than all the tresses fair f
rom Killarn to Aberfeldy.
Be they lint-white, gold or brown,
be they blacker than the sloe,
They mean not as much to me
as a melting flake of snow.
And her touch is like the gleam
of the sunlight o'er the stream,
And the songs the wee folk sing,

are 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, hoo-ree, hoo-rooo

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