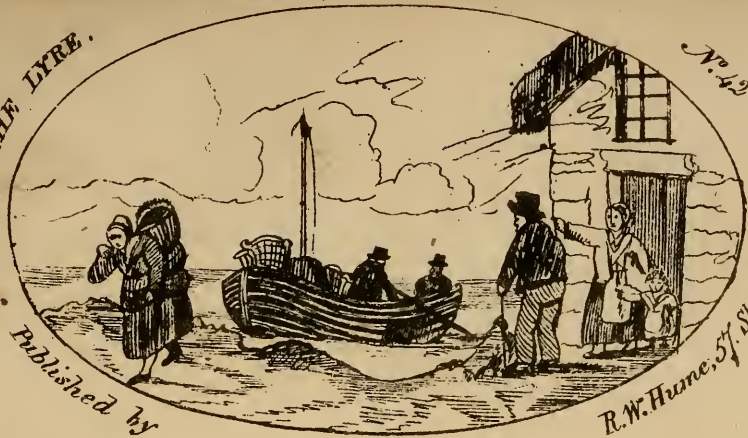


THE LYRE.

No. 42



Published by

R. W. Hume, St. Andrew's, Perth.

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row, And better may she speed, And liesome may the boatie  
row that wins the bairn's bread. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
fu' weel, Mickle luck attend the boat, the murlain and the creel.

2.

O weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleeds us a' frae tap to toe,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

3.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
And wan frae me mine 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.

4.

When Sawny, Jock, and Janstie,  
Are up and gotten lair,  
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 her heart that bears  
The merlin an' the creel.

5.

And when we're auld, an' sair, bow'd down,  
And hirplin round the door;  
Our bairns will row to keep us warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
She wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

