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The Boatie Row

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O weel may the boatie row and better may she speed,
And leesome may the boatie row that wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,
And weel may the boatie row that wins my bairns' bread.
O weel may the boatie row and better may she speed,
And leesome may the boatie row that wins my bairns' bread.

I cast my line in Largo Bay and fishes I caught nine,
There was three to boil and three to fry, and three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a' who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row that fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet and buys our pottage meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a' that wish the boatie speed.

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 upo' my head and dressed mysel' fu' braw,
I true my heart was douf an' wae when Jamie ga'ed awa';
But weel may the boatie row and lucky be her part,
And lightsome be the lassie's care that yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock an' 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 her heart that bears the murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down, and hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm as we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row, she wins the baim's bread,
And happy be the lot o' a' that wish the boat to speed.

from Roy Palmer, Oxford Book of Sea Songs
SOF