

Loch Tay Boat Song

Anthony J. Patterson, arr.

Piano

When I've done my work o' ruadh your love - ly

day and I row my boat a - way Doon the wa - ters o' Loch Tay as the eve - ning light is
hair, has more gla - mour I de - clare, Than all the tras - ses rare 'tween Kil - lin and Ab - er -

fa - ding And I look up - on Ben Lawers where the af - ter glo - ry glows and I think on two bright
fel - dy. Be they lint white, brown or gold, be they black er than the sloe, They are worth no more to

eyes and the mel - ting mouth be low. she's my beau - tious nigh - ean ruadh, she's my joy and sor row
me, than the mel - ting flake o' snow. Her eyes are like the gleam, o' the sun - light on the

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too and al - though she is un - true, well I can-na live with - out her, For my heart's a boat in
 stream And the song the fair-ies sing, seems like songs sings at milk - ing. But my heart is full of

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tow, and I'd give the world to know Why_ she means to let her
 woe, for last night she bade me go, And_ the tears be - gin to

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1. 2.

go as I sing ho - ree ho - ro_ Nigh - ean ro.
 flow, as I sing ho - ree, ho - ro. Nigh - ean ro.

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