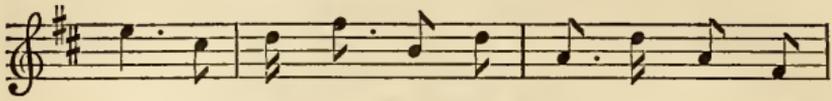


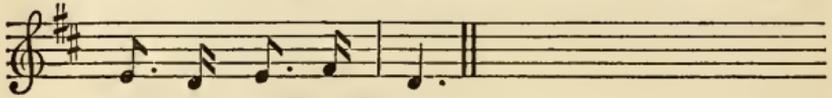
## THE BOATIE ROWS.

This beautiful song of the domestic affections, which Burns thought nearly equal to *There's nae Luck about the House*, was stated by him to have been the composition of 'a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen,' and the statement has never been contradicted. The person referred to appears to have been Mr John Ewen, a dealer in hardware in Aberdeen, who died on the 21st of October 1821, at the age of eighty. He was a native of Montrose, and at his death he destined his entire fortune, of about £16,000, for the founding of a hospital for the nurture and education of poor children in that burgh. It will be learned with surprise, that in this destination he overlooked a daughter who had married, as he probably thought, imprudently—a strange comment of fact upon the sentiment so touchingly indicated in the song. The will, however, was set aside by a decision of the House of Lords.

O weel may the boat - ie row, And  
 bet - ter may she speed! And weel may the  
 boat - ie row, That wins the bairns' bread! The  
 boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in-



deed; And hap - py be the lot of a' That



wish - es her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed !  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread !  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,  
 And fishes I caught nine ;  
 There 's 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 of a'  
 That 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 parritch-meal.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd 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 lade,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysel fu' braw ;  
 I trow my heart was douf and wae,  
 When Jamie gaed 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 Sawnie, Jock, and 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 hale and warm,  
 As we did them before :  
 Then, weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boat to speed !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, vol. v., published circa 1796.  
 It is customary to abridge this song when sung, by giving only the first, second, and sixth verses.

This fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee, for three voices, by Mr William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular.