Arran Boat Song slow air

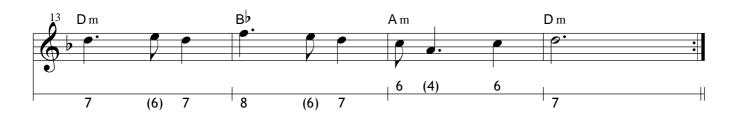
(melody)

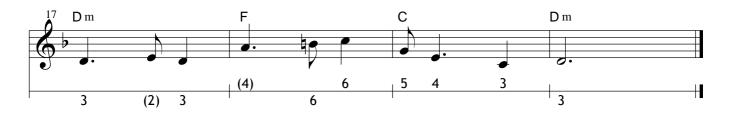












Put off, put off, and row with speed,
For now is the time and the hour of need,
To oars, to oars, and trim the bark,
Nor Scotland's Queen be a warder's mark!
Yon light that plays round the castle's moat,
Is only the warder's random shot.
Put off, put off, and row with speed,
For now is the time and the hour of need.

Those pond'rous keys, shall the kelpies keep, And lodge in their caverns so dark and deep, Nor shall Lochleven's tower or hall, Hold thee our lovely Queen in thrall, Or be the haunt of traitors sold, While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold, Then onward, steersman, row with speed, For now is the time, and the hour of need.

Hark, the alarum bell has rung, The warder's voice has treason sung, The echos to the falconets roar, Chime sweetly to the dashing shore, Let tower, hall, and battlement gleam, We steer by the light of the taper's gleam, For Scotland and Mary, on with speed, For now is the time, and the hour of need.