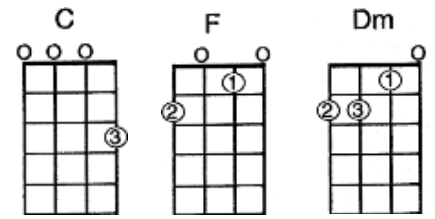


Arran Boat Song

Traditional Scottish air



This tune was first published as The Arran Boat Song around 1875 in James Kerr's first Merry Melodies volume. It is named for the Scottish Arran Islands in the Firth of Clyde and not the Irish Aran Islands off Galway Bay. It is played as an air. Although it is written in 3-4 it is not a waltz. Waltzes have the rhythm *strong/weak/weak; or, um-pa-pa*, The dotted rhythm of this tune cuts across this beat.

Ostinato

For beginners: This simple part can be played throughout the tune. It acts like a simple bass line.

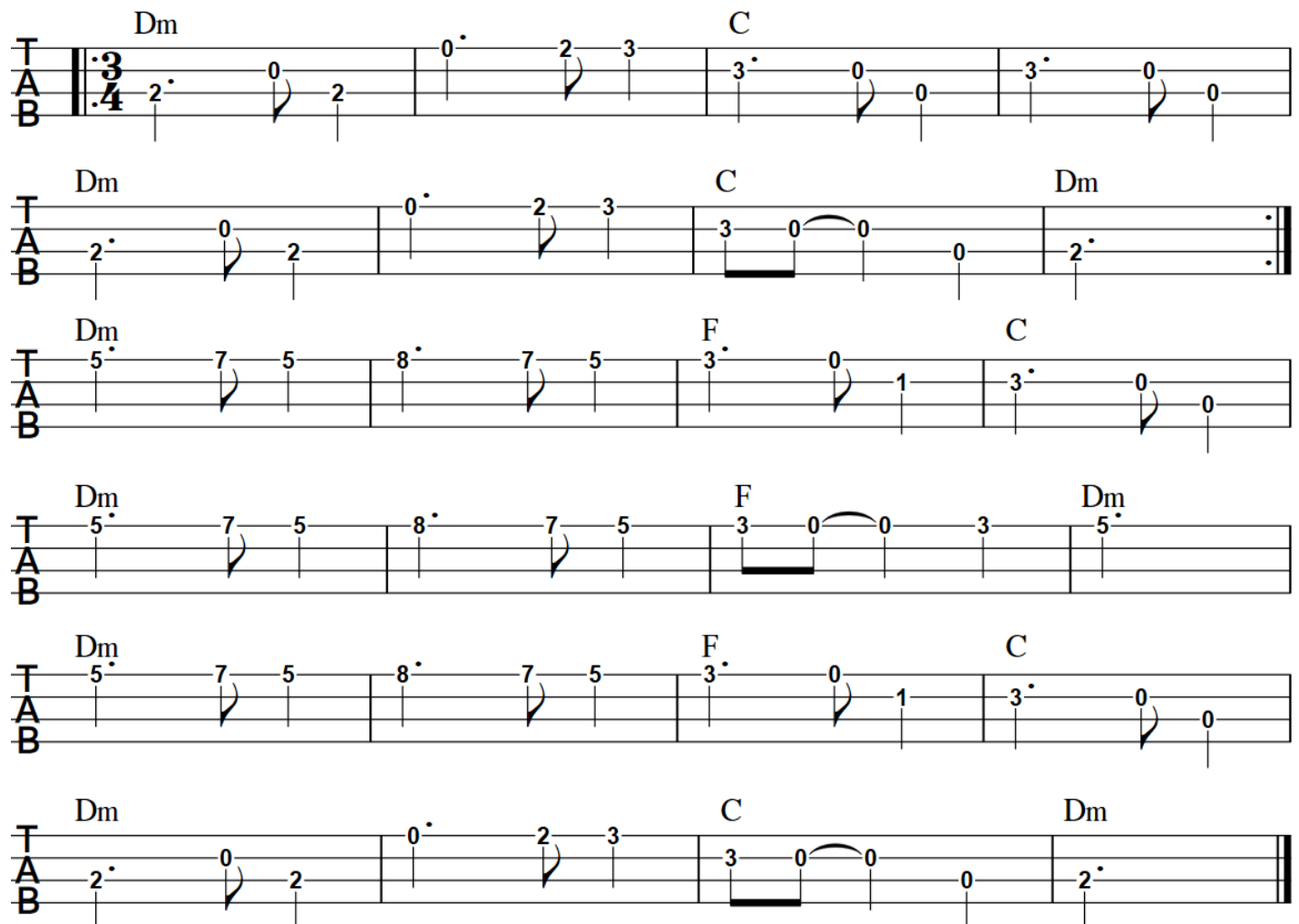


Chords & melody

Play chords as either **slow, gentle** strum on the first beat of every bar, or using the arpeggio picking pattern.

Picking pattern (open strings)

G | -T----- (thumb)
 C | ---F1----- F1- (1st finger)
 E | -----F2---F2---- (2nd finger)
 A | -----F3----- (3rd finger)



Consider doing pull-offs and hammer-ons going from the quavers to the next notes

Arranged by Bruce Watson
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Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven Castle

The Arran Boat Song tune is also known as *The Highland Boat Song*, and *Queen Mary's Escape from Loch Leven Castle*. The latter song commemorates the escape of Mary, Queen of Scots, from Loch Leven Castle, near Kinross, in 1568. This "involved drugging half the island with hearty doses of wine whilst young Willie Douglas pegged all the boats to the shore bar one."

Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven Castle

Lyrics by Robert Allan (1774-1841)

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 echoes 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.