

**Doon The Watter**  
**Alex Beaton**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#

Tabbed by Jack Dingler  
weaseldog2001@yahoo.com  
From Alex Beaton s In The Scottish Tradition  
<http://www.alexbeaton.com/>

Doon the Watter  
Iain Ingram

**C** **F** **G** **C**  
My father worked for buttons in a wee dry salters shop  
**F** **G**  
But we were young and didnae have a care  
**F** **C** **Am**  
Our shoes were scuffed and worn, our dungarees a torn  
**D** **G**  
Our sloppy joes they wirnae fit to wear  
**C**  
Noo me and ma wee brother we were headaches to my mother  
**F** **E7**  
And dirty for the best port o the year  
**F** **C** **Am**  
But she had us clean as whistles in our kilts and co-op sandals  
**G** **C**  
When we went down the watter for the fair

Chorus:

**C** **F** **C**  
And we re sailing doon the Clyde, sailing doon the Clyde  
**G**  
And headin for Kilgreggan in the morning  
**C** **F** **C**  
Then on to Rothesay Bay we d leave on Saturday  
**G C**  
To catch the Jeannie Dean frae Crigendoran

The summertime was all I m sure that kept my father gain  
A time that he enjoyed as much as me  
The family a the gither we didnae mind the weather  
He d laugh and sing and bounce us on each knee  
O toora loora liddey ah finish work on Friday  
His troubles seem to vanish in the air  
Ah but noo he s gone forever like the steamers on the river

That went sailing doon the wafter for the fair

The golden age of paddle steamers sadly disappeared

And summertime has never been the same

Those days of river cruisin that slowly we were losing

An era that will never come again

For now we fly to Malta Majorca and Gibralter

France and Spain and sunny Italy

A the kids a think it s heaven like the Clyde for me at seven

But the days of doon the watter s gone for me