

The Keel Row

As I came through Sandgate, Through Sandgate, through Sandgate, As I came through Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:

“O, weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, O weel may the keel row That my laddie's in.

O who's like my Johnny, So leish, so blythe, so bonny? He's foremost among the many Keel lads of coaly Tyne;

He'll set or row so tightly Or, in the dance so sprightly, He'll cut and shuffle slightly, 'Tis true, were he nae mine.

He wears a blue bonnet, Blue bonnet, blue bonnet, He wears a blue bonnet A dimple in his chin.

And weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row That my laddie's in.”

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