

Fhear A Bhata (The Boatman)

How often haunting the highest hilltops

I scan the ocean I sail tae sea

Wilt come tonight love wilt come tomorrow

Wilt ever come love to comfort me?

Fhear a bhata no horo ei'e

Fhear a bhata no horo ei'e

Fhear a bhata no horo ei l'e

Oh fare thee well love where e'er you be

They call thee fickle they call thee false one

And seek tae change me but all in vain

For thou art my dream a through the dark night

And every morning I scan the sea

There's not a hamlet too well I know it

Where you go wandering or set a while

But all the old folks you win wi' talking

And charm it's maidens with song and smile

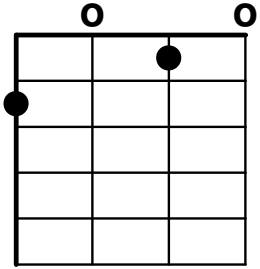
Do you remember the promise made me

The tartan plaidie the silken gown

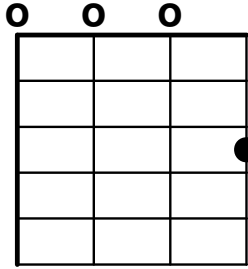
The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait?

That gown and ring I will never know

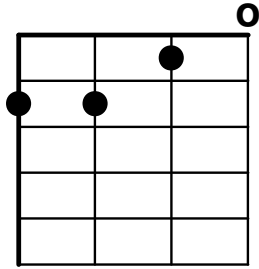
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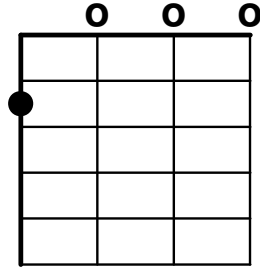
C



Dm



Am



Bb

