

(The) Boatman (Fhear A Bhata)

Traditional Gaelic

(I use capo on 3rd - no score)

I'm often hunting the highest hilltops

I scan the oceans, I sail to sea

Wilt come tonight love?

Wilt come tommorow?

Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me?

(Chorus) - (Fhear A Bhata, Na hóro eile)

Air ah Vata, Nah ho-ro ay-lah

Air ah Vata, Nah ho-ro ay-lah

Oh, fare thee well, love, Where 'ere ye be

They call me fickle, they call me false one
and seek to change me, but all in vain
for thou art my dream, all through the dark night
and every morning I scan the main

(Chorus)

There's not a hamlet do well I know it
where you go wand'rin or sit awhile.
but all the old folk, you win with talkin'
and charm its maidens with song and smile.

(Chorus)

Dost thou remember the promise made me
The tartan plaide, the silken gown
that ring of gold with thy head in portrait
that golden ring I will never own

(Chorus)