

# Gaelic Storm, The Ferryman

Oh the little boats have gone,  
from the breast of Anna Liffey,  
and the Ferrymen are stranded on the quai,  
The Dublin docks are dying,  
and a way of life is gone  
Its over Molly, over can't you see

Where the strawberry beds,  
sweep down to the Liffey,  
you'll kiss away the troubles from my brow  
I love you well today  
and I'll love you more tomorrow,  
if you ever love me  
Molly, love me now!

Now the only job I had,  
it was hard, but never lonely.  
The river ferry made a man of me.  
And it's gone without a whisper,  
and forgotten even now.  
And Molly it was part of you and me!

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sweep down to the Liffey,  
you'll kiss away the troubles from my brow  
I love you well today  
and I'll love you more tomorrow,  
if you ever love me  
Molly, love me now!

And now my work is over,  
and I'll spend my days in rovin'.  
I'll hear them whisper, "Charlie's on the dole..."  
But Molly we're still livin',  
and darlin' we're still young,  
and the river never ruled my heart or soul!

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Its over  
Molly, it's over  
Molly, can't you see  
Molly, its over, Molly

Can't you see