

Sandy Denny, The Boatman

How often haunting the highest hilltop
I scan the ocean, a sail to see
Will it come tonight, love, will it come tomorrow
Or ever come, love, to comfort me

(chorus & "the boatman" in gaelic):
O fare thee well, love, where'er thou be

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one
And seek to change me but all in vain
Thou art my dream yet throughout the dark night

And every moment I watch the main

There's not a hamlet, too well I know it,
Where you go wandering or stay awhile
But all it's old folk you win with talking
And charm it's maidens with song and smile

Doth thou remember the promise made me,
A token plead, a silken gown
That ring of gold with your hair and portrait
That gown and ring I will never own