

Silly Wizard, 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 eil'e
fhear a bhata no horo eil'e
fhear a bhata no horo eil'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

fear a bhata no horo eil'e...

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

fhear a bhata no horo eil'e...

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

fhear a bhata no horo eil'e...