

# 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...