

# The Boatman (Fear A' Bhàta)

Scotland, lyrics by Jane Finlayson (late 18th century)

earliest date: 1939 (Ballad Index)

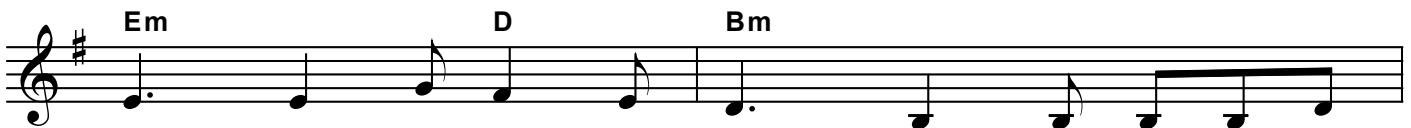
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1. How oft - en  
*Oh, my an*  
*'Fhir*



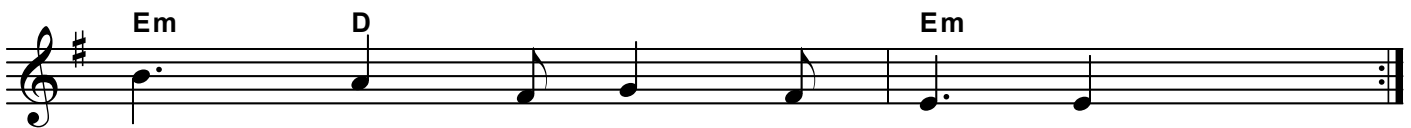
haunt - ing the high - est hill - top, I scan the  
*boat - man, na ho - ro ai - la, oh, my an*  
*bhá - ta 'sna hó - ró éi - le, 'fhir*



o - cean, a sail to see. Will it come to -  
*boat - man, na ho - ro ai - la, oh, my an*  
*bhá - ta 'sna hó - ró éi - le, 'fhir*



night, love, will it come to - mor - row, or ev - er  
*boat - man, na ho - ro ai - la, may joy a -*  
*bhá - ta 'sna hó - ró éi - le, mo shor - aidh*



come, love, to com - fort me.  
*wait thee wher - e'er thou sail - est.*  
*slán leat gach áit a dtéid thí.*

2. 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.  
*Oh, my boatman...*

3. There's not a hamlet, too well I know it,  
where you go wandering or stay awhile,  
but all its old folk you win with talking  
and charm its maidens with song and smile.  
*Oh, my boatman...*

4. 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.  
*Oh, my boatman...*

1. Thèid mé suas ar an chnoic is airde  
féach an bhfeic mé fear an bhàta;  
An dtig thú anocht nó an dtigh thú amárach?  
Muna dtig thú idir is trua atá mé.  
*'Fhir an bhàta...*

2. Tá mo chroise briste brúite  
is tric na deora a rith bho mo shúileann.  
An dtig thú inniu nó am bhíd mí 'dúil leat  
nó an druid mé an doras le osna thuirseach?  
*'Fhir an bhàta...*

3. Thúg mé gaol duit is chan fhéad mé 'athrú,  
cha gaol bliana is cha gaol ráithe  
ach gaol ó thoiseacht nuair bha mé 'mo pháiste  
is nach sease a choiche mé gus clóigh' an bás mé.  
*'Fhir an bhàta...*