

Fhear A Bhata (Traditional)

D A
Fhear a'bhata na ho ro eile

Bm F#m
Fhear a' bhata na ho ro eile

G A Bm A
Fhear a' bhata na ho ro eile

Bm G A Bm
So fare thee well, love, where'ere thou be.

How often haunting the highest hilltop
I scan the ocean, a sail to see
Will't come tonight, love, will't come tomorrow
Or ever come, love, to comfort me

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one
And seek to change me but all in vain
For Thou art my dream yet through the dark night
And every morning I watch the main

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

Do you remember the promise made me,
The Tartan Plaid, a silken gown
That ring of gold with thy hair and portrait?
That gown and ring I will never own