

The Ferryman

1. Oh, the little boats are gone, from the breast of Anna Liffey
The ferrymen are stranded on the quay.
Sure the Dublin docks are dying, and a way of life is gone.
And Molly it was part of you and me.

*Where the strawberry beds, sweep down to the Liffey,
you kiss away the worries from my brow.
I love you well today, and I love you more tomorrow.
If you ever loved me Molly, love me now!*

2. 'Twas the only job I know, it was hard but never lonely,
The Liffey ferry made a man of me.
Now it's gone without a whisper half forgotten, even now.
And it's over, Molly, over can't you see.

Where the strawberry beds...

3. Now I'll tend the yard and spend my days in talkin'.
Hear them whisper Charlie's on the dole.
But Molly we're still livin' and darling we're still young,
And the river never owned me heart and soul.

Where the strawberry beds...

Where the strawberry beds...

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