

# 90- The Ferryman

Pete StJohn

Violin

Oh the li - ttle boats are gone from the

breast of Ann - a Lif - fey the Fer - ry - men are

strand - ed on the Quay Sure the Dub - lin Docks are

dy - in' and a way of life is gone and

Mol - ly it was part of you and me. Where the

Straw - ber - ry Beds sweep down to the Lif - fey, you

kiss a - way the wor - ries from my brow I

love you well to - day and I'll love you more to - mor - row if you

ev - er loved me Mol - ly love me now.