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## Celtic Legend "The Boatman"

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When the wind hits the ocean and sand draws back from the shore What was silent devotion now becomes a mighty row

Now row, the waves will not find you Soft foam, buries you deep I'll be forever your dreamer Hold tight to me!

You are the tide of my ocean, the warm sand under my feet Lovers drink of the poison and so I lust in defeat

Row, row, the waves will not find you! Soft snow, buries you deep I'll be forever your dreamer Hold tight to me!

Hold tight! Hold tight. Hold tight!

Row Row

Row, row, the waves will not find you Soft foam, buries you deep I'll be forever your dreamer Hold tight to me!

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