

## The Ferryman

(Amin)Oh, the (F)traveller (G)moving on the (Emin)land,  
 Be(Amin)hold I (F)give you,  
 I (G)give you the travelling (Emin)man.  
 And he's (Amin)very (G)heavy (F)laden,  
 With the questions in his burden.  
 (G)Lo, and I give you the travelling (Amin77)man.  
 He has crossed the (Bb)mountains,  
 He has forded (D)streams. (Dsus4)-(D)  
 He has spent a (E7)long time  
 Surviving on his (A)dreams. (Asus4)-(A)  
 (D)Many times he's (D/C)tried to lighten (D/B)up his heavy (D/A#)load.  
 But his (D)compromises (A)fail him  
 And he (Emin)ends back on the (F#)road. (E+2)-(E)-(Amin)

Oh the traveller he is weary,  
 The travelling man is tired.  
 For the road is never ending,  
 In his fear he has cried  
 Aloud for a saviour  
 And in vain for a preacher.  
 Some one to lighten up the load.  
 And he's heard the sounds of war  
 In a gentle shower of rain.  
 And the whisperings of despair  
 That he could not explain.  
 The treason for his journey,  
 Or the reason it began.  
 Or was there any reason  
 For the travelling man.

At last he reached a river  
 So beautiful and wide.  
 But the current was so strong  
 He could not reach the other side.  
 And the weary travelling man  
 Looked for the ferryman.  
 Strong enough to row against the tide.  
 And the ferryman was old  
 But he moved the boat so well.  
 Or did the river move the boat ?  
 The traveller could not tell.  
 Said the ferryman, "You're weary  
 And the answers that you seek,  
 Are in the singing river,  
 Listen, humbly it will speak.

Oh, the traveller closed his eyes  
 And he listened and he heard.  
 Only the river murmuring  
 And the beating of his heart.  
 Then he heard the river laughing,  
 And he heard the river crying.  
 And in it was the beauty and the sadness of the world.  
 And he heard the sounds of dying,  
 But he heard the sounds of birth.  
 And slowly his ears heard  
 All the sounds of earth.  
 The sounds blended together  
 And they became a whole.  
 And the rhythm was his heartbeat  
 And the music his soul.

And the river had no beginning,  
 As it flowed into the sea.

And the seas filled the clouds  
And the rains filled the streams.  
And as slowly as the sunrise,  
He opened up his eyes.  
To find the ferryman had gone.  
The boat moved gently on the tide.  
And the river flowed within him,  
And with it he was one.  
And the seas moved around the earth,  
And the earth around the sun.  
And the traveller was the river,  
Was the boat and ferryman,  
Was the journey and the song  
That the singing river sang.