

# Carrickfergus

## The Irish Tenors

I wish I was in Carrickfergus  
Only for nights in Ballygrand  
I would swim over the deepest ocean  
The deepest ocean for my love to find  
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over  
Neither have I wings to fly  
If I could find me a handsome boatsman  
To ferry me over to my love and die  
My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy times spent so long ago

My childhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on now like melting snow  
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free  
Ah, to be back now in Carrickfergus  
On that long road down to the sea  
I'll spend my days in endless roaming  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free  
But I am sick now, and my days are numbered  
Come all you young men and lay me down

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