Carrickfergus

Loudon Wainwright III

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
and neither have I wings to fly.
If I could find me a handsome boatman
to ferry me over to my love and die.My childhood days bring back sad reflections
of happy times I spent so long ago.
My boyhood 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 in Carrickfergus
on that long road down to the sea!And in Kilkenny it is reported
there are marble stones as black as ink.
With gold and silver I would support her,
but I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.
I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober,
a handsome rover from town to town.
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,
so come all ye young men and lay me down.

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