

I wish I was in Carrickfergus  
Only for nights in Ballygrand.  
I would swim over the deepest ocean  
Only for nights in Ballygrand.  
But the sea is wide and I can't swim over  
Nor have I the wings to fly.  
If I could find me a handsome boatman  
To ferry me over to my love and I.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy times there spent long ago.  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on now with the melting snow.  
So I'll spend my days in this endless roving;  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.  
Oh to be home now in Carrickfergus  
On the long road down to the salty sea.

