

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.

