## **Carrick Fergus**

(mündlich überliefert)





## **Carrick Fergus**

(Volkslied)

I wish I was in Carrick Fergus,
Only for nights in Ballygran.
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Only for nights in Ballygran.
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over,
And neither have I the wings to fly.
I wish I had a handsome boatman,
To ferry me over 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 now like the melting snow. But I'll spend my days in endless roaming Soft is the gras my bed is free. Ah, to be back now in Carrick Fergus On that long road down to the sea.

And in Kilkenny, it is reported,
Are marble stones there as black as ink.
With gold and silver I would support her
But I 'll sing no more till I get a drink.
I 'm drunk today and I 'm seldom sober
And 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.