

Carrickfergus D Dur

1. Strophe

Irish folk

Violine

8

16

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32

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57

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- 1) hm) I wish, I (em) was (A7) in Carrick- (D) fergus (hm)
only for (em) nights (A7) in Bally- (D)grand
(hm) I would swim (em) over, (A7) the deepest (D) ocean (hm)
the deepest (em) ocean, (A7) my love to (D) find.
But the sea is (hm) wide, and I cannot swim (A7) over
nor have I (D) wings (hm) that I could (A) fly (A7)
If I could (em) find me, (A7) a handsome (D) boatmen (hm)
to carry me (em) over (A7) to my love to (D) die.

- 2) (hm) My childhood (em) days(A7) bring back sad re-(D)flections
(hm) of happy (em) times (A7) I spent so long (D) ago.
(hm) My boyhood (em) friends (A7) and my own re- (D)lations (am)
have all passed (em) on now (A7) like melting (D) snow.
And I`ll spend my (hm)days in endless (A) roaming (A7)
soft is the (D) grass, (hm) my bed is (A) free (A7)
Ah, to be (em) back now, (A7) in Carrick- (D) fergus (hm)
on that long (em) road, (A7) down to the (D) sea!
- 3) (hm) Now in (em) Kilkenny (A7) it is re- (D)ported (hm)
there are marble (em) stones there, (A7) as black as ink (D)
With (hm) gold and (em) silver, (A7) I would support her (D)
(hm) But I'll sing (em)no more now, (A7) till I get a (D) drink.
'Cause I'm (hm) drunk today, and I'm seldom (A) sober (A7)
A handsome (D) rover, (hm)from town to (A) town (A7)
Ah, but I'm (em) sick now, (A7) my days are (D) numbered (hm)
So come all ye (em) young men, (A7) and lay me (D) down.