

Cara Dillon

"The Maid Of Culmore"

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Leaving sweet lovely Derry for fair London town,
There is no finer harbour all around can be found,
Where the children each evening go down to the shore,
And the joy bells are ringing for the maid of Culmore.

The first time I met her she passed me by,
And the next time that I met her she bid me goodbye,
But the last time I met her it broke my heart sore,
For she sailed out of Ireland and away from Culmore.
If I had the power the storms for to rise,
I would blow the wind high and I'd darken the skies,
I would blow the wind higher and salt seas to roar,
For the day that my darling sailed away from Culmore.

To the far shore of Americay my love I 'll go seek,
For it's there I know no-one and no-one knows me,
And if don't find her I'll return home no more,
Like a pilgrim I'll wander for the maid of Culmore.

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