

Feast Or Famine, Maid Of Coolmore

From sweet Londonderry to fair London town
There is no finer harbor anywhere to be found
Where the children each even go on down by the shore
And they join hands in the dance wheel with the Maids of Coolmore

The first time I saw her she passed me by
But the next time that I saw her she bade me goodbye
Oh the last time that I saw her her heart it grieved full sore
And she sailed down Loch Foyle and away from Coolmore

If I had the power the storms for to rise
I would blow higher and higher and darken the skies
I would blow higher and higher, the seas I'd cause to roar
For the day that my love sailed away, sailed away from Coolmore

To the far land of America my love I'll go seek
It is there I know no one and no one knows me
If I do not there find her I'll return home no more
Like a pilgrim I shall wander for the maid of Coolmore