

# Loreena McKennitt, Carrighfergus

I wish I was in Carrighfergus,  
Only for nights in Ballygrant  
I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
Only for nights in Ballygrant.

But the sea is wide, and I can't get over.  
And neither have I wings to fly,  
Or if I could find me a handsome boatsman  
To ferry me over to my love and die.

Now in Kilkenny, it is reported,  
They've marble stones there as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would transport her  
But I'll sing no more now, till I get a drink.

I'm drunk today, but then I'm seldom sober.  
A handsome rover from town to town.  
Ah, but I am sick now, my days are over,  
Come all you young lads and lay me down.

I wish I was in Carrighfergus,  
Only for nights in Ballygran.