

Maid Of Culmore

Celtic Thunder

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

The first time I saw her she passed me by,
And the next time I saw her she bid me goodbye,
But the last time I saw her it grieved my heart so,
For she sailed down Loch Foyle and away from Culmore.

If I had the power the storms for to rise,
I would make the wind blow out and I'd darken the skies,
I'd make the wind blow high and the salt seas to roar,
Till the day that my darling sailed away from Culmore.

To the bad parts of America my love I'll go see,
For it's there I know no one and no one knows me,
But if I don't find her I'll return home no more,
Like a pilgrim I'll wander for the maid of Culmore.