

# Farewell to Carlingford

The Irish Rovers

When I was young and in my prime  
And could wander wild and free  
There was always a longing in my heart  
To follow the call of sea

So I'll sing farewell to Carlingford  
And farewell to Greenore  
I'll think of both day and night  
Until I return once more  
Until I return once more

On all of the stormy seven seas  
I have sailed before the mast  
But on every voyage I ever made  
I swore it would be my last

Now I have a girl called Mary Doyle  
And she lives in Greenore  
And the foremost thought was in her mind  
To keep me safe on the shore

Now a landsman's life is all his own  
He can go or he can stay  
But when the sea gets in your blood  
When she calls you must obey