

# The Maid Of Culmore

Cara Dillon

Leaving sweet lovely Derry for fair London town  
There is no finer harbour 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 sore  
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 and I'd darken the skies  
I would make the wind blow high and the salt seas to roar  
Till the day that my darling sailed away from Culmore

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