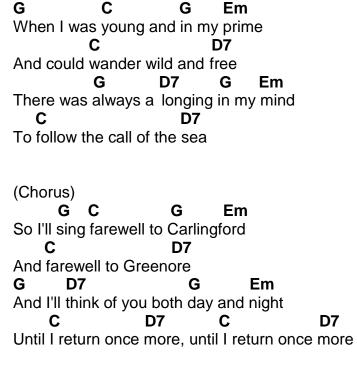
Farewell To Carlingford



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

And I had a girl called Mary Doyle

And she lived in Greenore

And the foremost thought in her mind

Was to keep me safe onshore

A landman'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