

## The Maid of Culmore

Gerry Rafferty

From sweet Londonderry, oh, to fair London town  
There is no better harbour anywhere to be found  
Where the children each evening are round the seashore  
And the joybells are ringing for the maids of Culmore  
The first time I saw my love she passed me by  
And the next time I saw her she bade me goodbye  
And the third time I saw her she grieved my heart sore  
And she sailed down Lough Foyle and away from Culmore  
To the north parts of America I will go my love see  
Where I will know no one, oh, or no one knows me  
And it's if I don't find her I'll return back no more  
Like an exile I will wander from the maid of Culmore