Carnloch Bay (2)

Carnloch Bay (2)

The wind was a howling high on the mountain side,
Dark were the clouds o'er the deep rolling sea;
I spied a wee lass a coming the road to me,
Enquiring the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

Her features were fair, like an angel she appeared to me
Little I knew who the colleen might be;
Said I, "My wee lass, sure I'll come along with you
And show you the road to sweet Carnloch Bay."

"Kind sir," says she, "I don't mean to flatter you
Never you think that I'm just making free;
But happy I'd be if you'd come along with me
And show me the road to sweet Carnloch Bay."

She gave me her arm, we passed through the keening gate
In through the churchyard and down by the sea;
We listened awhile to gear the sad wheeon [1] cry
As we journeyed the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

At last we did come to her destination
The time came for parting between her and me;
She lifted her lips, I kissed them right manfully
As we said our farewell at sweet Carnloch Bay.

Slan lath, colleen og, I cannot forget you now,
Your features are etched deep in my memory.
My heart gives a leap when I hear the wheeon cry,
Going the road to Sweet Carnloch Bay.

[1] best guess is:wheeon > fion > faoilean > gull MS

From Paddy Graber, Vancouver, 1967; Learned in Ireland, ca
1929-1930, from David Young, Omagh Co., Tyrone. When we compare
this to the version in O'Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads, we
can see it's a further development of the situation,and omits
any mention of drinking--a trait that links O'Lochlainn's
version to the original "Way to Dundee" MS
MS

apr96