

# Traditional Irish Music

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### Sweet Carnlough Bay

<sup>D</sup> When winter was brawling, o'er high hills and mountains <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And dark were the clouds o'er the deep rolling sea, <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> I spied a wee lass as the daylight was dawning <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
She was asking the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.

I said, "My wee lassie, I canna weel tell ye  
The number of miles or how far it might be  
But if you'll consent I'll convoy you a wee bit  
And I'll show you the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.  
You turn to the right and pass down by the churchyard

Cross over the river and down by the sea;  
We'll call in Pat Hamill's and have a wee drop there  
Just to help us along to sweet Carnloch Bay.  
Here's a health to Pat Hamill likewise the wee lassie  
And to every laddie that's listening to me

And ne'er turn your back on a bonnie wee lassie  
When she's asking the road to sweet Carnloch Bay.