

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BONNY PORTMORE

Oh Bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand,
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the Lords in Old England would not purchase Portmore.

Oh Bonny Portmore I am sorry to see
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree
For it stood on your shore for many's the long day
Till the long boats of Antrim came to float it away.

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep
Saying, "Where will we shelter or where will we sleep?"
For the oak and the ash they are all cutten down
And the walls of Bonny Portmore are all down to the ground.