

## **Bard Of Armagh**

**D7 G D7 G D**  
Oh, list to the tale of a poor Irish harper  
**G Am A7 D**  
And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand  
**G D7 G D7**  
But remember these fingers could once move more sharper  
**C D7 A7 D G**  
To waken the echoes of his dear native land

How I long for to muse on the days of my boyhood  
Though four score and three years have fled by since then  
Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young joy should  
That merry-hearted boys make the best of old men

At wake or at fair I would twirl my shillelagh  
And trip through the jigs with my brogues bound with straw  
And all the pretty maidens from the village, the valley  
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

And when sergeant Death's cold arms shall embrace me  
Oh lull me to sleep with sweet Erin Go Bragh  
By the side of my Kathleen, my own love, then place me  
And forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh