

## Clancy Brothers

### "Bard Of Armagh"

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Oh, list to the tale of a poor Irish harper

And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand

But remember these fingers could once move more  
sharper

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

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