

Gregorian "Bonny Portmore"

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Bonny Portmore

O Bonny Portmore you shine where you stand
And the more I think of you,
the more I think long
If I have you now as I have once before
All the Lords of Old England
would not purchase Portmore.

O 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
'Til the long boats from Antrim
came to float it away.

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

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep
Saying "where shall we shelter
and where shall we sleep?"
For the Oak and the Ash
they are all cutten down
And the walls of Bonny Portmore
are down to the ground.

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

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