

## Hazel O'connor "Skibbereen"

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(Trad. arr. Hazel O'Connor)

Oh father dear I often hear you speak of Erin's Isle  
Her lofty scenes, her valley's green, her mountains  
rude and wild  
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell  
Oh why did you abandon it the reason to me tell

Oh well do I remember that bleak december day  
The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away  
He set my roof on fire, when my rent I could not find  
And that's the cruel reason that I left it all behind

Your mother too, god rest her soul, she fell on snowy  
ground  
She could not raise her body, seeing desolation around  
She never rose but slipped away from life to mortal  
dream  
And found a quiet grave my boy in dear old skibbereen

And you were only two years old and feeble was your  
frame  
I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your  
father's name  
I wrapped you in my cottamore, in the dead of night  
unseen  
I heaved a sigh, and bade goodbye to dear old  
skibbereen

Oh father the day may come in answer to the call  
Each irishmen with feeling stern will rally one and all  
I'll be the man to lead the van beneath our flag of  
green  
And loud and high we'll raise a cry remember  
skibereen

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