

## **Cara Dillon**

### **"Bonny Bonny"**

Visit "[Bonny Bonny](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Bonny, bonny was my seat in the red rosy yard  
And bonny was my ship in the town of Ballynagard  
Shade and shelter was for me till I began to fail  
You all may guess now my distress lies near the  
Nightingale

Grief and woe that I must go to fight for England's King  
I neither know his friend or foe, and war's a cruel thing  
The nightingale is near at hand, my time at home is  
brief  
And Carey's steams and mountain land I part with bitter  
grief

No more I'll walk the golden hills with Nancy by my side  
Or dream along the sun bright rills, or view my land  
with pride  
We sail away at dawn of day, the sails are ready set

When old Benmore I see no more, I'll sigh with deep  
regret

Now all must change and I must range across the  
ocean wide  
Our ship she may in Biscay's Bay lie low beneath the  
tide  
If I should fall by cannon ball, or sink beneath the sea  
Good people all, a tear let fall and mourn for mine and  
me

If God should spare me my greying hair and bring me  
back again  
I'd love far more my Antrim shore, it's dark blue hills  
and rain  
Around the fires, my heart's desires, heaven grant till  
life shall fail  
And keep me far from the cruel war and from the  
Nightingale

Visit [Cara Dillon](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

