

John Mayer Trio

"The Bard Of Armagh"

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Oh! List to the strains of a poor Irish harper
And scorn not the strings from his poor withered hand;
Oh remember his fingers could once move more
sharper
To raise up the memory of his dear native land.
At fair or at wake I would twist my shillelagh
Or trip through the jig in my brogues bound with straw;
And all the pretty maids in the village and the valley,
Loved their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh
And when Sergeant Daeth in his cold arms shall
embrace me
And lull me to sleep with sweet with sweet Erin go
bragh;
By the side of my Kathleen, my young young wife, oh
then place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

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