

## **Bardic** **"Skibbereen"**

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Oh, Father dear, I oft times hear you talk of Erin's Isle,  
Her lofty scene, her valleys green, her mountains rude  
and wild  
They say it is a pretty place where in a prince might  
dwell,  
Oh, why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell?

Oh, son I loved my native land with energy and pride  
'Til a blight came over on my crops, my sheep and  
cattle died,  
The rent and taxes were so high, I could not them  
redeem,  
And that's the cruel reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, It's well I do remember that bleak December day,  
The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away  
They set my roof on fire with their demon yellow spleen  
And that's another reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy  
ground,  
She fainted in her anguish seeing the desolation  
round.  
She never rose but passed away from life to mortal  
dream,  
She 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 your friends, you bore your  
father's name,  
I wrapped you in my cã³ta mÃ³r in the dead of night  
unseen  
I heaved a sigh and said goodbye to dear old  
Skibbereen

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