

Sinead Oconnor

"Skibbereen"

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O, Father dear, I oft times here, you speak of Erin's
Isle,
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains
rude and wild
They say it tis a lovely place, wherin in a saint might
dwell,
so 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 prats, 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 cursed english
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 all
round.
She never rose, but passed away, from life to imortal
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 cota mior, in the dead of night
unseen
I heaved a sigh, and said goodbye, to dear old
Skibbereen

o' father dear, the day will come, when answer to the
call
all Irish men of Freedom Stern, will rally one and all

ill be the man to lead the band, beneath the flag of
green
loud and clear, well raise a cheer , remember
Skibbereen

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