

## **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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