

Irish Folksongs

"THE BARD OF ARMAGH"

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Oh list' to the tale of a poor Irish harper
And scorn not the string of his old withered hands
But remember those fingers they once could move
sharper
To raise up the strains of his dear native land

It was long before the shamrock, dear isle's lovely
emblem
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood
Though four score and three years have fled by them
It's king's sweet reflection that every young joy
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men

At a fair or a wake I would twist my shillelah
And trip through a dance with my brogues tied with
straw
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

In truth I have wandered this wide world over
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me
And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free

And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms doth
embrace
And lull me to sleep with old Erin go bragh
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh place me
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh

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