

Wolfetones, The "Skibbereen"

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O, Father dear, I ofttimes heard you talk of Erin's Isle
Her valleys green, her lofty scene, her mountains rude
and wild
You said it was a pleasant place wherein a prince might
dwell
Why have you then forsaken her, the reason to me tell?

My son, I loved our native land with energy and pride
Until a blight fell on the land and sheep and cattle died
The rents and taxes were to pay, I could not them
redeem
And that's the cruel reason why I left Old Skibbereen

It's well I do remember on a bleak November's day
The landlord and his agent came to drive us all away
He set my house on fire with his demon yellow spleen
And that's another reason why I left Old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy
ground
She fainted in her anguish of the desolation round
She never rose, but went her way from life to death's
long dream
And found a quiet grave, my boy, in lovely Skibbereen

It's well I do remember the year of forty-eight
When we arose with Erin's boys to fight against our fate
I was hunted through the mountains as a traitor to the
Queen
And that's another reason that I left Old Skibbereen

Oh father dear, the day will come when vengeance
loud will call
And we'll arise with Erin's boys and rally one and all
I'll be the man to lead the van, beneath our flag of
green
And loud and high we'll raise the cry, "Revenge for
Skibbereen!"

