

Loreena McKennit

"Bonny Portmore"

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O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the lords in Old England would not purchase
Portmore.

O bonny Portmore, I am sorry to see
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree
For it stood on your shore for many's the long day
Till the long boats from Antrim came to float it away.

O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the Lords in Old England would not purchase
Portmore.

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep
Saying, "Where will we shelter or where will we sleep?"
For the Oak and the Ash, they are all cutten down
And the walls of bonny Portmore are all down to the
ground.

O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once before
All the Lords of Old England would not purchase
Portmore.

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