

THE BARD OF ARMAGH

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Oh list to the lay of a poor Irish harper
And scorn not the strains of his old withered hand
But remember the fingers that once could move sharper
To raise up the strains of his dear native land

How I long for to muse on the days of my boyhood
Though four score and three years have flitted since then
Still it gives sweet reflections as every young joy should
That merry-hearted boys make the best of old men!

At a pattern or fair I could twist my shillelagh
And trip through a jig with my brogues bound with straw
And all the young lasses around me assembled
Loved bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh!

Although I have travelled this wide world over
Yet Erin's my home and a parent to me
Then oh! Let the ground that my old bones shall cover
Be cut by the soil that is trod by the free!

And when Sergeat Death in his cold arms shall embrace me
Then lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go Bragh
By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife oh place me
Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh!