



THE BARD OF ARMAGH

O list to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the string of his old withered
hand,
Remember his fingers once could move sharper
To raise the merry strains of his own native
land,
It was long before the shamrock, our green Isle's
lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty beneath the saxon
lion's paws,
I was called by the colleens around me assemble,
Their bold Phelim Brady the Bard of Armagh,

Ah, how I love to muse on the days of my boy
hood,
Thou four score and three years hath flitted since
then,
Still it gives sweet reflections, as every young
joy should,
For the merry hearted boys makes the best of
old men,
At the fair or the wake I could twich my shille
lelah,
Or trip through the jig with my brouges bound
with straw,
Shure all the pretty maids in the Village or the
valley,
Loved bold phelim Brady the bard of Armagh

Now I have wandered this wide world all
over
Yet Ireland is my home and a parent to me,
Then oh, let the turf that my old bones shall
cover,
Be secure from the land that is trod by the free
And see when death in his cold arms embrace me
Lull me to sleep with old Erin go bragh,
By the side of my Kathleen my young wife
once me,
Then forget Phelim Brady the Bard of Armagh

