

Bonny Portmore

Gregorian

O Bonny Portmore you
shine where you stand
And the more I think of
you,
the more I think long
If I have you now as I
have once before
All the Lords of 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
'Til the long boats from
Antrim
came to float it away.

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shine where you stand
And the more I think of
you
the more I think long
If I had you now as I
had once before
All the Lords of Old
England
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Portmore.

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

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