

Bonny Portmore
Loreena McKennitt

(G)O Bonny Port(A) more, I am (C)sorry to see
Such a (G)woeful de(A) struction of your (C)ornament (G)tree
For it (A) stood on your (B) shore for ma(C)ny s the long day
Till the (A) long boats from (B) Antrim came to (C)float it a(D)away.(D)

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.

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