Bard of Armagh

Bard of Armagh

Oh, list to the tale of a poor Irish harper
And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand
But remember these fingers could once move more sharper
To waken the echoes of his dear native land

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

At wake or at fair I would twirl my shillelagh
And trip through the jigs with my brogues bound with straw
And all the pretty maidens from the village, the valley
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

And when sergeant Death's cold arms shall embrace me
Oh lull me to sleep with sweet Erin Go Bragh
By the side of my Kathleen, my own love, then place me
And forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh

sung by Tommy Makem and by Clancy Bros on Home Boys Home