

## SKIBBEREEN

Oh fa-ther dear, I of-ten hear you speak of Er-in's isle. Her lof-ty scenes, her  
 6 val-leys green, her moun-tains rude and wild. They say it is a gen-tle land, where - in a prince might  
 12 dwell. Oh, how could you a - ban-don it, the rea-son to me tell.

Oh, Father, dear, I often hear you speak of Erin's isle  
 Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild  
 They say it is a lovely land, wherein a prince might dwell  
 Oh why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell.

My son, I loved my native land with energy and pride  
 Till the blight came over all my crops, my sheep and cattle died  
 My rent and taxes were so high, I could not them redeem  
 That's the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen.

It's well I do remember the year of '98  
 When I arose a Fenian to battle against our fate  
 I was hunted through the mountains as a traitor to the Queen  
 That's another reason I left old Skibbereen.

It's well I do remember the cold November day  
 When the landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away  
 They set our roof ablaze in fire with their damning yellow spleen  
 That's another reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground  
 She fainted in her anguish, the desolation round  
 She never rose but passed away from life to mortal dream  
 She found a grave and place of rest in dear old Skibbereen.

You were only two months old, and feeble was your frame  
 I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name  
 I wrapped you in my *cótamór*, at the dead of night unseen  
 We heaved a sigh and bid goodbye to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh father, dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call  
 When Irishmen both stout and stern will rally one and all  
 I'll be the man to lead the van, beneath the flag of green  
 And loud and high we'll raise the cry, "Revenge for Skibbereen."