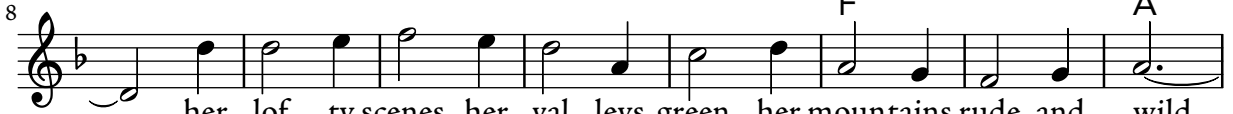


Skibbereen

Traditional



1. Oh fa - ther dear, I of - ten hear you speak of Er - in's isle,
2. Oh son, I loved my na - tive land with en - er - gy and pride,
3. Oh well do I re - mem - ber the bleak De - cem - ber day,
4. Your moth - er too, God rest her soul, fell on the sno - wy ground,
5. And you were on - ly two years old and fee - ble was your frame,
6. Oh fath - er dear, the day may come when in an - swer to the call,



her lof - ty scenes, her val - leys green, her mountains rude and wild.
 'til a blight came o'er my crops, my sheep and cat - tle died.
 the land - lord and the she - riff came to drive us all a - way.
 she fain - ted in her ang - uish seeing the des - ol - a - tion round.
 I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your fath - er's name.
 each Ir - ish - man, with feel - ing stern, will ral - ly one and all.



They say it is a love - ly land where - in a prince might dwell,
 My rent and tax - es were too high, I could not them re - deem,
 They set my roof on fire with cur - sed Eng - lish spleen,
 She ne - ver rose, but passed a - way from life to mor - tal dream,
 I wrapped you in my coth - a - more at the dead of night un - seen,
 I'll be the man to lead the van be - neath the flag of green,



oh why did you a - ban - don her? The rea - son to me tell.
 and that's the cru - el rea - son that I left old Skib - ber - een.
 and that's an - oth - er rea - son that I left old Skib - ber - een.
 and found a qui - et grave, my boy, in dear old Skib - ber - een.
 I heaved a sigh and bade good - bye to dear old Skib - ber - een.
 when load and high, we'll raise the cry: "Re - mem - ber Skib - ber - een!"