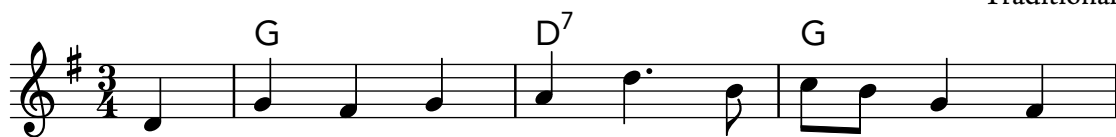


# The Bard of Armagh

Traditional



1. Oh list' to the lay of a poor Ir - ish
2. It was long be-fore the sham-rock, dear Ireland's love - ly
3. How I love to muse on the days of my
4. In truth I have wand - ered this wild world
5. And when Ser - geant Death in his cold arms doth em -



har - per, and scorn not the strains of his old with - ered  
 emb - lem, was crushed in its beau - ty by the Saxon's li - on's  
 boy-hood, though four score and three years have fled by since  
 ov - er, yet Ireland's a home and a dwell - ing for  
 brace me, and lulls me to sleep with old 'Er - in go



hands. But re - mem - ber those fin - gers, they once could move  
 paw and all the pre - tty coll - eens ar - ound me would  
 then. Still it gives sweet re - flec - tion, as ev - ery young  
 me. And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall  
 Bragh', by the side of my Kath - leen, my dear pride, oh,



sharp er, as he sang to the praise of his dear na - tive land.  
 gath - er, called me their bold Phe-lim Bra - dy, the Bard of Ar - magh.  
 joys should, for the merry - hear - ted boys make the best of old men.  
 co - ver, be cut from the land that is trod by the free.  
 place me, then for - get Phe-lim Bra - dy, the Bard of Ar - magh.