

The Bard Of Armagh

This tune is better known in the U.S. as Streets Of Laredo

Oh! List to the tale of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strings in his old withered hand;
But remember those 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 shillelah,
And trip through the jig in my brogues bound with straw;
And all the pretty maidens from the village and the valley,
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms
shall embrace me,
O 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.