Bonny Portmore
Traditional Irish


O Bonny Port-more, I am sor-ry to see
Such a woeful de-struc-tion of your ornament tree
For it stood on your shore for ma-ny’s the long day
Till the long boats from Antrim---- came to float it a-way.

O Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
If I had you now as I had once be-fore
All the Lords in Old England---- would not purchase Port-more.

All the Birds in the forest, they bit-ter-ly weep
Saying “where shall we shelter, where shall we sleep?”
For the Oak and the Ash they are all cutten down
And the walls of Bonny Portmore---- are all down to the ground.

O, Bonny Port-more, you shine where you stand
And the more I think on you the more I think long
For if I had you now as I had once be-fore
All the Lords in all of England---- could not purchase Port---more.

San Jose Ukulele Club