Bonny Portmore
Traditional Irish

D A Em G A7sus A7 Gsus2

O, Bon-ny Port-more— I am sor-ry to see—


Such a woe-ful de-struc-tion of your or-na-ment tree—

Em . . D . . Em . . G .

For it stood on your shore for ma-ny’s the long day—

Em . . D . . G . . A7sus4 A7 \-h-

Till the long boats from An-trim came to float it a-way

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O, Bon-ny Port-more— you shine where you stand—


And the more I think on you the more I think long—

Em . . D . . Em . . G .

If I had you now as I had once be-fore—

Em . . D . . \-h- . . G . . A7sus4 A7 \-h-

All the Lords in old Eng-land— would not pur-chase Port-more—

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All the Birds in the fo-rest, they bit-ter-ly weep—


Saying "where shall we shel-ter, where shall we sleep?"

Em . . D . . Em . . G .

For the Oak and the Ash they are all cut-ten down—

Em . . D . . \-h- . . G . . A7sus4 A7 \-h-

And the walls of Bonny Port-more— are all down to the ground—

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O, Bon-ny Port-more— you shine where you stand—


And the more I think on you— the more I think long—

Em . . D . . Em . . G .

If I had you now as I had once be-fore—

Em . . D . . \-h- . . G . . A7sus4 \-A7 \-D\

All the Lords in all of Eng-land— could not pur-chase Port—more

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2c- 6/6/21)