The Bard of Armagh

O listen to the tale
Of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains
Of his old withered hand.
But remember these fingers -
They once could move sharper,
To raise up the memory
Of his dear native land.

At a fair or a wake,
I could twist my shillelagh,
Or trip through a jig
With me brogues bound with straw.
And all the pretty colleens
Around me assembled -
Loved the bold Phelim Brady,
The bard of Armagh

O how I long to muse
On the days of my boyhood,
Though four score and three years
Have flitted since then.
But it brings sweet reflection -
As every young joy should -
That merry-hearted boys
Make the best of old men.

And when sergeant Death
With his cold arms shall embrace me,
O lull me to sleep
With sweet Erin Go Bragh.
By the side of my Kathleen,
My young wife, o place me,
And forget Phelim Brady,
The bard of Armagh.