Bonnie Port Mór

F          Bb
O bonnie Port Mór, I'm sorry to see
F          C
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree,
Bb        a      Bb
For it stood on your shores for many's the long day,
A        Bb      F
Till the longboats from Antrim came to take it away.

O bonnie Port Mór, you shine where you stand,
And, the more I think on you, the more you seem grand.
If I had you now as I had you once before,
All the Lords in Old England would not purchase Port Mór.

All the birds in the forest, how bitterly they weep,
Saying, "Where shall we shelter? O where shall we sleep?";
For the ash and the oak, they are all cutten down,
And the walls of bonnie Port Mór are all down to the ground.

Chorus

Note:
ornament tree - decorative tree in the center of town