

# Gregorian, Bonny Portmore

Bonny Portmore

O Bonny Portmore you shine where you stand  
And the more I think of you,  
the more I think long  
If I have you now as I have once before  
All the Lords of Old England  
would not purchase Portmore.

O Bonny Portmore I am sorry to see  
Such a woeful destruction  
of your ornament tree  
For it stood on your shore  
for many's the long day  
'Til the long boats from Antrim  
came to float it away.

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And the more I think of you  
the more I think long  
If I had you now as I had once before  
All the Lords of Old England  
would not purchase Portmore.

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep  
Saying "where shall we shelter  
and where shall we sleep?"  
For the Oak and the Ash  
they are all cutten down  
And the walls of Bonny Portmore  
are down to the ground.

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And the more I think of you  
the more I think long  
If I had you now as I had once before  
All the Lords of Old England  
would not purchase Portmore.