

Hazel O'Connor, Skibbereen

(Trad. arr. Hazel O'Connor)

Oh father dear I often hear you speak of Erin's Isle
Her lofty scenes, her valley's green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
Oh why did you abandon it the reason to me tell

Oh well do I remember that bleak december day
The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away
He set my roof on fire, when my rent I could not find
And that's the cruel reason that I left it all behind

Your mother too, god rest her soul, she fell on snowy ground
She could not raise her body, seeing desolation around
She never rose but slipped away from life to mortal dream
And found a quiet grave my boy in dear old skibbereen

And you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name
I wrapped you in my cottamore, in the dead of night unseen
I heaved a sigh, and bade goodbye to dear old skibbereen

Oh father the day may come in answer to the call
Each irishmen with feeling stern will rally one and all
I'll be the man to lead the van beneath our flag of green
And loud and high we'll raise a cry remember skibbereen