

# John McDermott, The Bard Of Armaugh

Oh! List to the strains of a poor Irish harper  
And scorn not the strings from his poor withered hand;  
Oh remember his fingers could once move more sharper  
To raise up the memory of his dear native land.  
At fair or at wake I would twist my shillelagh  
Or trip through the jig in my brogues bound with straw;  
And all the pretty maids in the village and the valley,  
Loved their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh  
And when Sergeant Daeth in his cold arms shall embrace me  
And lull me to sleep with sweet with sweet Erin go bragh;  
By the side of my Kathleen, my young young wife, oh then place me,  
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh