

# Sinead O'Connor, Skibbereen

O, Father dear, I oft times here, you speak of Erin's Isle,  
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild  
They say it tis a lovely place, wherin in a saint might dwell,  
so why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell?

Oh son I loved my native land, with energy and pride  
'Til a blight came over on my prats, my sheep and cattle died,  
The rent and taxes were so high, I could not them redeem,  
And that's the cruel reason why, I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, It's well I do remember, that bleak December day,  
The landlord and the sheriff came, to drive us all away  
They set my roof on fire, with their cursed english spleen  
And that's another reason why, I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground,  
She fainted in her anguish, seeing the desolation all round.  
She never rose, but passed away, from life to imortal dream,  
She 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 your friends, you bore your father's name,  
I wrapped you in my cota mior, in the dead of night unseen  
I heaved a sigh, and said goodbye, to dear old Skibbereen

o' father dear, the day will come, when answer to the call  
all Irish men of Freedom Stern, will rally one and all  
ill be the man to lead the band, beneath the flag of green  
loud and clear, well raise a cheer , remember Skibbereen