

# Wolfe Tones, Skibbereen

O, Father dear, I oft-times heard you talk of Erin's Isle  
Her valleys green, her lofty scene, her mountains rude and wild  
You said it was a pleasant place wherein a prince might dwell  
Why have you then forsaken her, the reason to me tell?

My son, I loved our native land with energy and pride  
Until a blight fell on the land and sheep and cattle died  
The rents and taxes were to pay, I could not them redeem  
And that's the cruel reason why I left Old Skibbereen

It's well I do remember on a bleak November's day  
The landlord and his agent came to drive us all away  
He set my house on fire with his demon yellow spleen  
And that's another reason why I left Old Skibbereen

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground  
She fainted in her anguish of the desolation round  
She never rose, but went her way from life to death's long dream  
And found a quiet grave, my boy, in lovely Skibbereen

It's well I do remember the year of forty-eight  
When we arose with Erin's boys to fight against our fate  
I was hunted through the mountains as a traitor to the Queen  
And that's another reason that I left Old Skibbereen

Oh father dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will call  
And we'll arise with Erin's boys and 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 the cry, "Revenge for Skibbereen!"