

Bonny Bonny

[Cara Dillon](#)

Bonny, bonny was my seat in the red, rosy yard
And bonny was my ship in the town of Ballynagard
Shade and shelter was for me till I began to fail
You all may guess, my distress lies near the nightingale
Grief and woe that I must go to fight for England's king
I neither know his friend or foe and war's a cruel thing
The nightingale is near at hand, my time at home is brief
And Carey's streams and mountain land, I part with bitter grief
No more, I'll walk the golden hills with Nancy
by my side
Or dream along the sun bright rills or view my land with pride
We sail away at dawn of day, the sails are ready, set
When old Benmore, I see no more, I'll sigh with deep regret
Now all must change and I must range across the
ocean wide
Our ship, she may in Biscay's Bay, lie low beneath the tide
If I should fall by cannon ball or sink beneath the sea
Good people, all, a tear let fall and mourn for mine and me

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