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 nightingaleGrief 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 griefNo 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 regretNow 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 meIf God should spare me my graying hair and bring me back again
I'd love far more, my Antrim shore, its dark blue hills and rain
Around the fire, my heart's desires, heaven grant till life shall fail
And keep me far from the cruel war and from the nightingale

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