

## 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 now 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 steams 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

If God should spare me my greying hair and bring me back again  
I'd love far more my Antrim shore, its dark blue hills and rain  
Around the fires, my heart's desires, heaven grant till life sh  
all fail  
And keep me far from the cruel war and from the Nightingale