

## Bonny Portmore

Celtic Woman

O bonny Portmore, I am sorry to see  
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree  
For it stood on your shore for many's the long day  
'Til the long boats from Antrim came to float it away

O bonny Portmore, you shine where you stand  
And the more I think on you the more I think long  
If I had you now as I had once before  
All the lords in Old England would not purchase Portmore

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep  
Saying, "Where shall we shelter or where shall we sleep?"  
For the Oak and the Ash, they are all cutten down  
And the walls of bonny Portmore are all down to the ground

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