

BONNY PORTMORE

Oh 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

Oh bonny Portmore I am sorry to see such a woeful destruction
or your ornament tree for it stood on your shore
for many's the long day
'til the long boats from Antrim came the float away.

All the birds in the forest they bitterly weep saying
“Where will we shelter? Oh where we sleep?”
For the oak and the ash they are all cut down
and the walls of bonny Portmore are all down to the ground

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