

Soprano

Bonny Portmore

Tradicional

Arr. José Antonio Chic

Moderato

21

A

oh bo - nny Port more 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 be - fore All the lords in old

En - gland would not pur - cha - se Port - more Oh - bo - nny Port -

more I am so - rry to see such a woe - ful des - truc - tion of you or - na ment

tree for it stood on your shore for many's the long day 'til the

long boats from An - trim came the flo - at a - way

All the birds in the fo - rest they bitter - ly weep say - ing "Whe - re will we

shel - ter? Oh whe - re we sleep?" for the o - ak and the ash they are all cut

down and the walls of bo - nny Port - more are all down to the ground

for the o - ak and the ash they are all cut down and the walls of bo - nny

2 Soprano

Bonny Portmore

89 *molto* *sotto voce et dolcissimo* **10**

Port - more are down to the ground