

Oh father dear, I oft-times hear you speak of Erin's isle
Her lofty hills, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
So why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell.

Oh son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
Till a blight came over me crops; my sheep, my cattle died
My rent and taxes were unpaid, I could not them redeem
And that's the cruel reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Oh well do I remember that bleak December day
The bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother too, God rest her soul, lay on the stony ground
She fainted in her anguish seeing desolation 'round
She never rose but passed away from life to immortal dream
She found a quiet grave, me boy, in dear old Skibbereen.

Oh you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends for you bore your father's
name
I wrapped you in my cóta mór in the dead of night unseen
I heaved a sigh and bade goodbye to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh father dear, the day will come when in answer to the call
All Irish men both stout and tall will rally to the call
I'll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
And loud and clear we'll raise the cheer,
And loud and high we'll raise the cry Revenge for Skibbereen!