

Meav Ni Mhaolchatha **"A Maid In Bedlam"**

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Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing
Her chains she rattled on her hands, and thus replied
she
"I love my love because I know my love loves me

Oh cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea
And cruel was the sailing ship that bore my love from
me
Yet I love his parents since their his, although they've
ruined me
I love my love because I know my love loves me

With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it wondrous
fine
With roses, lilies, daisies I'll mix the eglantine
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea
I love my love because I know my love loves me"

Just as she sat there weeping, her love, he came on
land
Then hearing she was in Bedlam he ran straight out of
hand
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he
"I love my love because I know my love loves me"

She said, "My love, don't frighten me, are you my love
or no?"
"Oh yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love also
I am returned to make amends for all your injury
I love my love because I know my love loves me
I love my love because I know my love loves me""

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