

## Andy Kim

### "Brid Og Ni Mhaille / Brigit O'malley"

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Oh Bridget O'Malley, you've left my heart shaken  
With a hopeless desolation I'd have you to know  
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face has  
taken  
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go.

The white moon above the pale sands, the pale stars  
above the thorn tree  
Are cold beside my darling, but no purer than she  
I gaze upon the cold moon till the stars drown in the  
warm seas  
And the bright eyes of my darling are never on me.

My Sunday it is weary, my Sunday it is grey now  
My heart is a cold thing, my heart is a stone  
All joy is dead within me, my life has gone away now  
For another has taken My love for his own.

The day is approaching when we were to be married  
And it's rather I would die than live only to grieve  
Oh, meet me, My Darling, e'er the sun sets o'er the  
barley.  
And I'll meet you there on the road to Drumslieve.

Oh Bridget O'Malley, you have my heart shaken  
With a hopeless desolation, I'd have you to know  
It's the wonders of admiration your quiet face has  
taken  
And your beauty will haunt me wherever I go.

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