

Irish Folksongs

"BRIDGIT O'MALLEY"

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Oh Bridgit OMalley, you left my heart shaken
With a hopeless desolation, Id have you to know
Its 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 sea
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 it is approaching when we were to be married
And its rather I would die than live only to grieve
Oh meet me, my Darling, eer the sun sets oer the
barley
And Ill meet you there on the road to Drumslieve

Oh Bridgit OMalley, youve left my heart shaken
With a hopeless desolation, Id have you to know
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