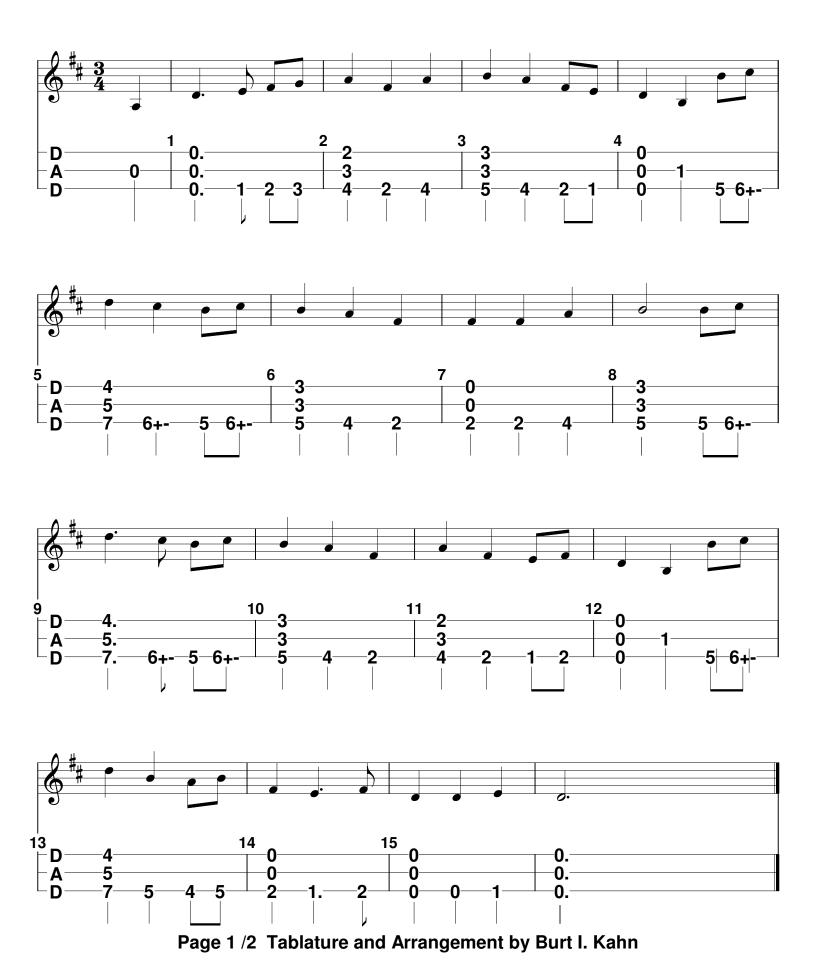
**Bridget O'Malley** 

Tabledited by Burt I. Kahn



Bridget O'Malley -

Oh Bridgit O'Malley, you 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 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 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 Bridgit 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.