

Irish Song Lyrics

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Bewitchin' Brenda
D. Miller

I met the girl I love
before church on an august day.
I'd like to say she was heaven sent,
and for me did kneel and pray.
The first time I looked into her eyes,
I thought ol' Feggin you're truly blessed,
for she stopped me on my holy path
and unbuttoned her calico dress!

She's bewitchin Brenda,
wears jewelry on her toes.
Her hair is gold,
spun from the sun
and her lips are red as rose.
By day we fight
and make love all night
sometimes till the afternoon.
When the mandolins wail,
she brews her own ale
and sings by the light of the moon.

I tolled me mother that I loved Brenda
and she fainted in her mulligan stew.
Poppa sent for Father O'Kelly
and the nuns at the convent too.
My brother said, "Yer goin ta hell,
where you'll burn and you'll blister!",
then he took me aside and smiled wide
and said "Tell me, has she a sister?"

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I'd marry Brenda and she'd marry me
but the old Priest wouldn't think of it.
We asked to imbibe of a spiritual bribe
but the old man wouldn't take a drink of it.
Word spread around through the whole town
that I had married a Pagan!
I said, "Think what you will,
but she has her own still,
and my last name, that's Feggen!"

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