

# When Bridget Goes Out On A Mash - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

When Bridget Goes Out on a Mash.  
Copyright, 1886, by Chas. D. Blake & Co.

Oh! Bridget's the darling of all the young dudes,  
And the reason is not hard to guess;  
She holds her head high when she's out on the street,  
And is stunning in matters of dress.  
If she gives you a glance, your heart gives a jump,  
You've got to bow down to her and her dash;  
It's no use resisting, she'll break you all up,  
When Bridget goes out on a mash.

Chorus.  
Oh, what a shtyle! my, what a shmile!  
Shure, isn't she fit to be queen of your cash?  
Just give her a chance, and see what a dance,  
She'll lead yez, when Bridget goes out on a mash.

The eyes in her head are like stars in the sky,  
And her mouth like a rose in full bloom;  
Her ears are like shells from the murmuring sea,  
And her hair is as sunny as noon.  
She's a real Irish girl, and don't you forget,  
She knows that her beauty is no common trash;  
And that is the reason she slaughters the boys,  
When Bridget goes out on the mash. -Chorus.

Her face is her fortune, that's what they all say,  
And Bridget she knows it full well;  
And sure it's small blame when a girl has good looks,  
If she likes to be counted a belle.  
But I'll give yez this one little bit of advice,  
If she drops you a shmile, don't go and get rash;  
She's another man's wife, and he follows behind.  
When Bridget goes out on the mash. -Chorus.