

Oh Poor Bridget - song lyrics

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OH! POOR BRIDGET.

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Words and Music by John Walsh.

Now, friends, pay attention and a story I'll tell
Of Widow McCarthy, of her I knew well;
She loved Mike, her husband, as all women do;
When he died, she'd his figure neatly carved out of wood;
When ten o'clock came, her time to retire,
She'd take him from the corner and sit by the fire:
You were a good man in life, were the words she oft said,
As she kissed wooden Mike and went into her bed.

Chorus.

Oh, poor Bridget: oh, poor girl;
How she must suffer, no tongue can tell,
As she lay there a-dreaming of her big lump of wood,
And how she must feel in the morning.

Now six months had passed and the widow grew tired;
At the house where she worked, faith, a young man was hired;
Though young, she thought now I'd win him if I could,
For a real man is surely much better than wood.
I have money galore, to the young man she said,
And it all will be yours if with me you will wed;
You're too old, my dear widow, your face is a sight:
Don't mind, love, for we'll only go out at night. - Chorus.

To the Mayor they went, sure, the very next day,
When his Honor said, who'll give the sweet bride away;
Well, I could said Clancy, but that I'll not do,
For if I told the truth, it would implicate you;
They were married, went home, the rooms were quite cold he said;
Take wooden Mickel from under the bed;
Sure I've got you now, you're my heart's desire;
Get an axe and chop up Mike and we'll make a good fire. - Chorus.