Irish Song Lyrics

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Bridget O'Malley

Oh Bridget 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.

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 seas
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 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 Bridget O'Malley, you have 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.