

# Ophelia Murhy's Birthmark - song lyrics

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

Ophelia Murhy's Birthmark.

My friends, I have nearly gone crazy,  
I'm flatter than Brannigan's beer,  
All through a deceitful young daisy  
That lately walked on "on her ear."\*\*  
I'm shoveling smoke at the gas house.  
And board up in Avenue A,  
And there met Ophelia Murphy,  
A girl that lived over the way.

Chorus.

She's the one only daughter of Paddy Murphee,  
Who was born in the town of Killbeg;  
She has curls red as carrots, a beak like a parrot's,  
And a strawberry mark on her leg.

We went to each place of diversion,  
To picnics, to weddings and wakes,  
And every night in the Summer  
I'd treat her to ice-cream and cakes;  
And when we'd return from our rambles,  
And find the old fogies in bed,  
We'd sit on the stoop there a-singing,  
"Swim out for your over you're head." -Chorus.

At last came a cruel disaster,  
We went off one night very gay,  
To see the great Tony Booth Pastor  
As Bunthorne in Soolivan's play.  
Ophelia's eyes, how they sparkled,  
You'd think she was "crank'd," "I'll engage,  
When an actor with hair like a woman's  
Came swaggering out on the stage -Chorus.

From that, sure she raved of theatres,  
I think I got what I deserved,  
Each dollar I had in the bank, boys,  
Was spent on the seats called resarved  
In telling the rest of my story  
I feel like the softest of loons;  
Last week she ran off with  
A "eupe" in the Patience Dragoons.

Chorus.

When she went she left word that she'd joined the "Balee,"  
But I fear she's turned out a bad egg;  
If it's crazy I'm going, my trouble's all owing  
To that strawberry mark on the leg.