

## 1. Brid og ni Mhaille



Oh Bridgit O'Malley, you left my heart shaken  
With a hopeless desolation, I'd have you to know  
It's the wondets of admintation your quiet face has taken  
And your beauty will haunt me whetevet I go.

The white moon above the pale sands, the pale stars above the thorn tree  
Ate cold beside my darling, but no purter than she  
I gaze upon the cold moon till the stars dtown in the watin sea  
And the bright eyes of my darling ate nevet on me.

My Sunday it is weaty, my Sunday it is gtey 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 it is apptoaching when we wete to be matted  
And it's tathet I would die than live only to grieve  
Oh meet me, my Darling, e'et the sun sets o'et the batley  
And I'll meet you thete on the toad to Drumslieve.

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Brigid O'Malley

