

Bridget O'Malley

Silly Wizard

Bridget O'Malley, you've left my heart shaken
With a hopeless desolation, I'll have you to know
It's the wonders of adoration 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 t
horn tree
Are cold beside my darling, but no purer than she
I gaze upon the cold moon til the stars drown in the warm sea
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
Another has taken my love for his own.

The day it is approaching when we were to be married
But it's rather I would die than live only to grieve
Oh, meet me my darling ere the sun sets o'er the barley
And I'll meet you there, on the road to Drumslieve.

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