Bridget Donohue - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BRIDGET DONOHUE.
Sung by Devlin and Tracy.

My name is Barney Blake, I'm a taring Irish rake,
Considered by my neighbors rather handy,
I was reared to the spade, but I learned the tailoring trade,
And think myself as good as John or Sandy;
I work in first-class shops, I makes clothes for swells and fops,
I'm contended with my daily occupation;
I love a colleen rhue, called Bridget Donohue,
And she's the pride of all the Irish nation.

Chorus.
Bridget Donohue, I've got my eye on you,
If you only marry Barney you'll have no cause to rue;
You're the apple of my eye, I'm your Irish cockatoo,
Mr. Cupid knocked me stupid for Bridget Donohue.

At the wedding of Pat O'Hare, I first met Bridget there,
As she sat beside me at the wedding supper;
When she handed me my tay, I felt-I cannot say,
But my heart it melted like a lump of butter;
I asked her there and then if she'd have me for a man,
When she smiled on me as cute as any jailer,
She said she would with pride, since that I'm satisfied,
She loves none else but Barney Blake, the tailor.-Chorus.

She's modest as she's mild, she's a dacent father's child,
And I'm longing for the day of our marriage;
You would go from here to Spain to hear her sing "Napoleon's
And at dancing she's got a lovely carriage; [Dream,"
The other logs may try to put out barney's eye,
But soon they'll find its nothing but a failure,
She wouldn't see me fooled, she's as pure as guinea gold,
To her thumping, stumping, jumping Irish tailor.-Chorus.