

BRIDGET DONAHUE

Sung by Johnny Patterson.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City.
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It was in the county Kerry,
A little way from Clare;
Where the boys and girls are merry
At a patron race or fair,
The town is called Kellorglin,
A purty place to view,
But what makes it interesting
Is my Bridget Donahue.

CHORUS.

Oh, Bridget Donahue,
I realey do love you,
Although I'm in America,
To you I will be true,
Then Bridget Donahue,
I'll tell you what I'll do,
Just take the name of Patterson
And I'll take Donahue.

Her father is a farmer,
And a dasent man is he,
He's liked by all the people,
From Kellorglin to Trallee,
And Bridget on a Sunday,
When coming home from mass,
She's admired by all the people,
Sure they wate to see her pass.—*Chorus.*

I sent her home a picture,
I did upon my word,
Not a picture of myself
But the picture of a bird;
It was the American Eagle,
And says I, Miss Donahue,
Our Eagles wings are large enough
To shelter me and you.—*Chorus.*

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