

Bridget Madigan:

Oh, ho! oho! (rocking herself)

The widdy had a son - an only son - wail for the widdy!

Why did ye die? Why did ye die?

I seen her when she was a fair young girl - a fair girl wid a child at her breast.

Laving us to sigh och hone.

Then I see a proud woman wid a boy by her side - he was bould as a bull-calf that runs by the side of a cow.

Why did ye die? Why did ye die?

For the girl grew ould as the child grew big, and the woman grew wake as the boy grew strong. (Rising and flinging back her hair)

The boy grew strong, for she fed him wid her heart's blood.

Where is he now? Could in his bed. Oh, why did ye die? None was like him - none could compare – and (aside) good luck t'ye, gi' me a dhrop of somethin' to put the sperret in one, for the fire is gettin' low

END SIDES