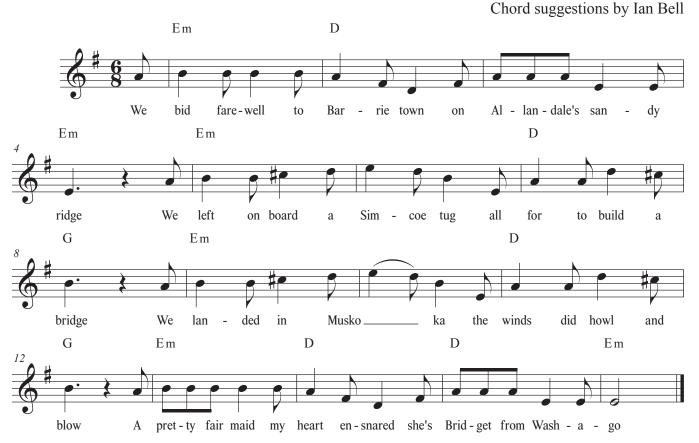
Bridget From Washago

Traditional - As sung by LaRena Clark



Her eyes were of a cherry red; her hair as black as jet; Her eyes like sparkling diamonds; her teeth a pearly set. Nature on her without a doubt its handiwork did show. Oh, she's divine; she must be mine: she's Bridget from Washago

This road goes straight to Gravenhurst; I'm off on the first train To see the one I left behind and hold her close again. If the boilers were to burst and the country overflow, I'd climb a tree and happy be with Bridget from Washago.

This pretty wee maid with sky-blue dress, she's of a high degree. Her parents on the tracks they said my bride she ne'er would be. With grief I am distracted and don't know where to go. This maid divine cannot be mine: she's Bridget from Washago.

It's now this bridge is finished, and it's homeward we will go To country wives and lasses we left behind to mourn. We'll kiss them and embrace them, and swear no more to go Where bugs and flies light on our boys in the village of Washago.