

My heart is broken, my hopes are dead
No roof to shelter a flaxen head
But he lies soft on a downy bed
Safe in the palace of Ormonde!

The tyrant!—Safe! Ah! dread desire
My soul is seethed in vengeful fire!
Christ rescue me from these whispers dire!
Close by the gates of Ormonde.

Peaceful and still the waters flow
Under the Bridge of Ormonde
Would that my tortured breast were so
Here by the halls of Ormonde.
Mother of God! (the sweet words bless)
Hinder my hand from wickedness
Aid! oh aid me in dark distress
Lone on the Bridge of Ormonde.