

MS. 1347C (o)
J.66 7250
Transcribed from
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St. Bridget's Day

Laa'l VrIdey

Lyrics & Music by W.H. Gill

1. See the moon-light soft-ly sleep-ing. On the lap of Doug-las Bay, While the

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nuns their watch are keep-ing, Turn-ing mid-night in - to day. In the

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clois-ter meek-ly kneel-ing, Brid-get all a-lone doth pray, While the

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sol-emn hymn is peal-ing "Glo-ria Ti-bi Do-mi-ne!"

2. 'Tis the night of Bridget's coming!
Open every cottage door;
Back to earth once more she's roaming,
Spread green rushes on the floor.
Rushes, emblems meek and lowly,
For her carpet and her bed;
Lilies, emblems pure and holy,
For a crown upon her head.

2. Welcome, Bridget to our dwelling!
At one open door we stand;
Filled with hope our hearts are swelling,
Filled with flowers in every hand.
Stores of blessing thou art bringing
To our Island folk, and they
Long to hear thy sweet voice singing
"Gloria Tibi, Domine!"