

RORY O'MOORE

Sung by Mr. Lower

written

and

adapted

TO AN

IRISH MELODY,

BY

S. LOVER ESQ.

BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG JR

LIVELY
but not -
TOO FAST



Young Rory O' Moore courted Kathaleen bawn, He was

bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pretty

Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do, that was to tease; "Now

Rory be aisy,³ sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - proof on her lip - but a

Ad lib.

smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a - bout, Faith you've

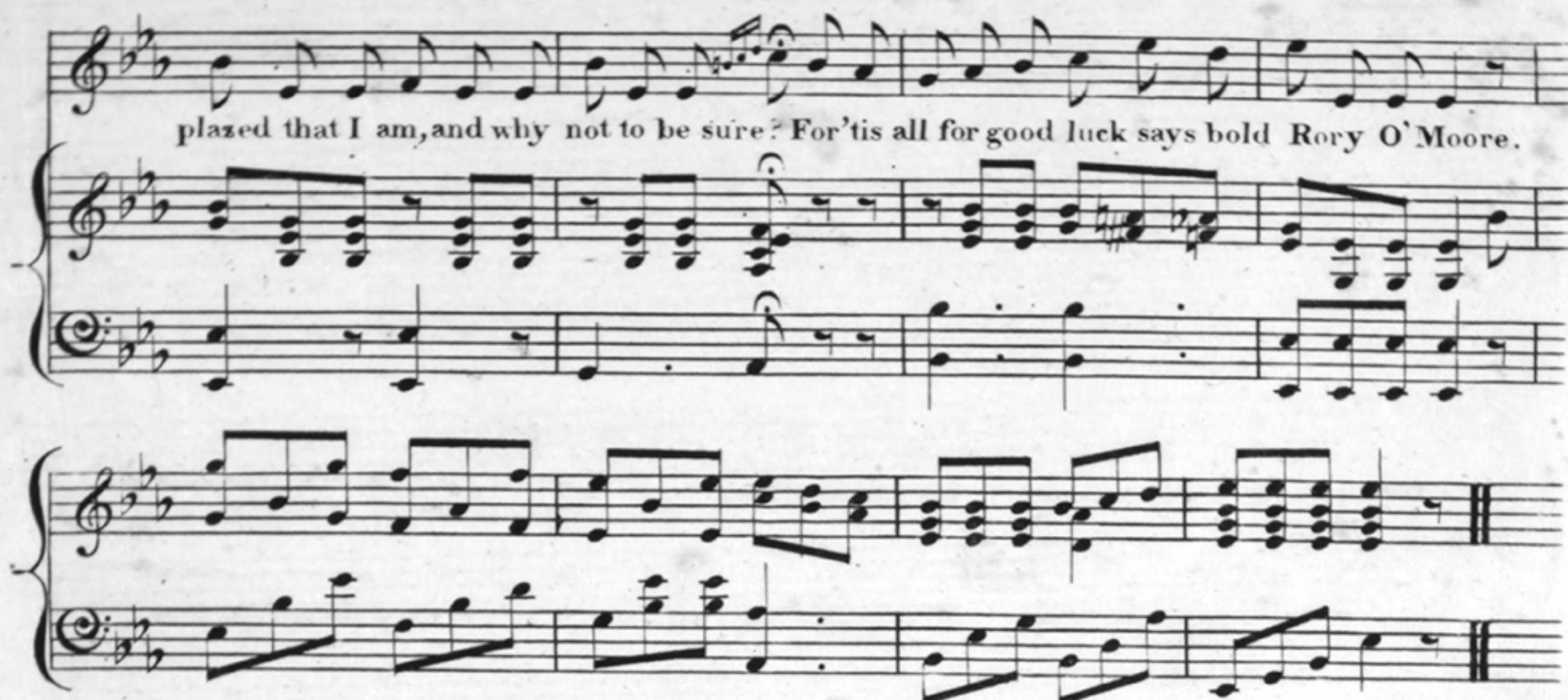
Colla voce. Colla voce.

Espress.

teazed till I've put on my cloak in - side out. - "Oh! Jewel" says Rory, "that

Colla voce.

same is the way You've thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis



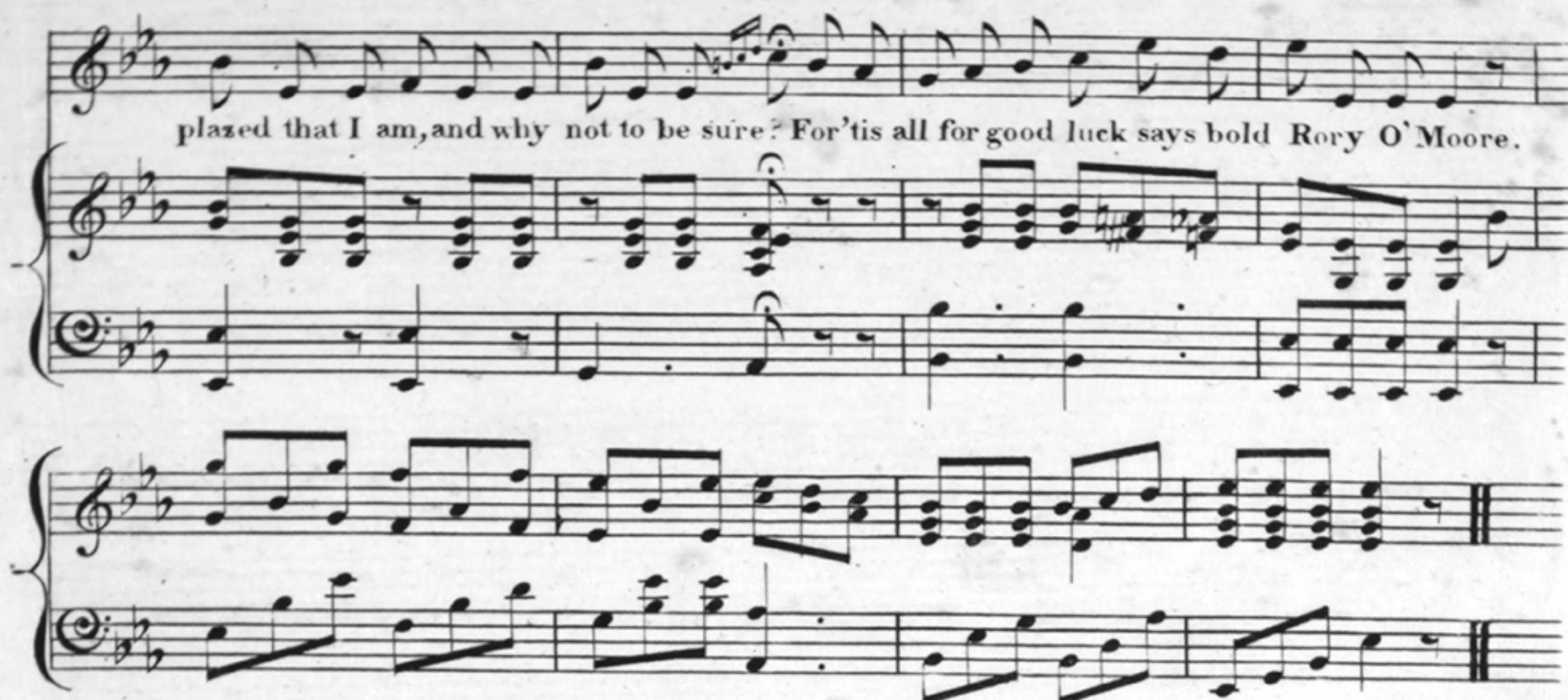
2

"Indeed then" says Kathleen "don't think of the like
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"
 "Faith" says Rory "I'd rather love you than the ground"
 "Now Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go,
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "Oh!" says Rory "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhrames always go by conthrairies my dear;
 Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,
 And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck', says bold Rory O' Moore.

3

Arrah Kathleen my darlint you've teaz'd me enough,
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the Priest:*
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck
 And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
 "Now Rory leave off Sir—you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to day that you've kiss'd me before;
 "Then here goes another" says he "to make sure
 For ther's luck in odd numbers" says Rory O' Moore.

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.



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