

# RORY O' MOORE

OR

*Tis all for Good Luck*

*as sung with rapturous applause by*



*Lith. of Endicott.*

MR. POWELL

*Written & adapted to an*

**Irish Melody**

*with symphonies & accompaniments by*

**SAMUEL LOVER ESQ.<sup>R</sup>**

*Price 50 C<sup>t</sup>*

**NEW-YORK.**

R O R Y O' M O O R E .

Words and Arrangement by Sam<sup>l</sup> Lover Esq<sup>re</sup>

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 teaze; "Now Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re-

Ad Lib.

proof on her lip—but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,

Colla Voce.

Espress.

what I'm a\_bout, Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out!"—"Oh!

Colla Voce.

Colla Voce.

Jewel" says Rory "that same is the way You've thrated my heart for this

many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis

The image shows a musical score for the song "all for good luck says bold Rory O' Moore." It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment, with the left hand playing a simple bass line and the right hand playing chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

all for good luck says bold Rory O' Moore.

## 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 there's luck in odd numbers" says Rory O' Moore.

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