

# Kathleen O'More

Words by George M. Reynolds

Traditional

*Moderato*

1. My love, still I think that I see her once more, But, a - las! she has left me her  
2. Her hair glos - sy black, her eyes were dark blue, Her co - lour still chang - ing, her

loss to de-lore; My own lit-tle Kath-leen, my poor lit-tle Kath-leen, My Kath - leen O!  
smiles ev-er new; So pret-ty was Kath-leen, my sweet lit-tle Kath-leen, My Kath - leen O!

3. She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,  
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her;  
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O!

4. She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon,  
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O!

5. O cold was the night-wind that sigh'd round her bower;  
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour;  
And I lost my Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O!

6. The bird of all birds that I love the best  
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest,  
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,  
My Kathleen O!