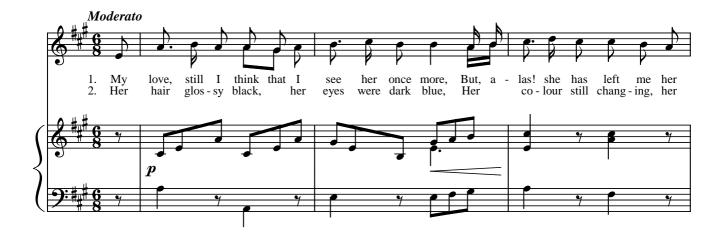
Kathleen O'More

Words by George M. Reynolds

Traditional





- 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!
- 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!
- 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!