



2

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,

Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new;

So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,

my Kathleen O' Moore.

3

She milked the dun cow that never offered to stir,
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen;
my Kathleen O' Moore.

4

She sat by the door one cold afternoon

To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon;

So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,

my Kathleen O' Moore.

5

O cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bower, It chilled my poor Kathleen she drooped from that hour And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen, my Kathleen O' Moore.

6

The hird of all hirds that I love the best,

Is the robin that in the church yard builds its nest,

For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen,

my Kathleen O' Moore.

5