1800

Rory O'More

Samuel Lover
LIVELY.

but not

TOO FAST.

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen down, He was

bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn, He wished in his heart pretty
Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do—that was to tease; "Now

Rory be aisy 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, Patsy, you've

Colla voce, Colla voce.

Espress. teased till I've put on my cloak inside out. "Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that

Colla voce

same is the way You've thurated my heart for this many a day, And his
"Indeed then? says Kathleen, "I 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 here,
For dreams always go by contrarities, my dear;
Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,
And he's pleased that I am, and why not to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory O'Moore.

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 leve 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 same the day.