

# Rory O'more - song lyrics

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RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted young Kathleen Bawn,  
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,  
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;  
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about-  
Faith! you've teased me till I've put on my cloak inside out."  
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, " that same is the way  
You've thrated my heart for this many a aay;  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,  
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"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 dhramas always go by contraries, my dear-  
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,  
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,  
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,  
And I've thrashed 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 looked in her eyes that were beaming with light;  
' And he kissed her sweet lips-don't you think he was right?  
"Now, Rory, leave off. sir-j'ou'll hug me no more-  
There's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."  
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure-  
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.