

Kitty Of Coleraine - song lyrics

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KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kilty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine.
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, oh! Barney MacCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster.
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.