

Kitty, My Colleen - song lyrics

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KITTY, MY COLLEEN.

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Words by Patrick J. Coleman. Music by W. C. Schrader.

Kitty, my colleen, 'tis you that look winsome
Spinnin' the wool with your beautiful smile.
L'ave off and let your ould grandmother spin some;
I've something to whisper you out at the stile.
Troth! with your locks, love, so daintily curlin',
Your lips, that keep hummin' a fortunate tune,
And your weeshy white hands, that are twistin' and twlrin',
Your windin' my heart on the spindle, aroon! Ah!

Refrain.

Arrah, thin, Kitty, it's you that look pretty,
S'ated so sweet, at your ould spinnin' wheel;
Winsome and winnin' the while you keep spinnin'
My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

You needn't mind tossin' your tresses so flaxen;
Begorra, they're fair as a fortune of gold.
And your hand, Kitty, dear, is so weeshy and waxen,
The soggarth should give it to some one to hold.
And lips must be kissed if they re redder than cherries,
And an arm sure was made to encircle a waist:
Faix' your lips are so like a bunch o' ripe berries,
I'm thinkin', alauna, of thryin' a tashte. Ah!-Refrain.

Thunder and turf! it's a shame beyond sinnin'
To sit so provokingly silent, ashore:
It's high time for colleens to l'ave off their spinnin'
Whin the moon and their bonchals peep in at the door;
So come to your Barney, my darlin', so winsome,
Ah! Kitty, you're breakin' my heart with your smile;
Whisht! aisy, aroon, let your grandmother spin some,
I've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile. Ah:-Chorus.