

# Eileen O'moore - song lyrics

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EILEEN O'MOORE.

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By Walter Jones.

Love has come to me at last, its seal is on my heart,  
A little Irish Cupid cast at me a piercing dart;  
In love I thought I ne'er would fall, words can't tell what I mean;  
I'm sure you'd understand it all, if you met pretty Eileen,  
I'm sure you'd understand it all, if you met sweet Eileen.

Chorus.

Eileen, Eileen some day will be my wife,  
My dream, my queen, I'll love you all through life;  
Eileen, my queen, sweet love for evermore,  
You are neat, very witty, sweet, very pretty, Eileen O'Moore.

To love her is an easy task, so simple, pure and sweet,  
For she is all that one could ask, no other will I seek;  
And we'll be wed to-morrow at nine-how long the hours do seem!  
I can hardly wait to call her mine, and claim my pretty Eileen,  
I can hardly wait to call her mine, and claim her my Eileen.- Chorus.