

Kathleen - song lyrics

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KATHLEEN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,
Just the finest young lady on earth;
A gem of the very first water,
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;
I met her beneath the green bower;
I kissed her and liked it so well;
She blushed like the fairest of flowers
That grow in a mossy green dell.

Chorus.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;

'Mid shady lane and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;
They've a neat little farm of their own;
Her father he digs his own praties,
And they live in the County Tyrone;
For miles round our Kathleen is famous-
Good looks and good nature serene:
'Tis there she is always acknowledged
At the fairest young colleen e'er seen.- Chorus.

We are going to get married next Sunday,
And the old folks will give us away;
The belle in the church will be ringing,
And the boys and the girls will be gay;
As sure as the stars are above us,
My Kathleen will ever be true;
And as from the church we are coming,
All the boys and the girls shout harroo.- Chorus,