

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Kitty of Coleraine

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As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,  
When she saw him she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered 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 McCleary,  
You're sent as a plague on the girls of Coleraine.

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

from County Derry, Northern Ireland

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