

# Kate O'grady - song lyrics

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KATE O'GRADY.

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Written and Composed by Chas. Osborne.

They say that an Irishman dotes on three things-  
His country, his girl and his glass;  
But when in the praise of his sweetheart he sings.  
That theme does all others surpass.  
Well that is exactly the case with myself,  
Though mine's a long distance away;  
She puts all the other colleens on the shelf,  
No matter what rivals may say.

Refrain.

And her name's Kate O'Grady, but she's no high-born lady;  
Sweet and tender as the daisies in the dell;  
She's the best girl of any all around ould Kilkenny,  
And, sure, I'm her Denny, and she's my Irish belle.

Her goodness is known to the neighbors around-  
In fact, she's the pride of the place;  
And as for her beauty-well, you may be bound,  
Her merits are matched by her face.  
Her rich, glossy hair is as black as the sloe,  
Her bright eyes devotion impart,  
And that I'm her love 'tis my glory to know,  
For she is the queen of my heart.-Refrain

Her lot is but humble, the same as my own,  
But we can endure it with ease,  
So long as we're able to ramble alone,  
And court 'mid the birds and the trees.  
We're both saving money as fast as we can,  
An', faith, that's a pretty good sign (  
That I'll before long be a prond married man,  
And she will forever be mine.-Refrain.