

My Sweet Little Rose Of Killarney - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

My Sweet Little Rose of Killarney.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. B. Gray.

Words and Music by Ben. Riggs.

in a neat little cot on the banks of the Flesk,
And close by the lakes of Killarney,
Lives a maiden with style, whom a prince would admire,
And the boys call her sweet Rosie Carney.
She is just seventeen, and in nature's full bloom,
And her cheeks are as red as the rose:
With a heart that is true, and between me and you,
How I Jove her, there's nobody knows.

Refrain.

She's just as handsome to me as the morning rose,
Loved and admired is Rosie where'er she goes;
Her voice is as sweet as the bird's singing on the trees,
She is my sweet little rose of Killarney.

With love and devotion I'll sail o'er the sea,
To marry my rose of Killarney;
And we'll sit by the lakes, where I told her with glee,
How I loved only sweet Rosie Carney.
Both her father and mother's consent I have gained,
And we faithful will be evermore;
Then a life of pure love, with my sweet Irish dove,
We will live on old Erin's green shore.-Refrain.