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
As 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 bells In the church will be ringing,
And the boys find 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 hurroo. - Chorus.