SATHLE: MOORE A FAVORITE, SONG, Sung with rapturous applause by Arranged with Accompaniments for the PIANO FORTE Philad? Published by G.E.Blake No:13 south Fifth st. Andantino My love still I think that I see her once more, But a - las! she has left me her loss to de plore. My own lit-tle Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen, my .



Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue, Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new; So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,

2

my Kathleen O' Moore.

3

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir, Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her, So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my Kathleen O' Moore.

4

She sat by the door one cold afternoon, To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon; So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,

my Kathleen O' Moore.

5

O cold was the night breeze that sight round her bower, It chilld my poor Kathleen she droop'd from that hour; And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen, my Kathleen O' Moore.

6

The bird of all birds that I love the best, Is the robin that in the church yard builds its nest, For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen, my Kathleen O' Moore.