

# Kitty of Coleraine



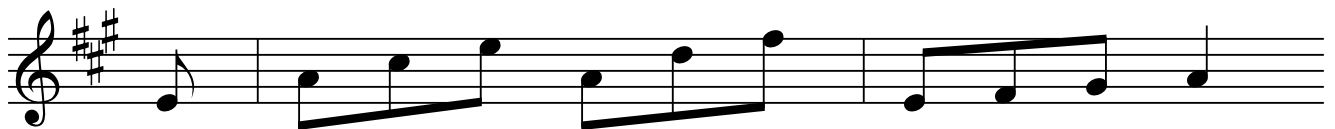
As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one morn - ing was trip - ping



With a pit - cher of milk from the fair of Coler - aine



When she saw me she stum - bled the — pit - cher it tum - bled



And all the sweet but - ter - milk wa - ter'd the plain.



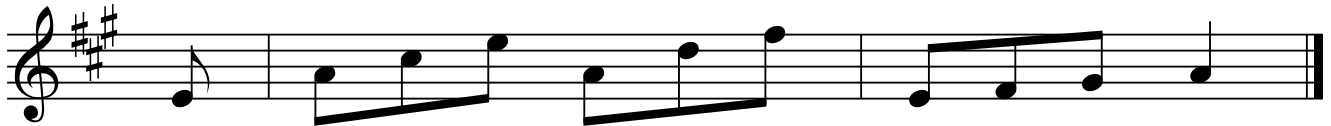
"Oh what shall I do now 'twas look - ing at you now,



Sure, sure such a pit - cher I'll ne'er see a - gain.



'Twas the pride of my dai - ry! Oh! Bar - ney Mc - Clea - ry,



You're sent as a plague to the girls in Coler-aine."

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine  
When she saw me she stumbled the pitcher it tumbled  
And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.  
"Oh what shall I do now 'twas looking at you now,  
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again.  
'Twas the pride of my dairy! Oh! Barney McCleary,  
You're sent as a plague to the girls in Coleraine."

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
A kiss there I gave her and before I did leave her  
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
Misfortune will never come singly 'tis plain.  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
Och! never a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.