



To Miss Sarah M. Bennett.

Katie O'Moore

Words by

E. Norman Gunnison.

MUSIC BY

T. P. RYDER.

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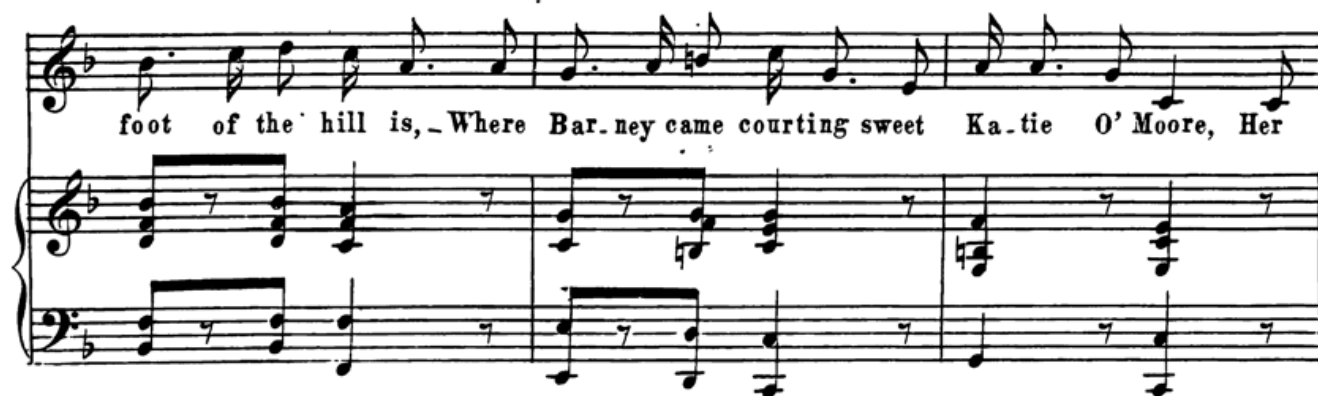
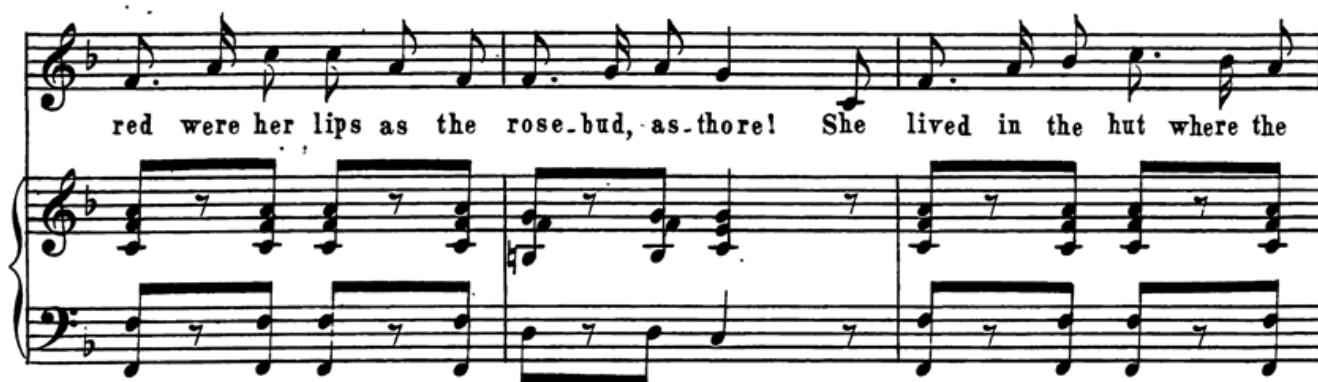
KATIE O'MOORE.

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SONG.

WORDS BY
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voice was as sweet as the trill of the lin-net, Or sound of the waves as they

lap on the shore; Her eye was like night, - but the mischief was in it To

sport with his heart as did Ka - tie O' Moore, To sport with his heart as did

ad lib.

colla voce.

Ka - tie O' Moore. He

loved from her feet to the sheen of her tresses, He watched by her cab-in and

haun- ted her door; A la- dy was she in her ca- li- co dresses, His

heart was a plaything for Katie O' Moore, One day he came down where the

cab- in re- po- ses, And lin- ger'd a- while, As he'd lin- ger'd be- fore; And

Ka - tie stood there with her hands full of ro - ses, And her shad - ow was car - pet - ing

o - ver the floor, And her shadow was carpeting o - ver the floor.

“Now Bar - ney,” said she, “just you lave off to taze me; You’ve

bothered me so that my heart it is sore; You’d bet - ter move on if you’re

wanting to plaze me, And not spend your time here,"-said Ka-tie O'Moore, But he

moved not a step- while he uttered his blarney,- The sto-ry is old,- have you

heard it be-fore? For the rest of the tale you must ask Mrs.- Barney, Who

used to be known as "Sweet Ka-tie O'Moore," Who used to be known as "Sweet Ka-tie O'Moore."

ad lib.

colla voce.