



LOVELY KATIE

MUSIC BY

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY

HIGH VOICE

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LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON

On a bright sparkling morn,
Walk'd the pride of Muckross:
On her way to the glen,
O'er the moor must she cross.

What a picture was she,
With her raven-dark hair,
Which the wanton winds tossed
O'er a face, O_how fair!

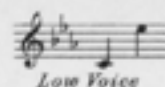
(Lovely Katie, so kind and true,
Why must sorrow come to you?)

With a toss of her head,
While her face proudly shone:
"He may go his own way,
And I'll go my own!"

This she cried to the lark,
Idly floating above;
But the tear in her eye
Told the tale of her love.



High Voice



Low Voice

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Lovely Katie

An Irish Ballad

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY

Gracefully

On a bright spark-ling morn, Walk'd the pride of Muck-

ross: On her way to the glen, O'er the moor must she cross. What a

pic- ture was she, With her ra - ven - dark hair, Which the wan - ton winds

toss'd O'er a face, O_ how fair! (Love - ly Ka - tie, so

kind and true, Why must sor - row come to you?) With a

toss of her head, While her face proud-ly shone: "He may go his own

way, And I'll go my own!" This she cried to the lark, I-dly float-ing a -

bove; But the tear in her eye Told the tale of her love.