

# Kathleen of Kildare.

## Ballad

WORDS BY

T. L.

Music by

# J. R. THOMAS.

New York.

Published by Wm Hall & Son, 239 Broadway.

Boston  
HENRY TOLMAN.

Louisville  
D.F. FAULDS.

New Orleans.  
R.P. WERLEIN

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1857, by Wm Hall & Son, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.

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Deposited in Clerks Office S. Dist. New York May 4 1857.

KATHLEEN OF KILDARE,

IRISH BALLAD.



J. R. THOMAS.

With Simplicity and not too fast!

Oh, my love's a flow'r, sur - pass - ing All  
 Oh, her eyes are like the morn - ing, When  
 Oh, the sun and moon for e - ver, With

anno  
 oth - ers I have seen; The all o'er my dear young old  
 speak-ing soft ly bright; Her lips like op' sstaning  
 all the stars may shine, But they can not beam, no,  
*Colla voce*

E - rin A ro - ver I have been, I ne'er  
 ro - ses, Her teeth are snow - y white; Her  
 ne - veg, On bliss sur - pass - ing mine, When she  
When

yet be - held a blos - som So beau - ti - ful and  
 step is light and grace - ful, Her brow be - yond com -  
 load ly yield ing whis - per'd Life's ill - or joys to  
and
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fair, As that love - ly gem of na - ture, Young  
 ble pare, And' rich dan - eing gold en tress - es, Hath  
 an share; I am thine, my Ter - ence, dar - ling!" Sweet

Kath - leen of Kil - dare.  
 Kath - leen of Kil - dare.  
 Kath - leen of Kil - dare.

Ban - left - ed now more cold than ever Clayton.