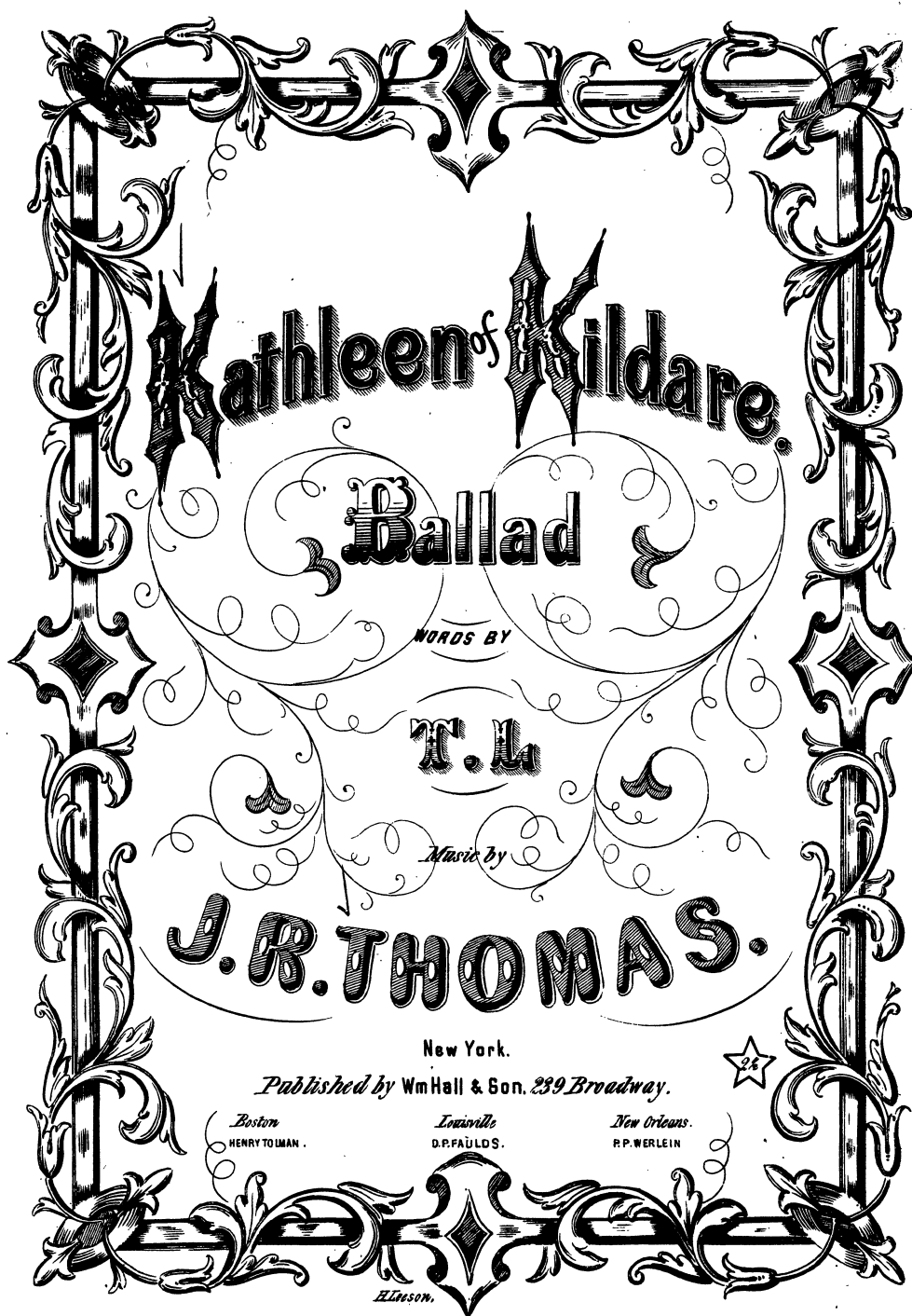




118.
Deposited in Clerk's Office S. Dist. New York May 4 1857.

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

oth - ers I have seen; The all o'er my dear old
break - ing soft - ly bright; Her lips like op' - ening
all the stars may shine, But they can not beam, no,

Colla voce

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

yet be - held a blos - som So beau - ti - ful and
step is light and grace - ful, Her brow be - yond com -
cond - ly yield ing whis - per'd, Life's ills or joys to

fair, As that love - ly gem of na - ture, Young
 blo - pare, And' rich dan - cing gold - en tress - es, Hath
 un - 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.

him - self - it was a gold - en
 more - over - it was a gold - en