

Rory O'Moore

S. LOVER



1. Young Ro - ry O - Moore court-ed Kath-leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk and she
2. " In - deed then," says Kathleen, " don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom-ise to
3. " Arrah, Kathleen, my dar - lint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny



soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath-leen to please, And he
Sooth - er - ing Mike ; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound ; " Faith " says
Grimes and Jim Duff, And I've made my - self drink - ing your health quite a baste, So I



thought the best way to do that was to tease. " Now Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet
Ro - ry, " I'd rath - er love you than the ground." " Now Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you
think af - ter that, I may talk to the Priest." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his



ad lib.

Kath-leen would cry, Re-proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your
 don't let me go, Sure I dream ev-'ry night that I'm hat-ing you so!" "Oh!" says
 arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out freck-le or speck, And he

colla voce.

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Fain you've teas'd till I've put on my
 Ro-ry, "that same I'm de-light-ed to hear, For dhramas al-ways go by con-
 looked in her eyes that were beam-ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you

colla voce.

cloak in-side out." "Oh! jew-el" says Ro-ry "that same is the way, You've
 thair-es, my dear; Oh! jew-el, keep dream-ing that same till you die, And bright
 think he was right? "Now Ro-ry, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more, That's

thrat-ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why morn-ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why eight times to - day that you've kissed me be-fore;" "Then here goes an - oth - er" says not to be sure, For 'tis all for good luck " says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore. not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck " says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore. he "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num-bers," says Ro - ry O'- Moore.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD

W. B. BRADBURY

1. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit .) wish-es known.
2. { Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing (Omit .) soul to bless:

D.C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit .) hour of prayer.
D.C. I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet (Omit .) hour of prayer.

D.C. In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul. has oft - en found re-lief,
And, since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace, D.C.