

Lit - tle wetho't of the hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my
 Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her that's may be

D.C. | 2

bluffs and the brays! Then And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Col - leen had flown. Then
 cross - in' to me. Then

colla voce.

Three Little Kittens

CHANT

TENORS

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three litle kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust ;

BASSES

After last stanza

Said the { first } little kitten un-to the { other two } { If you don't get } I must! *That's all.*
 { second } { little cats, } { out of this, then }