

# Kitty Of Colraine

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,  
With a pitcher of milk from the banks of Colraine.  
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

Oh what shall I do now.  
Twas looking at you now  
Sure sure such a pitcher I'll ne'r see again.  
Twas the pride of my dairy  
Oh Barney McClary  
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Colraine.

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
A kiss I did give her and before I did leave her  
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

Twas haymaking season  
I can't tell the reason  
Misfortune does never come singly 'tis plain.  
But very soon after  
Poor Kitty's disaster  
Och never a pitcher was whole in Colraine.

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).