Samuel Lover (1797-1868)

2 Rory O'More; or, Good Omens

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, — she as soft as the dawn; He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,	
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,	5
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,)	
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,	
Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."	
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way	
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;	10
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure?	
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.	
"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,	
For I half gave a promise to <i>soothering</i> Mike,	
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound,"	15
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love <i>you</i> than the ground"	
"Now Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;	
Sure I drame ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"	
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,	
For <i>drames</i> always go by <i>conthrairies</i> , my dear;	20
Oh! jewel, keep draming that same till you die,	
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!	
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure?	
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.	
"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teazed me enough,	25
Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;	
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a <i>baste</i> ,	
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."	
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,	
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,	30
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,	
And he kiss'd her sweet lips; don't you think he was right?	
"Now Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more,	

That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before." "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

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