

Burl Ives

"Girls of Coleraine"

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As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw him 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'er meet again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy, Oh, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague on the girls of Coleraine.

He sat down beside her and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then he gave her, and before he did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure, she'd break it again.
'Twas haymaking season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

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