



Kathleen Mavourneen.

**Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill ;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen ! what slumbering still ?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must part ?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?**

**Kathleen Mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light ;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my slumbers ?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen ! Mavourneen ! my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part ;
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?**