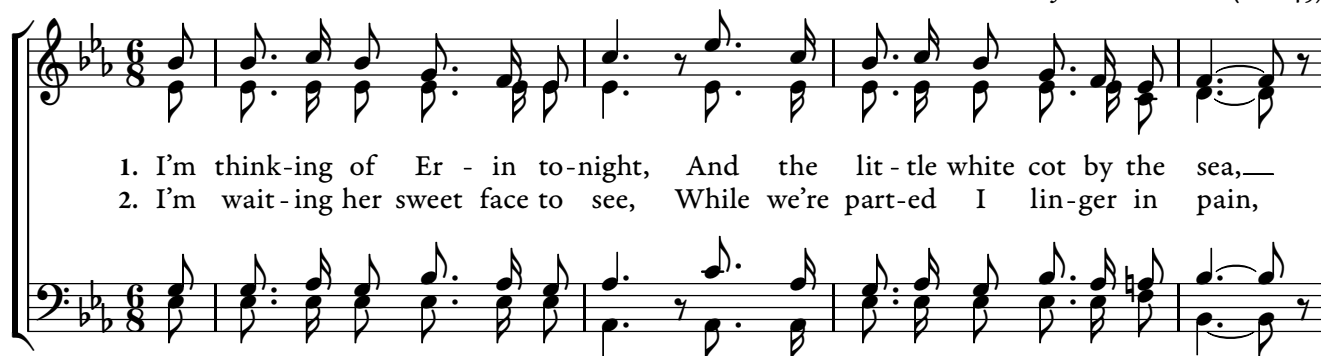


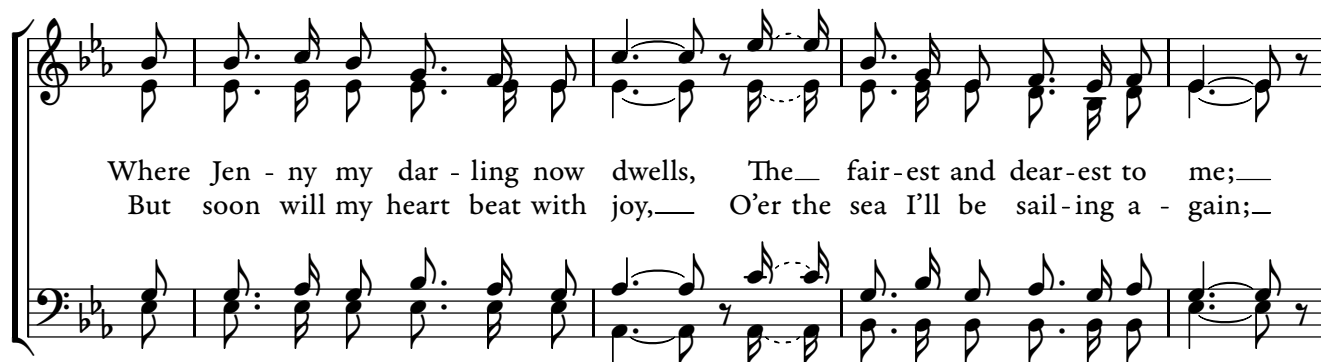
JENNY THE FLOWER OF KILDARE

Frank Dumont

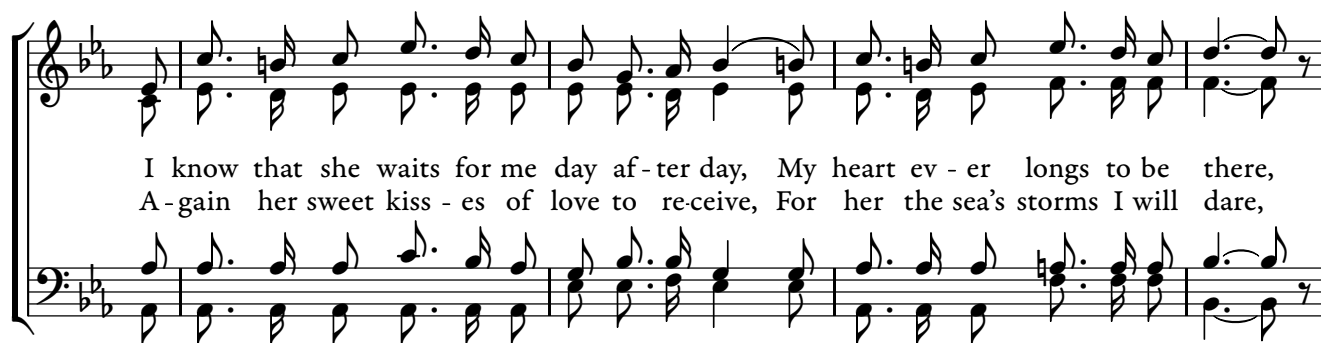
James E. Stewart (b. 1843)



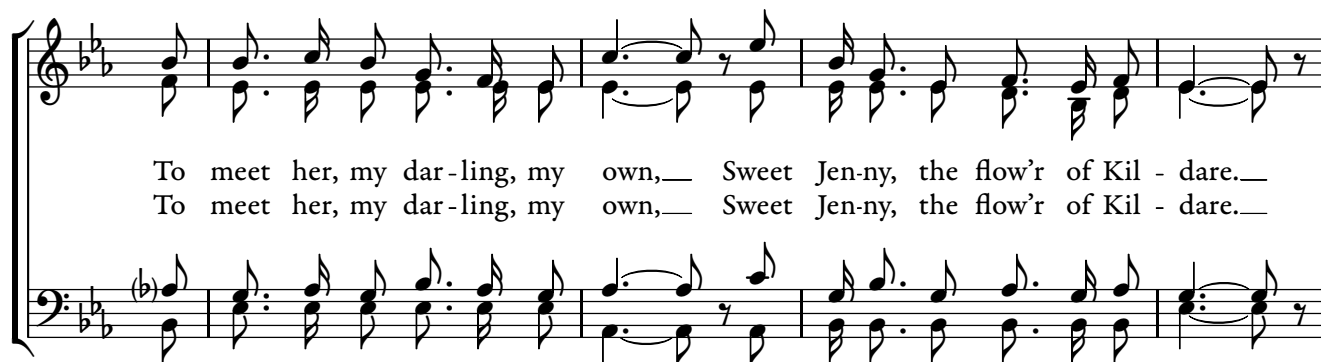
1. I'm think-ing of Er - in to-night, And the lit - tle white cot by the sea,—
2. I'm wait-ing her sweet face to see, While we're part-ed I lin-ger in pain,



Where Jen - ny my dar - ling now dwells, The fair-est and dear-est to me;—
But soon will my heart beat with joy, O'er the sea I'll be sail-ing a - gain;—



I know that she waits for me day af - ter day, My heart ev - er longs to be there,
A - gain her sweet kiss - es of love to re - ceive, For her the sea's storms I will dare,



To meet her, my dar - ling, my own,— Sweet Jen - ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare.—
To meet her, my dar - ling, my own,— Sweet Jen - ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare.—



I know that she's wait-ing for me,— My heart ev - er longs to be there;—

To meet her, my dar-ling, my own,— Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare,—

The flow'r of Kil-dare, The flow'r of Kil-dare, Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare,—
of Kil-dare
of Kil-dare