THE SPOTTED COW

One morning in the month of May, as from my cot I strayed,  
Just at the dawning of the day, I met with a charming maid.   
*(Repeat)*

Good morning, fair maid, fair weather, said I, and early, tell me now,  
The maid replied, kind sir, she said, I’ve lost my spotted cow.  
*(Repeat)*

No longer weep, no longer mourn, your cow’s not lost, my dear,  
I saw her down in yonder grove, come love and I’ll show you where.  
*(Repeat)*

Then in the grove we spent our time and thought it passed too soon,  
At night we homeward made our way when brightly shone the moon.  
*(Repeat)*

If I should cross the flowery dale all for to view the plough.  
She comes she calls me, gentle swain, I’ve found my spotted cow.  
*(Repeat)*