



The Spotted C O W.

J. Pitts, Printer, and Toy Warehouse
6, Great st. Andrew street. 7 dial^s

ONE morning in the month of May
As from my cot I stray d,
Just at the dawning of the day,
I met a charming maid,

Good morning, fair maid whether said I
So early tell me now,
The maid reply'd kind sir, she cry'd,
I've lost my spotted cow.

No more complain no longer mourn,
Your cow's not lost my dear,
I saw her down in yonder barn,
Come love and I'll shew you where,

I must confess you're very kind,
I thank you sir, said she,
You will be sure her there to find,
Come sweetheart, go with me.

Then to the groves we did prepare,
And crossed the flowery dale,
We hugged and kissed each other there
And love was all our ta e.

And in the groves we spent the day,
And thought it passed too soon,
At night we homeward bent our way
When brightly shone the moon.

If I should cross you flowery dale,
Or go to view the plough,
She comes and calls ye gentle swains,
I've lost my spotted cow.

