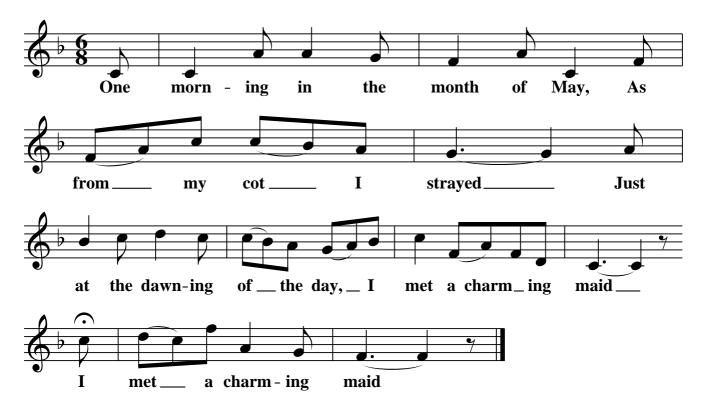
The Spotted Cow



One morning in the month of May, As from my cot I strayed, Just at the dawning of the day, I met a charming maid, I met a charming maid.

"Good morning, fair maid! Whither," says I,
"So early? Tell me now."
The maid replied, "Kind Sir," she cried,
"I've lost my spotted cow."

"No more complain, no longer mourn, Your cow is not lost, my dear. I saw her down in yonder lawn; Come, love, I'll show you where."

"I must confess you're very kind, I thank you, Sir," said she. "You will be sure she's there to find?" "Come, sweetheart, go with me." Into the grove we did repair, Across the flowery dell, We hugged and kissed each other there, And love was all our tale.

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

If I should cross yon flowery dell, Or go to view the plough, She comes and calls her gentle swain: "I've lost my spotted cow."