

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.

"Good morning, fair maid.
Where are you going so early?
Pray tell me now."
This maid replied "Kind sir", she said,
"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 grove.
Come, love, and I'll show 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 grove they did repair
Across the flowery dale.
they hugged and kissed each other there
And love was all their tale.

And in the grove they spent the day
And thought it passed too soon.
At night they homeward bent their way
And brightly shone the moon.

If you should cross the flowery dale
Or go to view the Plough
She comes and calls her gentle swain
"Remember the spotted cow."

Source: Sung by William Martin (64), Winchcombe Workhouse. Collected by Eliza Wedgwood (words only).
Date unknown but probably about 1907