The Spotted Cow



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."