

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEN NA MOE

Folk Song

1. It was on a fine sum-mer's morn-ing, The birds sweet - ly tuned on each bough.
 2. Then to her I made my ad - van - ces; "Good mor - row, most beau - ti - ful maid!
 3. The In - dies af - ford no such Jew - el So bright and trans - par - ent - ly clear,

And as I walk'd out for my plea-sure, I saw a maid milk-ing her cow.
 Your beau-ty my heart so en - tran - ces;" "Pray Sir, do not ban - ter," she said,
 Ah! do not add flame to my fu - el! Con - sent but to love me, my dear.

Her voice so en - chant - ing mel - o - dious, Left me quite un - a - ble to go,
 "I'm not such a rare pre - cious Jew - el, That I should en - am - our you so.
 Ah! had I the lamp of A - lad - din, Or the wealth of the Af - ri - can shore,

My heart it was load - ed with sor - row, For Col - leen dhas cru - then na moe.
 I am but a poor lit - tle milk girl." Says Col - leen dhas cru - then na moe.
 I would rath - er be poor in a Cot - tage, With Col - leen dhas cru - then na moe.