

# Bringing Home the Cows

Song collected AB Paterson (Old Bush Songs)

Tune David Johnson 2004

Verse

Chorus

Shadows of the twilight falling  
On the mountain's brow,  
To each other birds are calling  
In the leafy bough.  
Where the daisies are a-springing,  
And the cattle bells are ringing,  
Comes my Mary, gaily singing,  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Comes my Mary, gaily singing,  
Bringing home the cows.

By a bush the pathway skirted  
Room for two allows.  
All the cornfields are deserted,  
Idle are the ploughs.  
Striving for wealth's spoil and booty,  
Farmer boys have finished duty,  
When I meet my little beauty  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
When I meet my little beauty  
Bringing home the cows.

Tender words and kind addresses,  
Most polite of bows,  
Rosy cheeks and wavy tresses  
Do my passions rouse;  
Dress so natty and so cleanly,  
Air so modest and so queenly,  
Oh! so haughty, yet serenely  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Oh! so haughty, yet serenely  
Bringing home the cows.

Arm-in-arm together walking,  
While the cattle browse,  
Earnestly together talking,  
Plighting lovers' vows.  
Where the daisies are a-springing,  
Wedding bells will soon be ringing;  
\*Then we'll spend our evenings singing  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Bringing home the cows.  
Then we'll spend our evenings singing  
Bringing home the cows.