

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.