

Bringing Home the Cows

From AB Paterson Old Bush Songs with a tune by David Johnson 2004

A **E7**

Shad - ows of the twi - light fall - ing on the mount - ain's brow,

A

To each oth - er birds are call - ing in the leaf - y bough.

D **E7**

Where the dais - ies are a - spring - ing, and the catt - le bells are ring - ing,

D **A** **E7** **A**

Comes my Mar - y, gai - ly sing - ing, bring - ing home the cows.

D **A**

Bring - ing home the cows. Bring - ing home the cows.

D **A** **E7** **A**

Comes my Mar - y, gai - ly sing - ing, bring - ing 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. x3
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. x3
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. x3
Then we'll spend our evenings singing
Bringing home the cows.