

The pretty maid milking her cow

Melodie: Irland 17. Jhdt
Text: Thomas Moore 1779-1852

Capo V

am dm G C em am am dm G C

It was on a fine summer's morn-ing the birds sweet-ly tuned on each

am dm G C em am am dm em am

bough, and as I walked out for my plea-sure I saw a maid mil-king her

am dm C F F B

cow. Her voice was so en-chant-ing mel - o - dious, left

C F F B em am am dm

me quite un - a - ble to go, my heart it was load-ed with

em am am dm em am

sor - row for the pret - ty girl mil - king her cow.

2. Then to her I made my advances; "Good morrow, most beautiful maid,
Your beauty my heart so entrances!" "Pray Sir, do not banter," she said;
"I'm not such a rare precious jewel, that I should enamour you so,
I am but a poor little milk girl," says the pretty girl milking her cow.

3. "The Indies afford no such jewel, so bright, so transparently clear,
Oh! Do not add flames to my fuel, consent but to love me my dear,
Ah! Had I the lamp of Alladin, or the wealth of the African shore,
I would rather be poor in a cottage, with the pretty girl milking her cow."