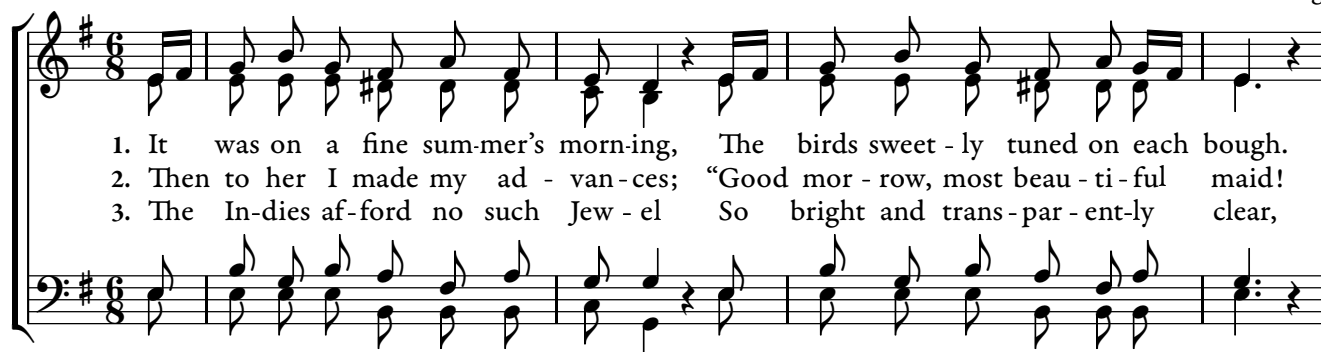


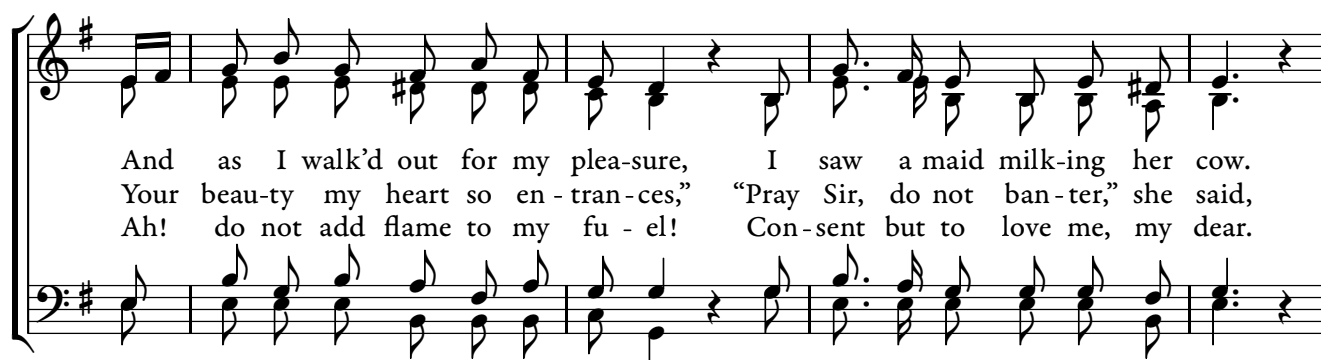
# THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEN NA MOE

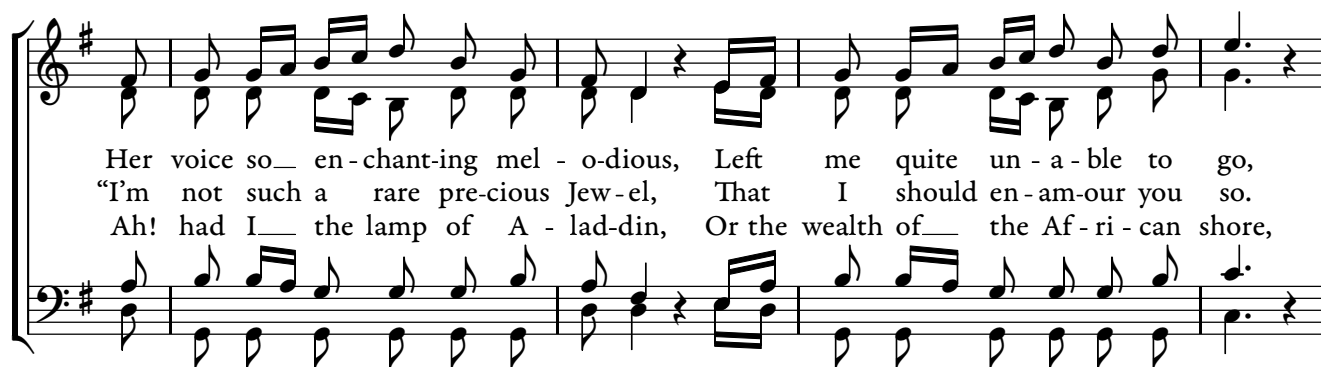
Folk Song



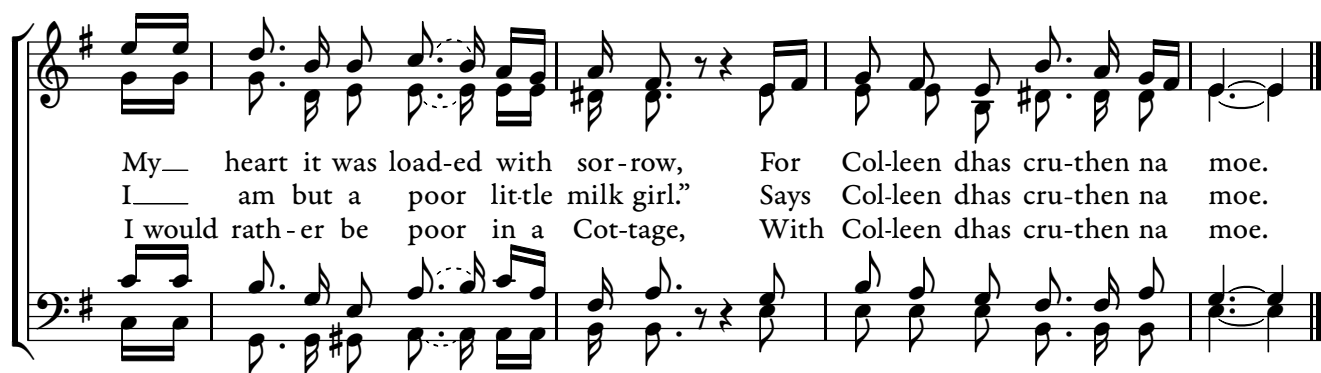
1. It was on a fine sum-mer's morn-ing, The birds sweet - ly tuned on each bough.  
 2. Then to her I made my ad - van - ces; "Good mor - row, most beau - ti - ful maid!  
 3. The In-dies af-ford no such Jew - el So bright and trans-par-ent-ly clear,



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.