

Steeleye Span "Spotted Cow"

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One morning in the month of June,
As from my cot' I strayed.
Just at the dawning of the day
I met with a charming maid.
'Good morning you, whither?' said I,
'Good morning to you now',
The maid replied, 'kind sir' she cried,
'I've lost my spotted cow'.
'No longer weep, no longer mourn,
Your cow's not lost my dear,
I saw her down in yonder grove,
Come love and I'll show you where'.
'I must confess you're very kind,
I thank you sir,' said she,
'We will be sure her there to find,
Come sweetheart, go with me'.
And in the grove they spent the day,
They thought it passed too soon,
At night they homeward bent their way,
While brightly shone the moon.
If he should cross the flowery dale,
Or go to view the plough,
She comes and calls, 'You gentle swain,
I've lost my spotted cow

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