The Cows Are In The Corn - song lyrics
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The Cows are in the Corn
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Oh ! father's gone to market town-
He was up before the day-
And Jamie's after robin's nests,
And the man is making hay ;
And whistling down the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill,
While mother, from the kitchen door,
Is calling with a will:
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn !
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn !

From all the misty morning air
There comes a Summer sound,
A murmur, as of waters, comes
From ships, and trees, and ground ;
The birds they sing upon the wing,
The pigeons bill and coo,
And over hills and hollow rings
Again the loud hallow!
Polly! Polly ! the cows are in the corn !
Polly! Polly ! the cows are in the corn !

How strange at such a time of day
The mill should stop its clatter;
The farmer's wife is list'ning now,
And wonders what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in
The woodland on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill.
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn !
Polly! Polly ! the cows are in the corn !