

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Colly My Cow 3

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Then in comes the Tallow-chandler, whosse brains were but
shallow,

And he bids me two and Six-pence, for my Cows Tallow:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, Colly my Cow,
For Colly will give me no more milk now:

Pruh high, pruh hoe, pruh high, pruh hoe,

Sing pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
Tal dal daw.

Then in comes the Huntsman, so early in the morn,

He bids me a Penny, for my Cows horn:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, Colly my Cow:
For Colly will give me no more milk now:

Pruh high, pruh hoe, pruh high, pruh hoe,

Sing pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
Tal dal daw.

Then in comes the Tripe woman, so fine and so neat,

She bid me three half-pence for my Cows feet:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Butcher, a nimble-tong'd youth:

Who said she was Carrion, but he spoke not the truth:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

This Cow had a skin, as soft as the silk,

And three times a day, my Cow would give milk:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

She every year, a fine Calf did me bring,

Which fetcht me a pound, for it came in the Spring:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

But now I have kill'd her, I can't recall:

I will sell my poor Colly, Hide, Horns, and all:

Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

The Butcher shall have her, though he gives but a pound:
And he knows in his heart, that my Colly was sound:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

And when he has bought her, let him sell all together,
The flesh for to eat, and the hide for Leather.
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Some say i'm a Cuckold, but i'le swear I am none,
For how can it be, now my horns are gone.
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c
FINIS

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Traditional text and tune in Baring-Gould's Songs of the West.

WBO
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