

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Old Cow

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It was down in Killilock, Oh an Irishman lived there
He bought an old cow and he bought her at the fair
Oh she had so many bad faults he could never guarantee
So he brought her home again, what a sorry man was he.

Now when she came home again her fame it went all round
She was abused, she was ill used, she was often in the pound
She had the picture of Satan printed in her face
And she seemed to carry vengeance throughout the human race

She was head stalled, leg stalled and a board across her eyes
Hot bound head bound that she could hardly rise
She was rumped on the tail and curled on the skull
And for nineteen years before that she never saw the bull.

Now somehow, the reason is, I mean to let ye hear
In the year of 1800 when the fodder it grew dear
Now she ate a stack of corn and a man they called Frank Kane
And likewise a stack of corn grass that grew in Lackahane.

She ate hair bands, night gowns, and other sorts of gear
Crendalans, jennyilins, and locks of women's hair
Oh she ate the garrabally that was hanging from the stock .-

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And she nearly ate the finishings of all in Killilock.

It being on one summer's evening she almost lost her legs
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When she seized off a beggarman a-begging of his bread
And next she saw the policeman a-coming from the town
And by his rig of parliament she brought him to the ground.

The policeman he laid there a-roaring out for help
The cow she demanded his bayonet and his belt
Saying oh you saucy policeman I'll have you to repent:
The day that you and the sergeant you seized me for the rent.

Oh now she's apprehended and she's entered in the law
For meddling with a pretty girl that came from Aghara
Oh she had a dandy bonnet likewise a dandy shawl
And to her sad misfortunes she parted with it all.

Oh the maid in the shade was as happy as a queen
While crummy all alone lay grazing on the green
A-hunting for her prey when a bonnet she a-spied
She threw off her headband and up she did rise.

She roared and she bawled and she threw it in the air
Saying Pat made a vaulter of you are welcome here
I'm a long time in search of something made of straw
Since I ate the garrabalter I got a pain in me jaw.

Traditional

From the singing of the Kenny Family from Kitchuses, NFLD

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apr97