

Milking The Cows With Mary - song lyrics

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Milking the Cows with Mary.
Copyright, 1893, by Sam Devere.
By Sam Devere.

When a lad on the farm, I learned how to mow,
To plough and to harrow, to reap And to sow:
But what pleased me most, was when I would go
Milking the cows with Mary.
A farmer's fair daughter, and scarce seventeen,
The fairest young creature that I'd ever seen;
Oh, time and time over, how happy I've been,
Milking the cows with Mary.

Chorus.
The fairest, the brightest, the bonniest lass, tripping as light as a fairy;
Beside her each morning I'd kneel on the grass, milking the cows with Mary.

The cows in the pasture, browsing away.
Watched for our coming to milk them each day;
All huddled together, seeming to say,
Milking the cows with Mary.
So merrily singing, a blithesome young lass,
As fresh and as pure as the dew on the grass;
And many bright hours did I pleasantly pass,
Milking the cows with Mary.- Chorus.

'Twas early one morning, no one was nigh,
To test her affection I thought I would try;
Her sweet cherry lips I kissed on the sly,
Milking the cows with Mary.
Soon will I call her my own little wife,
To keep and protect her through this world of Strife;
Then I'll be happy the rest of my life,
Milking the cows with Mary. Chorus.

La Didily-Idily, Umti-Umti Ay.
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Words by Richard Morton and C. M. Rodney. Music by C. M. Rodney.

On the day that Jones made up his mind that he would wed a gal,
We resolved we'd paint the city red in honor of our pal.
Then we hired a hand, a coach and six, and formed a lively gang;
Whatever happened, we cured "nix," and this is the song we sang:

Chorus.
La didily-idily, umti-umti ay.
La didily um, was all that we could say:
We were out upon a spree and felt a trifle gay;
La didily-idily, umti-umti ay.

When we reached the parson's residence 'twas twelve o'clock at night.
And to get his reverence out of bed we tried with all our might,
Then we pulled the knob, but found the bell was broke and wouldn't ring,
But he arose and donned his clothes as soon as he heard us sing:-Chorus.

When the preacher tied the marriage knot each heart was light and free,
Until I asked Missus Jones to name the first boy after me.
But the party said, the child would be a "hoo-doo," if she did:
Then Jones said, if the first's a boy, I'm going to name the kid:- Chorus.