

When The Cows Come Home - song lyrics

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WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

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Words by Edward L Vickers. Music by D. S. Hakes.

When the mellow light of evening falls,
The birds in the bush are still;
The night bird pipes his loved one's call,
From their home by the singing rill,
Where dying rays of daylight fall,
On the side of the old oaken mill:
Where crickets chirp in the clover tall,
As the cows come over the hill.

Chorus.

Their tinkling bells are sweet to hear, but sweeter the words of a song
That the singer slowly is bringing near, as the cows are coming along.

As the maiden sat 'neath waving trees,
No stars in the pale blue sky:
She lingers in the evening breeze,
No hope in her heart's deep sigh;
The low, sweet song of whispering leaves
Bring thoughts of the days long passed by;
When zephyrs rustle the golden sheaves,
As the cows are passing them by.-Chorus.

The tangled vines with perfume rare,
With thorns in her path entwine;
She dreams a future free from care,
And loves with a faith divine:
The thought of home to her is dear
As the words from an old cherished song,
Which tells of life that is drawing near,
As the cows are passing along.

Chorus.

She sings of one whose faith is fast, wherever his footsteps may roam.
Her cheeks grow red when they meet at last, as the cows are nearing their home.