

A Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow

Judy Garland

Twas on a bright morning in Summer
When I first heard his voice beckon low
As he said to a colleague beside him
"Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"

Ach many times often ye met me
And told me that I should be
Your darling, Acushla,
A Lana Mavourneen, Asuilish machree

Purty girl,
Pur-pur-purty girl
With no on there to show her how
The purt, purt, purty girl is now
Milking her cow

I have not the manners or graces
Of the girls in the world where ye move
And I have not their beautiful faces
But oh, I've a heart that can love

And if it please ye, I'll dress me in satin
With jewels, jewels in me brow
But ach, don't be after forgettin'
Your purty girl milking her cow

Purty girl, purty cow,
I'm sure this song would have never been wrote
If the pretty girl hadda been milking her goat
But the goat wasn't feeling well anyhow
So the pretty girl was milking her cow.

Her cow, her cow...
La, la, la, la, la, la...
La, la, la la, la, la, la La, la, la, la
A purty girl milking her cow!