

## Poor Cow

Donovan

I dwell in the north in the green country,  
Far I'm here, far I'm here  
And I take to my rest at the end of day,  
Whilst o'erhead pretty stars do play.  
And then I dream along,  
Then I make a song  
About everything that I've known and felt,  
And it makes my sadness melt  
Then I wake up in the funny old kind of day,  
The rain has gone away,  
Watching the children sing and play  
In the garden and the roadway.  
Up comes a little one singing a song  
About a friend she knows called Rosie.  
Off to the greenwood you must go, bring-a me one fine posie.  
All of a sudden I'm light as air, I feel sad as a butterfly.  
Oh, I dwell with my pride and my songs and things  
Wearily, oh so wearily  
And I dream of the girl with the sunshine eye  
Sundaily, whatever she may be.  
And then I dream along  
Then I make a song  
About everything that I've known and felt  
And it makes my sadness melt.  
Then I wake up in the funny old kind of day,  
The rain has gone away  
Watching the children sing and play  
In the garden and the roadway  
Up comes a little one singing a song  
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All of a sudden I'm light as air, I feel sad as a butterfly.  
Oh, I dwell in the north in the green country,  
Far I'm here, far I'm here  
And I dream of the girl with the sunshine eye  
Sundaily, whatever she may be.  
And then I dream along,  
And then I make a song  
About everything that I've known and felt,  
And it makes my sadness melt.