Wait till the Cows come home

Words by ANNE CALDWELL

music by IVAN CARYLL

Moderato

Piano

Voice

Way down on the dear old farm
Shadows creeping o'er the hill

City chap who's ever wise and wary
Finds new danger in the
Golden sun setting in the farlight
Finds him by the dairy

Charm

Still

Luring him to linger near the dairy
Longing to canoodle in the starlight

C. 6909-4

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Pretty little milkmaid, finer far than silkmaid,
Tho' she whispers "Go, sir!" He will hold her closer.

Wins him with a smile demure and shy.
Say ing "Dearie, won't you name the day?"
O'er the flow'ry lea, dear,
If you hold her hand, sir,

will you roam with me, dear? Then the little maiden makes re-
She will never answer, She can only blush and softly

Refrain
mf a tempo

ply.
say.
Won't you wait till the cows come home, Won't you

C. 6908 - 4
wait till the cows come home? Dear old Brin-dle, Belle and Boss,

Soon the meadow they will cross, Down the lane at the close of day, Once a-

gain they will wend their way. Hear them in the dell, dingle dongle bell, Won't you

wait, wait, wait, by the old red gate Won't you wait till the cows come home? home?