

Molly The Moo (The Ash Grove)
trad. arr. Peter Pavey (as Partridge Green)

In a quaint country local an old village yokel
Will tell you a story, while sipping your beer
Of a milkmaid one morning who woke at the dawning
And jumped out of bed at the sound she did hear
And on leaving her feather bedstead she ran off to where the noise led
And there coming from the cowshed was a terrible row
Inside there was a-dancing and a-singing and a-prancing
Performed by this tearaway Molly the cow

In a lifetime of farming the sight was so alarming
She sent for the farmer who called for the vet
The veterinary surgeon said "What's all the stir then?"
But agreed that the case was the strangest he'd met
He suggested that in the city a cow who could sing a ditty
Could quite well command a pretty good penny or two
So they sent off to London for an agent or a someone
Who might sign a contract for Molly the Moo

Producers and photographers and a whole troupe of choreographers
Appeared the next day by the very first 'plane
They said "If your Molly could be groomed for Hollywood"
"A very fine fortune she'd quickly attain"
With friendly persuasion the motley invasion
Made offers of six private meadows to graze
Which goes without mention, of a considerable pension
And guaranteed chaff for the rest of her days

They nursed and rehearsed her and carefully versed her
And then made a record of Molly's new wail
The result was stupendous with echo tremendous
To the beat of a cowbell and empty milk pail
But the poor creature soon protested "I'm not really interested"
"I feel that I've been molested, oh what can I do?"
She decided to chuck it and then kicked the bucket
And that was the end of poor Molly the Moo