

The Dairy Maidens

by Wisconsin Kraut

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
As the leaves turn to fall
We shall go to market's stall
The purest milk you shall bring
To be made to cheese in waxed rings

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Leave your verdant pasture lair
To drove on to our county fair
All your kinfolk we shall meet
Reaching for the prize we seek

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Over hillock and valley roam
Before we shall return to home
Let your sweetest song low
A melody for even angels bow

Come ye maidens of the Dairy Race
Walk with fair and measured pace
Mothers all bonnie and well
Your calves you love with easy tell
Back to pasture the farmer brings
To wait for the blooming spring