

The kye's come hyem, but I see not me hinny
The kye's come hyem, but I see not me bairn
I'd rather loss all the kye than loss me hinny
I'd rather loss all the kye than loss me bairn
The kye's come hyem...
Fresh faced is me hinny, his blue eyes are bonny
His hair in curled ringlets hung sweet to the sight
So mount the old pony, seek after me hinny
Bring back to his mammy her only delight
He's always out roaming the lang summerday through
He's always out roaming away from the farm
Through hedges and ditches and valleys and hillsides
I hope that me hinny may come to no harm
Well, I've searched in the meadow and in the far acre
Through stockyard and byre, but nowt could I find
So off you go, daddy, seek after your laddie
Bring back to his mammy some peace to her mind
The kye's come hyem
The kye's come hyem