

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home.
Can you hear the klinge-klangle of their bell in the
greenwood gloam?

Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with
you,

Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as
you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's
wing.

O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him
carolling.

The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the
whip-poor-wills—

Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit
hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thought-
ful eye.

You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as
you go.