

Dabbling in the Dew

The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "O where are you go - ing to, my pre - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal - black hair I'm go - - ing a - milk - ing, kind sir, she an - swer'd me, And it's dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair".

O where are you go - ing to, my pre - ty lit - tle dear,
With your red ro - sy cheeks, and your coal - black hair
I'm go - - ing a - milk - ing, kind sir, she an - swer'd me,
And it's dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair

Oh, where are you going to, my pretty little dear
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Oh, may I go with you, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair?
Oh, you may go with me, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

And what is your father, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair?
My father's a farmer, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

And what is your mother, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair:
My mother's a dairymaid, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

If I should chance to kiss you, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair?
The wind may take it off again, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Oh say, will you marry me, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair:
Oh yes, if you please, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Oh, will you be constant, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair?
Oh, that I cannot promise you, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Then I won't marry you, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal black hair.
Oh, nobody asked you, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.