

# Hey Ho, The Morning Dew

My fa - - ther bought at great ex - pense A  
grand high step - - ping grey, But  
when he puts her to the fence, She backs and backs - a - way  
Sing, Hey ho, the morn-ing dew, Hey ho, the rose and rue!  
Fol - low me, my bon - ny lad, For I'll not go with you!

My father bought at great expense  
A grand high stepping grey,  
But when he puts her to the fence,  
She backs and backs away

(Chorus)

Sing, Hey ho, the morning dew,  
Hey ho, the rose and rue!  
Follow me, my bonny lad,  
For I'll not go with you!

My mother bought a likely hen,  
On last St. Martin's day:  
She clucks and clucks and clucks again:  
But never yet will lay.

O Mustard is my brother's dog,  
Who whines and wags his tail,  
And snuffs into the market bag -  
But dar' not snatch the meal.

When walls lie down for steeds to step,  
When eggs themselves do lay,  
And the goats jump into Mustard's jaws,  
To you my court I'll pay!