

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

There was a farmer's son
 Kept sheep upon the hill
 And he went out one May morning
 A-looking for a thrill
 Singing blow away the morning dew
 The dew and the dew
 Blow away the morning dew
 How sweet the winds do blow.

He looked high, he looked low
 He cast another look
 And there he spied a fair pretty maid
 A-bathing in the brook

"Cast over me my mantle fair
 And pin it o'er my gown
 And if you will, come take my hand
 And I will be your own"

"If you will come to my father's house
 Which is walled all around
 Then you shall have your will of me
 And twenty thousand pound"

He mounted on a milk-white steed
 And she upon the other
 And thus they rode along the way
 Like sister and like brother.

And when they got to her father's house
 So quickly she popped in
 And said "There stands a fool without
 And here's a maid within"

"There is a flower in our garden
 It's called the marigold
 And he who will not when he may
 He shall not when he would"

And so this farmer's son
 Went back upon the hill
 And raised his pipe up to his lips
 And sadly he did trill