

Dabbling In The Dew

Isobel Campbell

Oh, where are you going to, my pretty little dear
With your red rosie cheeks and your
"I'm going a milking, kind sir" she answered me
"For it's dabbling in the dew that makes the milkmaids fair"

Suppose I were to buy you, my pretty little dear,
A green silken gown and a ruby for your ear
"Oh no, kind sir, with that I don't agree
For it's dabbling in the dew that makes the milkmaids fair"

Suppose I were to buy you, my pretty little dear,
Lalalalala and a curly black hair
"Oh no, kind sir, with that I don't agree
For it's dabbling in the dew that makes the milkmaids fair"

Suppose I were to wet you, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosie cheeks and your coal black hair
"Oh, then I'd be a wag, kind sir", she answered me
"And it's dabbling in the dew that makes the milkmaids fair"