

Dabbling in the Dew makes the Milkmaids Fair

1. O 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 its dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair

2. Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear
In a gold silken gown and a rubies so rare?
O no sir, o no sir, kind sir, she answered me
For its dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair

3. Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me
For its dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair

4. O Tassato, tis a city, my pretty little dear,
And all the folk are fine and dandy that are there
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me
For its dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair

5. O fine clothes and dainties and company so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair
What's a ring on the finger, if rings are round the eye
For its dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair

[trad. English folk song adapted slightly for Empire]