

## Dabbling In The Dew

(a)  
O where are you go - ing to my pret - ty fair \_\_\_\_\_ maid with your  
red \_\_\_\_\_ ro - sy cheeks and your coal - a black \_\_\_\_\_ hair \_\_\_\_\_ And I'm a - going a -  
(b)  
milk - ing kind sir she ans - wered me \_\_\_\_\_ for roll - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids so fair \_\_\_\_\_  
variant (a)  
variant (b)

1. "O where are you going to my pretty fair maid  
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal-a black hair?"  
"And I'm a-going a-milking, kind sir", she answered me  
For rolling in the dew makes the milkmaids so fair.
2. "Shall I go with you, my pretty fair maid?"  
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said, etc
3. "What is your fortune, my pretty fair maid?"  
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said, etc
4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty fair maid."  
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,

Source: Sung by Peter Gill (83) at Stroud Union. Collected by Cecil Sharp on 12 April 1912.  
Sharp noted the first verse only: the remainder is supplied from another version.