Blow Away the Morning Dew

(alternate:)

MORNDEW.1

Blow Away the Morning Dew
or THE LADY'S POLICY
or THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER
or THE BAFFLED LOVER

There was a shepherd's son kept sheep upon a hill
He laid his pipe and crook aside and there he slept his fill

And sing blow away the morning dew, the dew and the dew
Blow away the morning dew, how sweet the winds do blow

He looked east and he looked west, then he gave an underlook
And there he spied a lady fair swimming in a brook

He raised his head from is green bed and then approached the maid
Put on your clothes, my dear, he says, and be ye not afraid

Tis fitter for a lady fair to sew her silken seam
Then to get up on a May morning and strive against a stream

If you'll not touch my mantle and let my clothes alone
Then I'll give you as much money as you can carry home

Oh, I'll not touch your mantle and I'll let your clothes alone
But I'll take you out of the clear water, my dear, to be my own

And when she out of the water came, he took her in his arms
Put on your clothes, my dear, he says and hide those lovely charms

He mounted her on a milk white steed, himself upon another
And all along the way they rode like sister and like brother

When she came to her father's gate, she tirled at the pin
And ready stood the porter there to let this fair maid in

And when the gate was opened, so nimbly's she whipped in
Pough, You're a fool without, she says, and I'm a maid within

Then fare ye well, my modest boy, I thank you for your care
But had you done what you should do, I ne'er had left you there

Oh, I'll cast off my hose and shoon and let my feet go bare
And when I meet a bonny lass, hang me if her I spare

In that you do as you please, she says, But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity; with that she shut the door

There is a cock in our father's barn, he never trod a hen
He flies about and flaps his wings, I think you're one of them

There is a flower in our garden, we call it marigold
He that would not when he might, he should not when he would

Child #112
found in Pills to Purge Melancholy(1719)
recorded by Cilia Fisher and Artie Trezise

SOF

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.