

## 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"