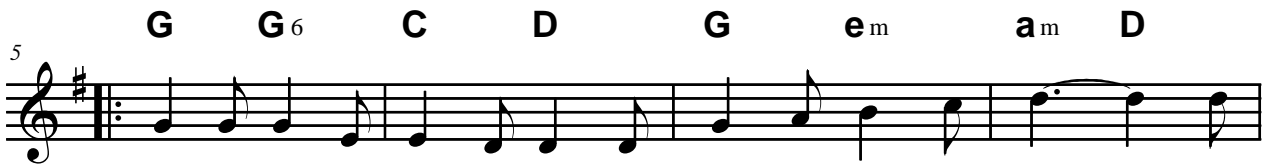


# 12- Hey Ho the Morning Dew

G



My  
My  
O



fa - therbought at great ex-pense A grand high step - ping grey, But  
mo - therbought a like - ly hen, On last St. Mar - tin's day: She  
Mus - tard is my bro - ther's dog, Who whines and wags his tail, And



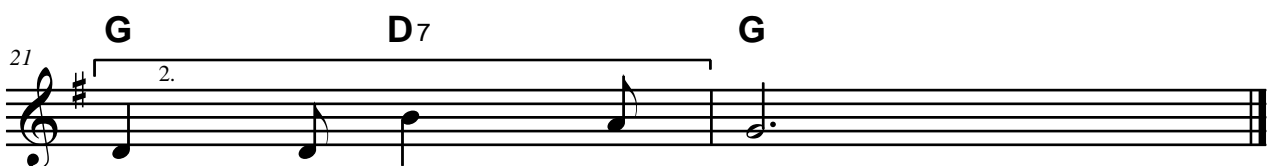
when he puts her to the fence, She backs and backs a - way. Sing,  
clucks and clucks and clucks a - gain: But ne - ver yet will lay!  
snuffs in - to the mar - ket bag, But dar' not snatch the meal!



Hey ho, the mor - ning dew, Hey ho, the rose and rue!



Fol - low me, my bon - ny lad, For I'll not go with you!



I'll not go with you!