

The Rose, the Rue

trad. arr. Carolyn Robson

My Father bought a handsome mare,
A fine high stepping grey,
But when he sets her at the fence
She backs and backs away.

*Singing: Blow away the morning dew,
Hey ho, the rose, the rue,
Follow me my bonny lad,
For I'll not follow you.*

My mother bought a likely hen
On last St. Martin's Day.
She clucks and clucks and clucks again
But never yet did lay.

Now Mustard is my brother's dog,
He whines and wags his tail,
And sniffs into the market bag
But dares not snatch the meal.

When walls lie flat for steeds to step
And eggs themselves go lay,
And goats jump into Mustard's jaws,
To you my court I'll pay.