

# The Rose, the Rue

Trad. arr. Carolyn Robson

SOPRANO  
ALTO  
BASS

My\_ fath er bought a hand some mare, A fine high step-ping grey, But when he sets her

6

S. 1  
S. 2  
A.

at the fence she backs and backs a - way, Sing- ing\_ Blow a-way the morn-ing dew,

11

S. 1  
S. 2  
A.

Hey ho, the rose, the rue, Fol-low me my bon-ny lad, For I'll not fol-low 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.