

DCC Week 16 Lyrics

Blow Away the Morning Dew

Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

There was a farmer's son,
Kept sheep all on the hill,
And he went out one May morning
To see what he could kill.

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 high and low,
He cast an under look;
And there he saw a pretty maid
Beside a wat'ry brook.

And sing blow away the morning dew,
The dew and the dew
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

Cast over me my mantle fair
And pin it o'er my gown;
And if you will, take hold my hand,
And I will be your own,
And sing...

"If you come down to my father's house
Which is walled all around,
Then you shall have a kiss from me
And twenty thousand pound."
And sing...

Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

He mounted on a milk-white steed,
And so likewise did she;
And then they rode along the lane
So galant, swift and free,,
And sing...

But when they came to her father's gate,
So nimble she popped in,
And said, "There is a fool without,
And here's a maid within."
And sing...

Golden Slumbers

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty baby, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Cares you know not, therefore sleep,
While over you a watch I'll keep.
Sleep, pretty darling, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty baby, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Lass of Richmond Hill

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all others maids' surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat,
With smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will.
I'd crowns resign
To call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign
To call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wonton through the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own!
O may her choice be fix'd on me!
Mine's fix'd on her alone.