

All Under the New Mown Hay

All Under the New Mown Hay

As I was going over the fields

(Mark you well what I do say)

As I was going over the fields

A fair pretty lass came close to my heels

Which caused me to go a-screwin'

And brought me to my ruin,

Which caused me to go a-screwin'

All under the new-mown hay.

When nine long months was over, you see

(Mark you well what I do say)

When none long months was over, you see

She placed a little one on my knee

Oh! No more I'll go a-screwin etc.

And now this child will want a nurse

(Mark you well what I do say)

And now this child will want a nurse

Which causes me to pull out my purse,

Oh! no more etc.

And now this child must go to school (similarly)

Or else he'll die a natural fool,

Oh! no more etc. And now this child is like to die

I am so sorry I cannot cry,

Oh! Again I'll go a-screwin'

For that's not been my ruin etc.

And now this child is dead, you see,

There's plenty more beer and tobacco for me

Oh! Again etc. From Wanton Seed, Purslow