

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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A Wee Bird Cam' tae My Apron

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It fell on a morning, a morning in May
My faither's cows they a' went astray
I loutit me down and the heather was gay
And a burr stack tae my apron

Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day
Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day
Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day
A wee bird cam' tae my apron

Oh aince my apron it was wide
But noo my knees it scarce can hide
And oh the grief that I've tae bide
When I look tae my apron

Oh aince my apron it was new
But noo it's gotten another hue
But noo it's gotten another hue
There's a braw lad below my apron

I saw my faither on the stair
Combing doon his yellow hair
Says, "What is it that ye've got in there?
Sae well rowed aneath yer apron"

It's neither vagabond nor loon
He's the best stay-maker in the toon
And he's made me a stomacher to bear up my goon
And I rowed aneath my apron

I saw my mother on the stair
Combing doon her yellow hair
Says, "What is that ye've got in there
Sae wee rowed aneath yer apron?"

It is my mantle and my shirt
I had nae will tae daidle it
I had nae will tae daidle it
And I rowed it aneath my apron

As I was going doon the street
My siller slippers on my feet

Oh aye my freends I'd ill-well tae meet
And my braw lad rowed aneath my apron

sung by Jean Redpath
SOF