

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## A Wee Bird Cam' tae My Apron

A Wee Bird Cam' tae My Apron

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