

Underneath Her Apron

Steeleye Span

A pretty young girl all in the month of May,
A gathering rushes just at the break of day,
But before she's come home she has bore a little son,
And she rolled him underneath her aperon.
Well, she cried on the threshold and she come in at the
door,
And she folded in her aperon that pretty babe she bore,
Says her father: "Where you been, my pretty daughter
Jane,
And what's that you got underneath your aperon ?"

"Father, dear father, it's nothing," then says she,
"It's only my new gown and that's too long for me,
And I was afraid it would draggle in the dew,
So I rolled it underneath my aperon."

In the dead of the night when all were fast asleep,
This pretty little baby, oh, it began to weep.
"O what's that little babe that is crying out so shrill
In the bedroom among the pretty maidens?"

"O father, dear father, it's nothing then," said she.
"It's just a little bird that my sister gave to me
And build for it a nest and I'll warm it on my breast,
So it don't wake you early in the May morning."

In the last part of the night, when they were fast
asleep,
This pretty little baby again begin to weep.
"Oh, what's that little babe that's crying out so clear
In the bedroom among the pretty maidens?"

"O father, dear father, it's nothing then" said she,
"It's just a little baby that someone gave to me.
Let it lie, let it sleep this night along o' me,
And I'll tell to you its daddy in the May morning."

"Oh, was it by a black man or was it by a brown,
Or was it by a ploughing-boy a-ploughing up and down,
That gave you the stranger you wear with your new gown,
That you rolled up underneath your aperon ?"

"It wasn't by a black man and it wasn't by a brown.
It was by a sailor lad that ploughs the watery main.
It was him gave me the stranger I wear with my new
gown,
That I rolled it underneath my aperon."

"Oh, was it in the kitchen got, or was it in the hall?
Was it in the cow-shed or up against the wall?
I wish I had a firebrand to burn the building down
Where you met with him on a May morning."

"It wasn't in the kitchen got, it wasn't in the hall.
It wasn't in the cow-shed nor up again the wall.
It was down by yonder spring where them little birds do
sing

That I met with him on a May morning."